

THE
BEING
C. H. TAWNEY'S TRANSLATION
OF
SOMADEVA'S KATHĀ SARIT SĀGARA
(OR OCEAN OF STREAMS OF STORY)

NOW EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION, FRESH
EXPLANATORY NOTES AND TERMINAL ESSAY
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IN TEN VOLUMES

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WITH A FOREWORD BY
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FOREWORD

Scope of Hindu Fiction Literature

THE *Bṛihat-Kāthā*, or *Great Story* collection of Guṇāḍhya, as well as the supposed excerpt from it, Somadeva's *Ocean*, are pretty nearly unique both in size and in the wealth and welter of story-telling. If I am not mistaken, even Somadeva's *Ocean* has no equal or superior in these respects in the fiction literature of the world; yet it is by no means a complete expression of what we might call the fiction genius of India. There are many other Brahmanical collections of importance, as well as equally impressive Buddhist and Jaina collections—Jātakas, Avadānas, Charitras, Kāvyaas and Kathānakas—known all over India and the Asiatic countries which, chiefly owing to the spread of Buddhism, have become intellectual tributaries of India. In a paper the part-title of which is, "On Recurring Psychic *Motifs* in Hindu Fiction,"¹ I have sketched very briefly the scope of this literature, as far as India is concerned. The total of fiction contained in these books is enormous; it reflects both fancy and fact, though incidental sketches of and allusions to real life render Hindu fiction a scarcely less valuable record of Hindu life than the more schematic treatises which deal with customs, manners and institutions.²

Q.

Suggestions as to Encyclopædic Treatment

I am sure that the idea of a complete catalogue or clearing-house of these stories and the organic *motifs* which enter into their composition has flitted across the mind of many readers and students of this fascinating subject. Benfey began the

¹ *Journal of the American Oriental Society*, vol. xxxvi, pp. 54 ff.

² As an example of this kind of fructification of fiction we may take Fick's *Die Sociale Gliederung im nordöstlichen Indien*, which is based almost entirely upon the Buddhist Jātakas.

“scientific” study of fiction by following the *Pañchatantra* stories in their wanderings all over the world. He thereby generated an instinct or urge to do something similar in every editor or translator of a fable, fairy tale or novel.

Since there is nothing new under the sun, it scarcely happens that any writer on these subjects is so forgetful as not to remember parallels that he has seen before, or so repressed or abstemious as not to allude or refer to them. In connection with the *Ocean* both Tawney and Penzer have brought into play their wide reading and learning to show how farspread are these ideas, how varied their manipulation, and how dependent their sense and real meaning upon their universal use, in distinction from their use in any one particular connection.

A future Science (*vidyā*) of fiction casts its shadow before : it were idle to say that it is now present in person, as the Hindus occasionally say of their *vidyās*. Here and there an important salient *motif* stands out very clearly, so that we seem to see it in all its bearings ; but in the main there are mere *disjecta membra*. Classifications, such as those proposed by the FF. Folk-Lore Society, or by the English Folk-Lore Society, are, in the main, tentative and one-sided. The materials at our disposal are fragmentary ; their original value obscured by varied handling ; the time and place of their origination for the most part unknown. I shall illustrate this quite fully below.

The uses of fiction-study so far have been rather in the direction of Comparative Literature or the History of Literature. Here they help regularly to appreciate the character and origin of literary composition. In a voice that is at the same time both sprightly and authoritative they tell us whence a given composition has derived its material foundation, whether these compositions be Western Oriental, Italian *novelle*, or the dramatic and poetic *motifs* of Shakespeare and Goethe.

Future Science of Fiction

But fiction must develop in the end into a self-centred science whose real philosophical or psychological meaning is as yet unstatable. A prerequisite is obviously the collection, assortment and critical appraisal of all the materials that appertain to the subject. I have long thought that such study should rest upon encyclopædic treatment, undertaken country by country, and have had in mind particularly (in accord with my own studies and those of my school) an "Encyclopædia of Hindu Fiction" which might serve as a pattern for similar works undertaken in respect to other countries. Our work has been haphazard, opportunistic and tentative, but, I think, it begins to show its ultimate significance. I would refer the attentive reader of these pages, first of all, to the List of Papers at the end of this Foreword; it will show how the separate items of such an Encyclopædia have emerged, one by one, from the titanic mass of Hindu fiction themes. Any one of these papers will also reveal how different is the look of a given story or idea when treated with the relative finality of such a purpose, as compared with the sporadic, reminiscent and unsifted observations of most authors who handle such themes.

The "Dohada" Motif

Mr Penzer has graciously credited my article, "On the *Dohada*, or Craving of Pregnant Women," by basing upon it his lengthy Appendix III in Vol. I of the *Ocean*. The reader of fiction who has seen this idea flit across his pages will certainly be amazed at its previously unsuspected persistence and, so to speak, organic development. I have since found that Jaina writers scarcely ever let pass the opportunity of ascribing to noble women, pregnant with a future Saint or Emperor (Arhat or Chakravartin), longings to perform good deeds while in this condition. It is with those authors not a bright invention, but a cut-and-dried *cliché*. When they arrive at this point in the course of their chronicles (*Charitras*) they

take the *motif* out of its pigeon-hole, to put it back again for use on the next similar occasion.

Soon after the appearance of my article Dr Alfred Ela of Boston published (from the medical point of view) an article, "Longings of the Pregnant, viewed in Light from the East,"¹ in which he makes extensive use of the materials and their classification in my article, and combines them, very learnedly, with previously reported medical observations.

The "Overhearing" Motif in Encyclopædic Treatment

Mr Penzer, in Vol. III, pp. 60 ff., of the *Ocean*, has a long note on the *motif* "Overhearing," with reference to fiction in general. He had not at that time seen my treatment of the same theme in a 26-page article, "On Overhearing as a *Motif* of Hindu Fiction," *American Journal of Philology*, vol. xli, pp. 309 ff. The materials gathered there have made it possible to state a sort of preliminary psychology or philosophy of the *motif*. On the whole the imaginary conversation of birds is the standard source of information. "A little bird told me" seems to be the rock-bottom of the notion, founded upon the sincere folk-lore feeling that the chirp and twitter and cluck of birds is the prime and natural source of otherwise inaccessible information. But many other pairs of beings—divine, cosmic or animal—are overheard.

The *motif* is in the nature of a *deus ex machina*, designed, or rather intuitively produced, to save from death, disease or catastrophe; to procure fairy-tale wealth and success; or to furnish helpful information or instruction in perplexing situations. Whenever and wherever the hero is in danger or trouble, he happens to overhear a conversing pair who tell him how to extricate himself. If the hero is destined to emerge from poverty or low station, usually quite abysmal, to unexpected and not to be expected wealth or glory, the conversing pair point the way. And again, if someone in the story needs guidance, moral or worldly-wise, his course will be determined by what two say to each other in conversation.

The *motif* is for the most part progressive. Rarely is a

¹ *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*, vol. clxxxiii, pp. 576 ff. (1920).

story designed around overhearing; the *motif* enters when there is a hitch—at a point where the hearer or reader is 'perplexed as to what will come next, meaning, how will the narrator extricate himself, or save the situation. Just at that point the principal person, or his companion or confidant, will overhear to his advantage. The story has come to an *impasse*; the *motif* releases the standstill.

Important Rôle of Organised Brigandage in Hindu Fiction

The pages of the *Kathā-sarīt-sāgara* are full of accounts of wild robber tribes: Bhillas, Śavaras, Kirātas, Pulindas, etc. These accounts are often quite conflicting and paradoxical. Bhillas are robbers, but sometimes low-caste persons peacefully engaged: usually low-born and rude, they are sometimes quite noble and distinguished; they sacrifice victims to bloody Durgā, but are open to kind impulses and the sense of gratitude. My most recently published encyclopædic article¹ has gathered and sifted the statements of Hindu fiction literature in general that pertain to this theme.

The resulting mosaic, as it were, is perfectly clear in outline and amazingly definite in detail. The activities of these robber folk, which often seem to be paradoxical, turn out to be quite logical; the theme, though essentially romantic, carries with it a fairly accurate history of their doings from the time of the Veda up to the modern thugs and dacoits, who are doubtless their offspring in direct descent. Of immediate practical importance is, that a given Bhilla story often depends for its proper understanding upon some other of its kind, or owes its flavour to the impressions produced by this class of stories in the approximate whole of Fiction.

On the tessellated pages of the *Ocean* there is many a story and many a *motif* which can be properly understood only in the light of related items. The stories of any one given collection are, at times, mere torsos or fragments of those of another. One or two illustrations will make this clear:

¹ "On Organized Brigandage in Hindu Fiction," *American Journal of Philology*, vol. xlvii, pp. 205 ff.

The Story of Bālavinashtaka as Part of a Cycle of Stories

The story of the clever boy, Bālavinashtaka, is told in *Ocean*, Vol. I, pp. 184 ff., under the caption "Story of the Clever Deformed Child." The boy has a stepmother, who neglects and starves him : he owes his name to the fact that people say this child (*bāla*) is deformed (*vinashtaka*). This analysis of the name is dubious. Sir Richard Temple's definition of the boy as an *enfant terrible* (p. xxiv of the Foreword to Vol. I) does not quite get its point : the story belongs to the large cycle of stories of the clever, shrewd, resourceful lad who figures especially in India in the Mahāushadha and Rohaka cycles, more particularly in the latter.

Mr Penzer, in his note on p. 186, correctly defines and compares the story as being a clever lad story, but does not seem to be acquainted with the Rohaka cycle from which it is derived.

The cycle of stories connected with the shrewd boy Rohaka (Bālavinashtaka of the present story) occurs in many Jaina texts and commentaries. Professor Pullé, I think, first drew attention to this cycle in his valuable essay, "Un Progenitore Indiano del Bertoldo" (Venezia, 1888), *Studi Italiani di Filologia Indo-Iranica* (Firenze, 1898), pp. 1-18. The stories occur in the Commentators to the *Āvaśyaka* and *Nandī*; in the *Upadeśapada*, by Haribhadra; and in Rājaśekhara's *Antarakathāsamgraha*; also in the Old Gujarāṭi *Kathākallola*, by Ratnasundara, a version of the *Pañchantra* which Hertel has translated in *Das Pañcatantra*, pp. 194 ff.¹ It is also woven into Jñānasāgara's novel *Ratnachūḍa*, a Jaina text which has been translated recently by Professor Hertel in his series *Indische Erzähler*, vol. vii, pp. 99 ff. In the Preface to that volume, pp. 10 ff., he gives an account of other Jaina versions of the *Ratnachūḍa* story. The same boy's series of clever acts and devices I have found in Ajitaprabha's *Sāntinātha Charitra*, published in Bhavnagar by the Jain Dharmaprasarak Press, Virasamvat 2443 (A.D. 1917). In the *Ratnachūḍa* Rohaka is the son of an

¹ Cf. Zachariae, *Kleine Schriften*, pp. 66, 94 ff., 190n.

actor named Kuśilava¹; he is maltreated by his stepmother, Rukmiṇī.

The story introduces some traits that are wanting in the *Kathā-sarīt-sāgara*, but winds up similarly with the boy's pointing to his father's shadow, by way of reassuring him that his wife is not keeping company with another man. This he had suspected on account of the boy's previous wily innuendoes.

Rohaka, in the sequel, performs a long list of clever acts, such as making, by the king's order, a rope of sand²; and many other "stunts" with which we are familiar from the Buddhist Epic, the *Mahāummagga Jātaka* (546). The king contemplates making Rohaka his chancellor, just as in the Buddhist story. Rohaka is clearly the Jaina imitation of or parallel to the Buddhist Mahosadha (Mahāushadha). The Bālavinashtaka story seems to be a mere extract from a cycle of such stories which were afloat prior to the composition of the *Bṛihat-kathā*. In any case the nature of that story cannot be determined without reference to the clever lad cycles. Moreover the clever lad cycle has many points of contact with the clever lass cycle, upon which I have touched in the *Journal of the American Oriental Society*, vol. xxxvi, pp. 65 ff.

The Rūpinikā Story made up of a Variety of Independent Motifs

The engaging story of the devoted *hetæra*, Rūpinikā, *Kathās*, xii (*Ocean*, Vol. I, pp. 138 ff.), reads, at first sight, like a well-constructed, concinnate composition that might come from the head of an unusually clever and inventive narrator. But it is, in reality, a *mixtum compositum*, consisting of four distinct tales :

- (1) The story of Rūpinikā's devoted love.
- (2) The journey in the elephant's cadaver.
- (3) The weaver as Viṣṇu.
- (4) The bawd on the pillar.

¹ In the *Kathākallola* the boy is called Rohō; his father, the actor, is Bharata.

² This he dodges by asking the king to send him a piece of old sand-rope as a pattern.

Mr Penzer has not pointed out that the story as a whole, but with totally different *motifs* substituted for (2), (3) and (4), is the most important element in the biography of the redoubtable Hindu hero Mūladeva, the outstanding romantic figure of Hindu fiction: versed in the arts, practices and tricks of love and all its accessories; cultivated conversationalist; brilliant narrator; marvellous musician; expert in massage, perfumes and ointments; knowing how to send a lady a present—in fact, man of the world and *arbiter elegantiae*, or, according to the Hindu Love Bibles, a typical *nāyaka*, or “hero.” He is, in addition, master-thief and resourceful thief-catcher, great magician and furious gambler.¹

What is the actual relation of Mūladeva to Lohajangha of the Rūpiṇikā story? Mūladeva figures under that name very interestingly in the *Kathā-sarit-sāgara*, chapters lxxxix, xcvi and cxvii, but he is not brought into contact with Rūpiṇikā. On the other hand the Jaina handling of the theme, as told in Devendra’s Māhārāshṭrī version, in his *vr̥tti* to the *Uttarā-dhyayana Sūtra*, brings Mūladeva into contact with the noble *hetāra* Devadattā. This version of the theme is more widely known,² but even Devendra’s version has the ear-marks of very secondary handling. It is, moreover, laid under suspicion, because the Jainas have exalted Mūladeva to the station of a typical religious, whose chief glory is that he once, in the course of his adventures, fed a starving ascetic—in the Jaina view a superlatively meritorious act, which results in Mūladeva’s kingship. Even after all diligent watch we are still in the dark as to the prime story, and certainly the version which

¹ Mūladeva’s artistry is proverbial; see Hertel, *Pālā und gopāla*, p. 109.

² We are indebted for our knowledge of Mūladeva primarily to Professor Pavolini of Florence in *Giornale della Società Asiatica Italiana*, ix, 175 ff. Other treatments and other matters pertaining to this subject are discussed in my article, “The Character and Adventures of Mūladeva,” *Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society*, 1913, lii, pp. 616 ff. See also *Journal of the American Oriental Society*, xliii, 266, and the small drama (*bhāṇa*), called *Padma-prābhṛīṭakam*, ascribed to Śūdraka. This is one of four such *Bhāṇas*, by different authors, published under the title *Chaturbhāṇī*, by the Pandits M. Ramakrishna Kavi and S. K. Ramanatha Sastri, in Śivapurī (Trichur) in the year 1922. Here figure all the personages of the Mūladeva cycle: Mūladeva himself, his love Devadattā, his friend Śaśa, and others.

substitutes the adventures of Rūpinikā and Lohajangha for Devadattā and Mūladeva is an obvious *rifacimento* from a later time.

The "Show Me How" Motif

Dann hat er die Teile in seiner Hand,
Fehlt leider nur das geistige Band.

GOETHE'S *Faust*, First Part.

Who has not at one time or another seen a Punch and Judy show? Punch, after an unimaginably nefarious life, in the course of which he makes away with his own wife, Judy, is finally taken off by the policeman to be hanged. Arrived at the tree from which he is to be suspended, Punch pretends not to know how to put the noose around his neck, and asks the policeman to show him. The policeman puts the noose around his own neck, Punch instantly pulls the rope, and up goes the policeman—to the agonised joy of the small boys assembled. This is the widely diffused *motif*, "Show me how," and the story of the wily female Siddhikarī, as told in the *Ocean*, Vol. I, pp. 157 ff. (*Kathā-sarit-sāgara*, chapter xiii), is but a single expression of it.

The *motif* belongs to the class which I have rubricated as *psychic motifs*¹: in this class the mental processes are the same, but the actors and real properties differ in almost every case. One of the features of the "Show Me How" *motif* is that the quick wit (*matiprakarsha*) of a successful rogue sometimes wins the sympathy of the hearer, no matter how reprehensible his act or his character.

Thus in Parker's *Village Folk-Tales of Ceylon*, vol. iii, pp. 346 ff., figures a thief, Mātalānā by name, son of the king by a concubine. The king gives orders to a carpenter to make a pair of stocks for Mātalānā, though he has not yet been caught. Mātalānā comes along, asks the carpenter the purpose of the stocks, and, when he is told, requests to be shown how it is done. The carpenter shows how, the thief locks him into the stocks, and spices his confinement with blows and jeers. In this story persons and things are all

¹ See *Journal of the American Oriental Society*, xxxvi, 54 ff.

different, but the psychology is so much like that of the Siddhikarī story as to suggest dependence of one story upon the other.

A variant of the Siddhikarī story in the Southern *Textus Simplicior* of *Pañchatantra*¹ is clearly a secondary derivative of that story. A neglected merchant's wife runs away with his jewels. She rests under a banyan-tree, where a drummer (*maddalī*) observes her and finds out her story. Wishing to possess himself of her jewels, he tells her that her conduct is unseemly, that she would suffer from the wives of her brothers, and advises her to commit suicide. She says she does not know how: he shows her how to do it with a drum-cord. She is to fasten the cord to the tree, put her head into the noose, and then move her feet. At her request he shows her how, inadvertently pushes the drum away from himself, and hangs by the neck. The woman returns to her husband.

The "Show Me How" *motif* is applied with great predilection in stories in which a wicked ascetic (*kāpālīka*, *yogin*, etc.) desires to sacrifice a noble man for his own purposes, notably to obtain magic power. I have touched upon this aspect of the *motif*, which appears more than once in the *Ocean*, in my encyclopædic article, "On False Ascetics and Nuns," *Journal of the American Oriental Society*, xliv, 213 ff. Thus in *Kathās*, xcvi, 69 ff.; xcix, 15 ff.; *Vetāla-pañchavimśati*, 24, 25, the Vetāla warns King Vikrama against the Kāpālīka who has sent him to fetch the corpse from the tree: "That wicked mendicant for whom you have fetched the corpse, wishing to offer you as victim, will say to you: 'King, prostrate yourself on the ground in such a way that eight limbs will touch it.' Then, great King, you must say to that ascetic, 'Show me how to do it,' and I will do it as you do it. Then he will fling himself on the ground and show you how to perform the prostration, and that moment you must cut off his head with the sword." In due course Vikrama cuts off the head of the ascetic, and he tears and drags the lotus of his heart out of his inside.

Another phase of the "Show Me How" *motif* still has the wicked ascetic, but introduces in addition the feature that

¹ See Hertel, *Zeitschrift der Deutschen Morgenländischen Gesellschaft*, lxi, 42.

he is (*à la* Hänsel and Gretel) thrown into a boiling pot. This story occurs in the *Vikrama-charita*. As early as the year 1878 Professor Weber, in *Indische Studien*, vol. xv, pp. 215 ff., 277, published an account of it, making the proper comparisons with Western analogues.¹ A pretty version of the story may be read in the rather inaccessible Lescallier's *Le Trône Enchanté*, p. 177 (tenth story), which I would repeat here in digest :

King Bekermaditjet (Vikramāditya) is lost while on a hunt. He meets an old woman, about to load a bundle of faggots upon her head, and essays to help her. Out of gratitude she tells him of a Queen Abnonly, and the king determines to find her. He travels until he comes to a district strewn with human heads. One of the heads laughs, and he asks for the occasion of its merriment. The head responds : " I laugh because in a few hours your head will keep company with ours. A short distance from here lives a demon in the guise of a Djogui (Yogi). He addresses passers-by pleasantly, and tells them that he will show them a curious thing. He tells them to take an iron pot full of black peas, put it upon a fire, and let him know when it is boiling. Then the demon throws him into the pot, eats him, and throws the head upon the ground." The laughing head then advises him to request the demon at the crucial moment to show him how to do it, to seize him, and throw him into the pot. Then he is to take some of the peas and scatter them upon the skulls, whereupon they will come to life and become his servants. All this happens as prescribed, and after further adventures Vikrama, with the help of his newly acquired friends, obtains the Queen Abnonly.

The " Show Me How " Motif in the Beast Fable

The *motif* finally crops out in a beast fable, again with every actor or real property changed. In the Southern

¹ Cf. Dasent's " East of the Sun and West of the Moon " story of Buttercup, who is to be cooked for dinner by the ogre's daughter. But she does not know how to go about executing him, so he tells her to lay her head on the block ; he would show her. Whereupon he cuts off her head.

Textus Simplicior of *Pañchatantra*,¹ a Brāhman makes a pilgrimage to Kāśī (Benares). On the way he sees a tiger which had been caught and put into a box by a soldier, who had then wandered off in search of water. The tiger implores the Brāhman to release him, and no sooner done than the tiger seizes the Brāhman to devour him. The Brāhman remonstrates: they appeal to arbiters. The first is an old cow who is all for ingratitude; she has borne ten calves for her owner, and given him a daily *drona* of milk. Now that she is old and unprofitable, he beats and starves her. They next appeal to an old Śūdra woman, who is similarly impressed with the absence of gratitude as illustrated by her own life. Lastly they consult a jackal, who declines to pass judgment, because he is the friend of both litigants, but finally consents to express an opinion if they will return to their former positions. The tiger releases the Brāhman and crawls back into the box, into which he is now fastened by the Brāhman.

In Dubois, *Le Pantcha-Tantra*, p. 49, a crocodile asks a Brāhman to carry it to the Ganges in order that it may live in its holy waters. The Brāhman puts the crocodile into his travelling bag. As he is about to place it into the water the crocodile catches hold of the Brāhman's leg. The Brāhman reproaches it for its ingratitude, but the crocodile points to the spirit of the times, in which virtue and gratitude consist in devouring one's supporter. They appeal to a mango-tree and an old cow, who support the crocodile's thesis. Then they appeal to a fox, who also at first decides against the Brāhman. But the fox wishes to see how they carried out their journey together. The crocodile crawls back into the bag, is killed, and devoured by the fox.

This story has run a wide career both in Hindu "Folklore" and in the West; see Benfey, *Pantschatantra*, i, 113ff.; *Orient und Occident*, iii, 481; Jacobs, *Indian Fairy Tales*, p. 242; Krohn, K., *Mann und Fuchs Helsingfors*, 1871; Köhler, *Kleinere Schriften*, i, 199; *Indian Antiquary*, xii, 170ff., 177; Parker, *Village Folk-Tales of Ceylon*, i, 339; iii, 348; Frere, *Old Deccan Days*, p. 198; Stokes, *Indian Fairy Tales*, p. 17;

¹ See Hertel, *Zeitschrift der Deutschen Morgenländischen Gesellschaft*, lxi, 32.

Steel and Temple, *Wide-Awake Stories*, p. 116; Butterworth, *Zigzag Journeys in India*, p. 128; O'Connor, *Folk-Tales from Tibet*, p. 12; Smeaton, *Karens of Burma*, pp. 126, 131; Rouse, *Talking Thrush*, p. 65; Campbell, *Santal Folk-Tales*, p. 40; Bompas, *Folklore of the Santal Parganas*, pp. 149, 312; Swynnerton, *Romantic Tales from the Panjāb*, pp. 303 ff.; Skeat, *Fables and Folk-Tales from an Eastern Forest*, p. 20. There are in these versions wide variations and tangles with other *motifs*, and it is curious to observe that a sort of "Cage" *motif* emerges from the mass as a scarcely intelligible remnant of the "Show Me How" *motif*. I cannot see in any other light, for instance, the inconsequential story in Hemavijaya's *Kathāratnākara*, story 167,¹ in which a lioness warns her son against black-heads. He roams the forest and asks all the animals—jackal, śambara, hare, antelope, and even tiger: "Art thou the black-head, art thou the black-head?" And they answer: "We are no black-heads." He finally meets a carpenter, whom he asks the same question. The carpenter says: "If you do as I tell you, I will show you the black-head." The lion agrees. The carpenter builds a strong cage; the lion enters it: the carpenter rams iron bolts into the door of the cage, then shows him his head, saying: "I am the black-head." The lion perishes miserably.

The *motif* of the cow neglected in her old age is similarly worked up, quite by itself, flimsily in *Daḍḍhadhamma-Jātaka* (409), where a discarded old elephant complains of the ingratitude of the king, its master, and is restored to honour by the intercession of the Bodhisat.

Chronology of Stories and Motifs

The chronology of stories and *motifs* is, as a rule, indeterminate. I am not speaking now of the legends of the gods and demigods which have persisted from Veda, Epic and Purāṇa to this day, such as, *e.g.*, the legend of Purūravas and Urvaśī, Indra and Ahalyā, and the like. I mean the *märchen*, fables, noodle-stories, anecdotes, pranks, etc., which make up the stock of Hindu narrative of Brāhmanical,

¹ Hertel's translation, ii, 147 ff.

Buddhist and Jaina times. We find many starts in the Epic ; notably the *Mahābhārata* has a fairly developed beast fable, which is treated there with Epic breadth, quite distinct from the style of the *Pañchatantra* cycle.¹

Vedic Beginnings : The "Overhearing" Motif

Rarely a fiction *motif* of the kind I have in mind goes back to Vedic times. Thus the "Overhearing" *motif* figures in *Chhândogya Upanishad* (iv, 1, 2) quite amazingly in the service of theosophy : Jānaśruti is a pious man, devoted to charity—"spending much ; cooking much ; causing rest-houses to be built everywhere, so that people from everywhere might be entertained by him." Some flamingos (*hamsa* birds) fly by at night ; one says to the other : "I say, blear-eye, don't you see Jānaśruti's brilliance is spread out like the heavens ; don't touch it, don't burn yourself !" The other *hamsa* replies : "What sort is he of whom you speak as though he were Rāikva with the push-cart ?" Jānaśruti overhears, searches for Rāikva, and finds him sitting under the push-cart, scratching his itch. For all that, he owns the great Upanishad doctrine which Jānaśruti extracts from him only at the price of one thousand cows, a gold necklace, a wagon with mules, and his own daughter.

The "Drinking Apart" Motif

The *hamsa* bird figures once more in a fairy-tale conception that goes back to Vedic times, endures persistently during later Hindu times, but has then lost its fairy-tale character altogether. I allude to the well-known magic by virtue of which this distinguished bird "drinks apart" milk from water.² All attempts to explain this as a feature of the

¹ Professor Jacobi, *Mahābhārata*, p. 241, cites the fables of the Great Epic.

² Noted, very early, by Colebrooke, *Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society*, i, 159n : "Because the bird seems, as the Hindus apprehend, to extract his food by suction from solution in water ; wherefore a bird of this genus is considered an emblem of discrimination, as being capable of discriminating milk from water."

natural history of the *haṁsa* are, in my opinion, fatuous, because the *haṁsa* is not alone in "drinking apart"—i.e. separating two substances in drinking.

There is, to begin with, the bird *kruñc*, which, in addition to the *haṁsa*, performs the same "stunt" in *Māitrāyaṇī Samhitā*, iii, 11, 6, and parallel Yajur texts. As a matter of fact, in these Vedic texts it is the bird *kruñc*, "curlew," that "drinks apart" milk and water (*adbhyaḥ kshīram*); the *haṁsa* "drinks apart" soma and water (*adbhyaḥ somam*). Lanman, in *Journal of the American Oriental Society*, xix, 157, quotes two passages from Pāli Buddhist texts, in which the *kruñc* continues to do this at a very late time.¹ The *Māitrāyaṇī* passage, cited above, contains more cases of "drinking apart," pertaining to spiritual matters. And, ancient *Rig-Veda*, x, 181, 4, 5, it seems that the Aśvins, the heavenly physicians, aided by Sarasvatī, cured Indra's "katzenjammer," when he had mixed his drinks, by taking *surā* (brandy) on the top of his accustomed soma. The brandy had been administered to him by his tricky enemy, the demon Namuchi.² And again, from *Rig-Veda* times, ants have the power of "drinking apart" water from the desert sands; see *Rig-Veda*, i, 112, 15, *vamrām vipipānām*, "the ant which drinks apart," and Bloomfield, *Hymns of the Atharva Veda*, Introductions to 2, 3, and 6, 100; *American Journal of Philology*, vii, 482 ff.³ I have always thought it curious that this motif is lost in later literature, except as an illustration of discernment (*viveka*); it could have been applied fruitfully—e.g. to the many cases of poisoning in which fiction abounds.

Stories that contain the Motif of the Rebounding Bow

There is one motif of rather varied application which figures in stories that go back to the Veda. These are widely

¹ Udāna, viii, 7: *Vidvā pajahāti pāpakam konco khīrapako va ninnagam*, "The wise man leaves evil as the milk-drinking curlew leaves water."

² Bloomfield, *Journal of the American Oriental Society*, xv, 148 ff., 159; Oldenberg, *Nachrichten von der Königlichen Gesellschaft der Wissenschaften zu Göttingen*, 1893, No. 9.

³ Cf., as a late echo of this conception, Uvāsagadasāo, Appendix on *Gosāla*, p. 4.

scattered, so that the *motif* is scarcely recognised by students of fiction as having become standard. The *Kathā-sarīt-sāgara* has it only in a rather unintelligible version of the *Pañchatantra* fable of "The Greedy Jackal" (*Ocean*, Vol. V. p. 77). Kshemendra's version, in *Bṛihat-kathā-mañjarī*, ii, 20 ff., is even more garbled.¹

These two versions, as will appear below, show clearly how important it is to know a story in all its occurrences. The older *Pañchatantra* versions rule out the *Bṛihat-kathā* forms of this fable, automatically, as it were; cf. Penzer, Vol. V, pp. 212 ff. It will be profitable to exhibit this singular *motif* in all its occurrences from Veda to the North Buddhist texts—to wit :

The Vedic Story of the Rebounding Bow

Satapatha Brāhmaṇa (XIV, i, 1 ff.).—Once upon a time Agni, Indra, Soma, Makha, Viṣṇu and the Viśve Devās, except the two Aśvins, held a sacrificial session in Kurukshetra, that they might attain excellence and become glorious, and eaters of food. It was agreed that the first to compass the end of the sacrifice should be considered the most excellent. Viṣṇu won, but was unable to restrain his desire for glory. Taking his bow and three arrows he stepped forth in defiance of the others. As he stood with his head resting upon the end of his bow, none dared to accept the challenge and make the attack. Then said the ants (*vamri*) to them : "What would you give to him that should gnaw the bowstring?" "Food would we give to him, and he should find water even in the desert."² "So be it," said the ants. Then they proceeded to gnaw the bowstring. The ends of the bow sprang apart and cut off the head of Viṣṇu. . . . Then the Devās gave to those ants all food to be eaten, but all food is water.

Variants of this storyette are familiar in the Vedic writings : *Māitrāyaṇī Samhitā*, IV, v, 9; *Pañchaviṃśa Brāhmaṇa*, VII, v, 6; *Tāittirīya Āraṇyaka*, I, v, 2; and Sāyaṇa in his commentary to *Rig-Veda*, X, clxxii, 2, where Indra assumes the form of an ant, and gnaws Rudra's bowstring so that it

¹ See Mañkowski, pp. 17, 47.

² Cf. the preceding rubric.

cuts off his head. See for these Vedic stories, Oliphant in the *Proceedings of the American Philological Association*, vol. xli, pp. lv ff.

Later Stories of the Rebounding Bow

The same *motif* appears next in *Pañchatantra*, ii, 3, which may now be surveyed in Professor Edgerton's translation: *The Pañchatantra Reconstructed*, vol. i, pp. 220 ff.; vol. ii, pp. 340 ff. A hunter kills successively a deer and a boar, but the boar in his agony also kills the hunter. A jackal comes along, sees the three carcasses, piles them up, but, instead of eating of them, out of too great greed gnaws the sinew-end at the tip of the hunter's bow. Whereupon, as the cord is severed, he is pierced by the bow in the throat, and perishes.

The Oriental and Western offshoots of this story are sketched by Benfey, *Pantschatantra*, vol. i, pp. 319 ff. In Somadeva's version (*Ocean*, Vol. V, p. 77) the operation of the *motif*, as well as the greed of the jackal, is somewhat obscured: "He went first to eat what had been placed on the bow, and that moment the arrow fixed in it flew up and pierced him so that he died." Kshemendra is no better. These versions are based upon the kindred *motif* of the automatic bow which we know from *Daśa Kumāra Charita*: see now Hertel's translation, vol. i, p. 33; vol. ii, p. 7. Cf. also Hertel, *Das Pañcatantra*, pp. 169 ff., 185 ff.

In Ralston, *Tibetan Tales*, pp. 286 ff., this *motif* is coupled conveniently with another quite common *motif* of excessive greed—namely, "Mutual Poisonings." A jackal, seeing the bodies of five hundred robbers who had poisoned one another out of greed for the booty which belonged to them in common, exclaims: "As an extremely large amount of booty has accrued to me, I will take each part of it in turn." So he seizes a bow with his jaws, gnaws the knots of the bowstring, the string snaps, and the end of the bow strikes the roof of his mouth so hard that the jackal dies.

Next, the *motif* is used, quite ingeniously, in a storyette in which the bowstring is burned by fire, and the rebounding bow kills, so as to revenge an injury done by its victim. In

the Southern *Textus Amplior* of the *Pañchatantra*, iii, 13, a hunter king lives, surrounded by a thousand Kirātas. He falls in love with Sumukhī, the wife of one of his Kirātas, kills the latter, and compels his pregnant widow to cohabit with him. She begets her son, whom the king believes to be his own, and brings up tenderly. When the boy is five years of age he happens to sit with other boys around a fire in the forest. The king comes there too, and stretches out before the fire, placing his strung bow by his side. The boy places a burning faggot upon the bowstring, so that the string is burned, and the rebounding bow hits the king in the head and kills him. See Hertel in *Z.D.M.G.*, lxi, 72 (ad p. 65).

Finally, Jülg, *Mongolische Märchen*, p. 169 ff., reports the *motif* in a very faded form and unexpected connection. A poor young weaver has destroyed by Kākatāliya luck ¹ a hostile army marching against a king. Returning with immense booty, the king is ready to accept him as a husband for his daughter, but the queen insists that he must demonstrate his personal courage by killing a big fox. Unable to find the fox, he returns, but, on nearing the castle, he notices that he has lost his bow. In the meantime the fox has found the bow, has bitten its string in two, and has been killed by its rebounding end. When the "hero" comes there, the fox lies dead; he returns with his pelt in triumph. He finally marries the princess, and rules half the kingdom. Jülg's version of the story is corroborated by a report of it which Benfey has printed, as coming from Schiefner's pen, in *Pantschatantra*, ii, 541. Here also the hero finds "den fuchs durch den bogen, dessen sehne er aufzupressen versucht hatte, getödtet."

Minor Motifs

The *Encyclopædist of Fiction* will ultimately experience, perhaps, his most striking impression from what may be

¹ See the author in *American Journal of Philology*, xl, 12 ff., 25; Hertel, "Zum Märchen vom tapferen Schneiderlein," *Zeitschrift des Vereins für Volkskunde in Berlin*, 1913, xxiii, 51-57.

called the "minor *motifs*." These flit across every page of fiction. When first met with they appear to be mere accidents of narration, devices of a given story-teller who, of course, is sure to draw to some extent upon his own resources of imagination, else how would he come to be a story-teller? Such are, *e.g.*, the runaway horse, often of reversed training¹ not understood by his master, the king or prince, who is then carried off to the jungle, where he experiences his real adventure. Or, the hero meets, on the banks of a beautiful lake—a veritable *mānasa* lake—a correspondingly beautiful maiden, usually princess, accompanied by her confidante or duenna. Or, the hero saves some maiden from the onslaught of an infuriated elephant, either by courageously or trickily conquering him, or by taming him through the lure of his lute. Again, the hero, utterly penniless, is received lovingly by a disinterested and very beautiful *hetæra*, much to the disgust of her "mother," the old bawd (*akkā*, *kuttanī* or *kuttinī*), ultimately to elevate the *hetæra* to his own exalted station. Or, both hero and heroine are carried by a fairy bird (*bharanḍa*, *bheruṇḍa* or *garuḍa*) to a far distance, which brings the *dénouement* of their adventures. And so on *ad infinitum*. Pretty nearly all these adventures, which seem at first sight flowers of the imagination, prove in the end to be stencilled, pigeon-holed *cliché*. The mass or total of fiction is really not inventive, even though the first expression of a given *motif* must have been an act of imaginative creation. To find its place and time is a delicate task, because the beginnings of fictional ideas are not revealed by existing literature, and are doubtless with primitive folk-lore ideas of which we have no record. The so-called folk-lore books of India, of which we have some sixty or more, are certainly not, for the overwhelming part of them, mythogenic; they are, as a rule, popular recasts of stories from *Pañchatantra*, *Jātaka*, etc., as well as, of course, of many foreign sources.

A few of these ideas are salient enough to have received some kind of notice or rubrication at the hands of fiction observers. But the great mass has been passed by unnoticed. I shall pick here a couple of them, not unknown to the readers

¹ See my *Life and Stories of the Jaina Savior Pārṣvanātha*, pp. 204 ff.

of the *Ocean*, but of such fleeting incidental character as not to impress him with their real significance in the technique of either Somadeva or other fiction writers.

Looking for Water

Quite *en passant*, in these pages (above, p. xvi) appears, very irrelevantly, a soldier who had placed a tiger in a box and then wandered off in search of water. The *motif* is introduced simply to give the Brāhman a chance to come in contact with the tiger. It is at least as early as the Epic : in *Mahābhārata*, iii, 36, 136, the Brāhman Yavakrī, who has attempted to seduce Rāibhya's daughter-in-law, is deprived by magic of his water-pot, and roams in vain in search for water, until he is killed by a demon.

Looking for water appears as a progressive *motif* in the *Kathā-sarīt-sāgara* four times, if not oftener. Thus, x, 128 ff. (*Ocean*, Vol. I, p. 115), Mṛigānkavatī, beloved of the young Brāhman Śrīdatta, while roaming in the Vindhya forest, becomes exhausted with fear and exertion, and is very thirsty withal. Śrīdatta goes in search of water, loses his way, and passes the night in the forest. When he arrives in the morning on the spot where he left the princess she is nowhere to be seen. And *Kathās.*, lvi, 12 ff. (*Ocean*, Vol. IV, p. 221), the Brāhman Chandrasvāmin, impoverished by famine, undertakes to bring his two children to his father-in-law's house. They reach a wilderness, where he leaves the two children, exhausted by thirst, to look for water. He is captured by the Bhilla chief Simhadamshṭra to be sacrificed to Durgā. But by the favour of the sun-god all turns out well. These two passages show how incidental, yet how effective at the bottom, is the *motif*, but it has not as yet been recognised as such by the fictionists. Yet the *motif* is perfectly standard ; it occurs twice more in the *Kathā-sarīt-sāgara*, liv, 9 (*Ocean*, Vol. IV, p. 187), and lii, 196 (*Ocean*, Vol. IV, p. 152). These two *Kathā-sarīt-sāgara* occurrences are so mechanical as to entitle one to say that whenever Somadeva wishes to separate two people or parties, all he has to do is to make one of them go in search for water. The *motif* is

everywhere in fiction : see, *e.g.*, Devendra's stories, J. J. Meyer, *Hindu Tales*, pp. 24, 33, 42, 68 ; Jülg, *Mongolische Märchen*, p. 165 ; Jülg, *Kalmükische Märchen*, p. 32 ; *Kathākoça*, in Tawney's translation, pp. 99 ff., 141, 296 ; *Samarādityasaṃkshēpa*, v, 283 ff. ; Charpentier, *Paccēkabuddhageschichten*, p. 126 ; Hertel, *Indische Märchen*, p. 91 ; Lescallier, *Le Trône Enchanté*, i, 71, bottom ; Parker, *Village Folk-Tales of Ceylon*, i, 81, 96 ; Frere, *Old Deccan Days*, pp. 18, 59, 198. See also Hertel, *Das Pañcatantra*, p. 109, note 4. Note especially Hemavijaya's *Kathāratnākara*, story 21 (Hertel's translation, i, 58 ff.), in which this haphazard *motif*, that ordinarily glides into the story almost unperceived, is made the pivot of a rather exquisite anecdote belonging to the riddle sphere. The four brothers of Yudhisṭhira go successively in search for water, are asked riddles which they are unable to answer, and therefore sink to the ground in a faint. Yudhisṭhira follows, is also asked a profound cosmic riddle, which he answers correctly, and the four brothers are restored to life.

Deserted City

Scarcely less significant for the technique of story-telling, though not as frequent, is the city which has become deserted, because its inhabitants have been devoured by some demon. I have noted only two occurrences of this *motif*—one in *Kathā-sarīt-sāgara*, x, 71 (*Ocean*, Vol. I, p. 111) : Śrīdatta and his friend Nishṭhuraḥka meet on the road a weeping woman who professes to have lost her way while travelling to Ujjayini. Śrīdatta invites her to join them, and they halt by day in a certain deserted town. Śrīdatta wakes up in the night and sees that the woman has slain Nishṭhuraḥka, and is devouring his flesh. Śrīdatta seizes her by the hair. The woman turns out to be, not an original Rākshasī, but a heavenly nymph under a curse, because she had been induced by Kubera to interfere with Viśvāmitra's austerities. Viśvāmitra had cursed her into a Rākshasī : it is she who has eaten all the inhabitants of the deserted city. The curse ends when Śrīdatta takes hold of her.

In *Pārśvanātha Charitra*, ii, 315 ff., Prince Bhima (Bhīmasena) and his friend Matisāgara come to a deserted city, where they see a lion with a man in his paws, about to devour him. The city is Hemapura; its king was Hemaratha, who had a Purohita, Chaṇḍa ("Cruel"), hated of all men. The king also was cruel by nature. An enemy of Chaṇḍa spread the report that he was intimate with a low-born woman (*mātangi*).¹ The king consulted an oracle, and, though he did not determine the truth, had Chaṇḍa wrapped in hemp and boiled in oil. Chaṇḍa had no chance, before he died, to wear away his sins, therefore was reborn as a Rākshasa, named Sarvagila ("All-Devourer"). Remembering the hostilities of his former birth, he came to that city, hid away its people, and, having assumed the shape of a lion, carried off King Hemaratha. Bhīma rescues Hemaratha; the lion is appeased and brings back the people of Hemapura.

I should like especially to draw the attention of the reader to the mechanical and paradoxical way in which this fundamentally tragic *motif* is blended with a satirical use of the "Laugh and Cry" *motif* in Swynnerton's *Romantic Tales from the Panjāb* (p. 87), as quoted by Mr Penzer on p. 261 of the present volume.²

The *motif* figures also in *Kathās.*, xliii (*Ocean*, Vol. III, p. 281; cf. pp. 58, 59), where a deserted city is peopled by automata; and also in *Pārśvanātha Charitra*, vi, 314; Tawney's *Kathākoṣa*, p. 129; in the story of Bambhadatta (Jacobi, *Ausgewählte Erzählungen*, p. 7, l. 28; J. J. Meyer, *Hindu Tales*, p. 26); *Pañchadaṇḍachhatraprabandha*, ii, p. 27; *Divyāvadāna*, pp. 9, 19; Hertel, *Indische Märchen*, pp. 142, 187; *Geschichte von Pāla und Gopāla*, p. 70; *Pañchākhyānoddhāra*, in the story of Ratnapāla; Hertel, *Das Pañcatantra*, p. 109, note 4; Jülg, *Mongolische Märchen*, p. 26.

¹ This also is a fairly standard, yet unlisted *motif* of fiction; see my *Life of Pārśvanātha*, p. 195.

² [I should here point out that Professor Bloomfield's reference is to Swynnerton's *Romantic Tales from the Panjab, with Indian Nights' Entertainment*, Ldn., 1908; while my reference on p. 261 is from his previous work, *Romantic Tales from the Panjāb*, Ldn., 1903.—N.M.P.]

Concluding Remarks

The preceding remarks are not intended as a systematic statement of a plan for such an Encyclopædia as I have in mind. They are intended rather to establish the conviction in the mind of the reader that an *Encyclopædia of Fiction*, whatever form and scope it may ultimately assume, is plainly a *sine qua non* of fruitful—we might say final—Fiction study. I am very grateful to Mr Penzer for giving these ideas a permanent habitat in his great work, and by the side of the many elaborate notes and comments with which he has very wisely enriched it. The time will come when concerted academic action will produce a work hardly less exigent than Dr Hastings' *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*: it will be in the main the work of a future generation, but the present generation need not hesitate to prepare its way by suggestion and illustrative example.

MAURICE BLOOMFIELD.

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY,
October 1926.

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AND HIS SCHOOL

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Encyclopædia of Hindu Fiction

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- "On Talking Birds in Hindu Fiction": *Festschrift für Ernst Windisch*, 349-361.
- "On Recurring Psychic *Motifs*, and The Laugh and Cry *Motif*": *Journal of the American Oriental Society*, xxxvi, 54-89.
- "On the Art of Entering Another's Body; a Hindu Fiction *Motif*": *Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society*, lvi, 1-48.
- "The Fable of the Crow and the Palm-Tree; a Psychic *Motif* in Hindu Fiction": *American Journal of Philology*, xl, 1-36.
- "The *Dohada*, or Craving of Pregnant Women; a *Motif* of Hindu Fiction": *Journal of the American Oriental Society*, xl, 1-24.
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- "The Art of Stealing in Hindu Fiction": *American Journal of Philology*, xlv, 97-133, 193-229.
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- "The Act of Truth (*Saccakiriya*); a Hindu Spell and its Employment as a Psychic *Motif* in Hindu Fiction": *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, July 1917, pp. 429-467.

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PREFACE

AS stated in the Preface to Volume VI, there is only one Appendix to the present volume. It consists of notes on the remaining seventeen (really sixteen¹) vampire stories.

The collection, as given by Somadeva, is obviously in the form in which he found it, and it has been presented in its entirety, despite the fact that several of the tales had already appeared ; and others we shall meet again later.

So far from being superfluous, I consider this repetition is both interesting and valuable. It shows what was probably the form of the story in the original *Bṛihat-kathā*, and the form it had after it had found its way into other collections.

The Foreword to the present volume is of the greatest importance, as it represents a definite step in the study of Fiction *motifs*.

Although the tabulating and explaining of " incidents " in folk-tales was begun in 1884 by Sir Richard Temple in *Wide-Awake Stories*, folklorists seem to have made but little headway. Professor Bloomfield, whose work I have quoted so often, now takes up the cudgels himself, and has honoured my work by a most original and suggestive Foreword.

Dr Barnett and Mr Fenton still gallantly sail with me on the Ocean, though at times I fear I have taken them on a long voyage ; but the terrors of the deep seem to leave them unmoved !

N. M. P.

ST JOHN'S WOOD, N.W.8,
December 1926.

¹ By mistake I said " sixteen (really fifteen) " in the Preface to Volume VI.

**THE
OCEAN OF STORY**

BOOK XII: ŚAŚĀNKAVATĪ—*continued*

CHAPTER LXXXIII

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

SO King Trivikramasena again went to the *śimśapā* tree, and taking the Vetāla down from it, placed him on his shoulder, and set out. Then the Vetāla said to him: “King, this wandering about in a cemetery at night is inconsistent with your kingly rank. Do you not see that this place of the dead ¹ is full of Bhūtas,² and terrible at night, and full of darkness as of the smoke of funeral pyres? Alas, what tenacity you display in this undertaking you have engaged in, to please that mendicant! So listen to this question from me, which will render your journey more agreeable.

163G (9). *Anangarati and her Four Suitors* ³

There is in Avanti a city built by gods at the beginning of the world, which is limitless as the body of Śiva, and renowned for enjoyment and prosperity, even as his body is adorned with the snake’s hood and ashes.⁴ It was called Padmāvati in the Kṛita Yuga, Bhogavatī in the Tretā Yuga, Hiranyavatī in the Dvāpara Yuga, and Ujjayinī in the Kali Yuga.⁵ And in it there lived an excellent king, named Viradeva, and he had a queen named Padmarati. The king

¹ Literally, “grove of ancestors”—i.e. cemetery.—The German “Ahnenhain.” See Vol. VI, p. 254.—N.M.P.

² See Vol. I, p. 206; Vol. VI, p. 129; and Crooke, *Religion and Folk-Lore of Northern India*, new edition, 1926, p. 190 *et seq.*—N.M.P.

³ See Appendix, p. 199.—N.M.P.

⁴ Here we have one of the puns in which our author delights.

⁵ For a note on the four Yugas, or Ages of the World, see Vol. IV, p. 240n¹.—N.M.P.

went with her to the bank of the Mandākinī,¹ and propitiated Śiva with austerities, in order to obtain a son. And after he had remained a long time engaged in austerities, he performed the ceremonies of bathing and praying, and then he heard this voice from heaven, uttered by Śiva, who was pleased with him: "King, there shall be born to thee a brave son to be the head of thy family, and a daughter, who with her matchless beauty shall put to shame the nymphs of heaven." When King Viradeva had heard this voice from heaven, he returned to his city with his consort, having gained all he desired.

There he first had a son born to him, named Śūradeva, and after a time Queen Padmarati gave birth to a daughter. And her father gave her the name of Anangarati, on the ground that she was beautiful enough to inspire love in the breast of Kāma. And when she grew up, in his desire to procure for her a suitable husband, he had brought the portraits of all the kings of the earth, painted on canvas. And as no one of them seemed a match for her, he said to

¹ This river joins the Alaknandā at Rudraprayāg, and rises at Kedārnāth, the famous temple in the Garhwāl District of the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh (see Vol. VI, p. 88). It should not be confused with a river of the same name mentioned by Kālidāsa in the *Mālavikāgnimītra* (see Tawney's translation, p. 7n², where he points out that the Narmadā is probably meant here).

The twin peaks of Kedārnāth and Badarīnāth (see *Ocean*, Vol. IV, p. 159n¹) rise at a distance of ten miles apart, and between these lies the temple, which ranks as one of the twelve famous *linga* shrines in India. Although it was an important religious centre in Buddhist times, it was not until the arrival of the Śaiva reformer, Śaṅkarācārya, about the beginning of the eighth century, that it attained its greatest sanctity as a place of holy pilgrimage. Situated at a height of over 11,000 feet, among roses and syringa bushes on the eternal snow, it is said to have a strange effect on pilgrims.

Crooke tells us (*Hastings' Ency. Rel. Eth.*, vol. vii, p. 680) that the sanctity of the place has been explained by the fact that pilgrims become overpowered by the strong scent of the flowers. "This," he continues, "combined with the rarity of the air, produces a sense of faintness, which is naturally attributed to spirit agency, while the strange sounds produced by falling avalanches and rendings of the ice and snow doubtless contribute to the same belief." For further details concerning Kedārnāth and other sacred places in the neighbourhood, see Crooke (*op. cit. sup.*) and the numerous references there given

his daughter, in his tenderness for her: "I cannot find a suitable match for you, my daughter, so summon all the kings of the earth, and select your own husband." When the princess heard that, she said to her father: "My father, I am too modest to select my own husband, but I must be given in marriage to a good-looking young man, who is a perfect master of one art; I do not want any other better man."

When the king heard this speech of his daughter Anangarati, he proceeded to search for a young man such as she had described, and while he was thus engaged, there came to him from the Deccan four magnificent men, brave and skilful, who had heard from the people what was going on. Those four suitors for the hand of the princess were received with respect by the king, and one after another they told to him in her presence their respective acquirements.

The first said: "I am a Sūdra, Panchaputtika by name. I make every day five splendid pairs of garments: the first of them I give to my god, and the second to a Brāhman, the third I retain for my own wearing,¹ the fourth I should give to my wife, if this maid here were to become my wife, the fifth I sell, and procure myself meat and drink. As I possess this art, let Anangarati be given to me."

When he had said this, the second man said: "I am a Vaiśya, Bhāshājna by name. I know the speech of all beasts and birds,² so let the princess be given to me."

When the second had said this, the third said: "I am a Kshatriya king, by name Khadgadghara, renowned for might of arm: my equal in the art of swordmanship does not exist upon the earth, so bestow this maiden on me, O King."

When the third had said this, the fourth said: "I am

¹ More literally, "for my own two garments." A Hindu wears two pieces of cloth.

² See Vol. IV, p. 145n¹; Herrtage's edition of the English *Gesta Romanorum*, p. 55; the Greek fable of Teiresias, Waldau, *Böhmische Märchen*, p. 1 [see Frazer, *Apollodorus, The Library*, vol. i, p. 363]; and Hagen's *Helden-Sagen*, vol. ii, p. 24. We are told that Melampus buried the parents of a brood of snakes, and they rewarded him by licking his ears so that he understood the language of birds (Preller, *Griechische Mythologie*, vol. ii, p. 474).

a Brāhman, named Jivadatta, and I possess the following art : I can restore to life dead creatures, and exhibit them alive ¹ ; so let this maiden obtain for a husband me, who am renowned for daring exploits.”

When they had thus spoken, the King Viradeva, with his daughter by his side, seeing that they were like gods in shape and dress, remained lost in doubt.

163c. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

When the Vetāla had told this story, he said to King Trivikramasena, menacing him with the before-mentioned curse : “ So tell me, King, to which of these four ought the maiden Anangarati to be given ? ”

When the king heard this, he gave the Vetāla the following answer : “ You are thus repeatedly making me break silence simply in order to waste time ; otherwise, master of magic, how could you possibly ask such an absurd question ? How can a woman of Kshatriya caste be given to a Śūdra weaver ? Moreover, how can a Kshatriya woman be given to a Vaiśya ? And as to the power of understanding the language of beasts and birds, which he possesses, what is the practical use of it ? And as for the fourth, the Brāhman, who fancies himself such a hero, of what worth is he, as he is a sorcerer, and degraded by abandoning the duties of his caste ? Accordingly the maiden should be given to the third suitor, the Kshatriya Khadgadhara, who is of the same caste, and distinguished for his skill and valour.”

When the Vetāla heard this, he left the king's shoulder, as before, and quickly returned by the power of his magic to his own place ; and the king again pursued him, as before, to recover him, for despondency never penetrates into a hero's heart, that is cased in armour of fortitude.

¹ See Vol. VI, p. 18n¹.—N.M.P.

CHAPTER LXXXIV

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

THEN Trivikramasena went and took the Vetāla from the *śimśapā* tree, and put him on his shoulder once more, and set out; and as he was going along, the Vetāla said from the top of his shoulder: "You are weary, King, so listen to this tale that is capable of dispelling weariness.

163G (10). *Madanasenā and her Rash Promise* ¹

There was an excellent king of the name of Vīrabāhu, who imposed his orders on the heads of all kings. He had a splendid city named Anangapura, and in it there lived a rich merchant named Arthadatta; that merchant-prince had for elder child a son named Dhanadatta, and his younger child was a pearl of maidens, named Madanasenā.

One day, as she was playing with her companions in her own garden, a young merchant, named Dharmadatta, a friend of her brother's, saw her. When he saw that maiden, who with the full streams of her beauty, her breasts like pitchers half-revealed, and three wrinkles like waves, resembled a lake for the elephant of youth to plunge in in sport, he was at once robbed of his senses by the arrows of love, that fell upon him in showers. He thought to himself: "Alas, this maiden, illuminated with this excessive beauty, has been framed by Māra,² as a keen arrow to cleave asunder my heart." While engaged in such reflections, he watched her long; the day passed away for him as if he were a *chakra-vāka*.³ Then Madanasenā entered her house, and grief at

¹ See Appendix, pp. 199-204.—N.M.P.

² See Vol. VI, p. 187n¹.—N.M.P.

³ See Vol. VI, p. 71n³. For a note on the name "Brāhmani" see Crooke, *Ind. Ant.*, vol. x, 1881, p. 293, and also his new edition of *Religion and Folk-Lore of Northern India*, p. 374.—N.M.P.

no longer beholding her entered the breast of Dharmadatta. And the sun sank red into the western main, as if inflamed with the fire of grief at seeing her no more. And the moon, that was surpassed by the lotus of her countenance, knowing that that fair-faced one had gone in for the night, slowly mounted upward.

In the meanwhile Dharmadatta went home, and thinking upon that fair one, he remained tossing to and fro on his bed, smitten by the rays of the moon.¹ And though his friends and relations eagerly questioned him, he gave them no answer, being bewildered by the demon of love. And in the course of the night he at length fell asleep, though with difficulty, and still he seemed to behold and court that loved one in a dream; to such lengths did his longing carry him. And in the morning he woke up, and went and saw her once more in that very garden, alone and in privacy, waiting for her attendant. So he went up to her, longing to embrace her, and falling at her feet he tried to coax her with words tender from affection. But she said to him with great earnestness: "I am a maiden betrothed to another. I cannot now be yours, for my father has bestowed me on the merchant Samudradatta, and I am to be married in a few days. So depart quietly: let not anyone see you; it might cause mischief." But Dharmadatta said to her: "Happen what may, I cannot live without you!"

When the merchant's daughter heard this, she was afraid that he would use force to her, so she said to him: "Let my marriage first be celebrated here, let my father reap the long-desired fruit of bestowing a daughter in marriage; then I will certainly visit you, for your love has gained my heart."

When he heard this, he said: "I love not a woman who has been embraced by another man: does the bee delight in a lotus on which another bee has settled?" When he said this to her, she replied: "Then I will visit you as soon as I am married, and afterwards I will go to my husband." But though she made this promise, he would not let her go without further assurance, so the merchant's daughter confirmed the truth of her promise with an oath.

¹ See Vol. VI, pp. 100n¹, 101n.—N.M.P.

Then he let her go, and she entered her house in low spirits.

And when the lucky day had arrived, and the auspicious ceremony of marriage had taken place, she went to her husband's house and spent that day in merriment, and then retired with him. But she repelled her husband's caresses with indifference, and when he began to coax her she burst into tears. He thought to himself, "Of a truth she cares not for me," and said to her, "Fair one, if you do not love me, I do not want you; go to your darling, whoever he may be." When she heard this, she said slowly, with downcast face: "I love you more than my life, but hear what I have to say. Rise up cheerfully, and promise me immunity from punishment; take an oath to that effect, my husband, in order that I may tell you."

When she said this, her husband reluctantly consented, and then she went on to say with shame, despondency and fear: "A young man of the name of Dharmadatta, a friend of my brother's, saw me once alone in our garden, and smitten with love, he detained me; and when he was preparing to use force, I, being anxious to secure for my father the merit giving of a daughter in marriage, and to avoid all scandal, made this agreement with him: 'When I am married, I will pay you a visit before I go to my husband'; so I must now keep my word. Permit me, my husband. I will pay him a visit first, and then return to you, for I cannot transgress the law of truth which I have observed from my childhood."

When Samudradatta had been thus suddenly smitten by this speech of hers, as by a down-lighting thunderbolt, being bound by the necessity of keeping his word, he reflected for a moment as follows: "Alas! she is in love with another man; she must certainly go! Why should I make her break her word? Let her depart! Why should I be so eager to have her for a wife?" After he had gone through this train of thought, he gave her leave to go where she would; and she rose up and left her husband's house.

In the meanwhile the cold-rayed moon ascended the great eastern mountain, as it were the roof of a palace, and the nymph of the eastern quarter smiled, touched by his finger.

Then, though the darkness was still embracing his beloved herbs in the mountain caves, and the bees were settling on another cluster of *kumudas*, a certain thief saw Madanasenā as she was going along alone at night, and rushing upon her, seized her by the hem of her garment. He said to her : "Who are you, and where are you going ?" When he said this, she, being afraid, said : "What does that matter to you ? Let me go ! I have business here." Then the thief said : "How can I, who am a thief, let you go ?" Hearing that, she replied : "Take my ornaments." The thief answered her : "What do I care for these gems, fair one ? I will not surrender you, the ornament of the world, with your face like the moonstone, your hair black like jet, your waist like a diamond,¹ your limbs like gold, fascinating beholders with your ruby-coloured feet."

When the thief said this, the helpless merchant's daughter told him her story, and entreated him as follows : "Excuse me for a moment, that I may keep my word, and as soon as I have done that, I will quickly return to you, if you remain here. Believe me, my good man, I will never break this true promise of mine." When the thief heard that, he let her go, believing that she was a woman who would keep her word, and he remained in that very spot, waiting for her return.

She, for her part, went to that merchant Dharmadatta. And when he saw that she had come to that wood, he asked her how it happened, and then, though he had longed for her, he said to her, after reflecting a moment : "I am delighted at your faithfulness to your promise ; what have I to do with you, the wife of another ? So go back, as you came, before anyone sees you." When he thus let her go, she said, "So be it," and leaving that place, she went to the thief, who was waiting for her in the road. He said to her : "Tell me what befell you when you arrived at the trysting-place." So she told him how the merchant let her go. Then the thief said : "Since this is so, then I also will let you go, being pleased with your truthfulness : return home with your ornaments !"

So he too let her go, and went with her to guard her.

¹ The word *vajra* also means thunderbolt.

And she returned to the house of her husband, delighted at having preserved her honour. There the chaste woman entered secretly, and went delighted to her husband. And he, when he saw her, questioned her ; so she told him the whole story. And Samudradatta, perceiving that his good wife had kept her word without losing her honour, assumed a bright and cheerful expression, and welcomed her as a pure-minded woman, who had not disgraced her family, and lived happily with her ever afterwards.

163c. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

When the Vetāla had told this story in the cemetery to King Trivikramasena, he went on to say to him : “ So tell me, King, which was the really generous man of those three, the two merchants and the thief ? And if you know and do not tell, your head shall split into a hundred pieces.”

When the Vetāla said this, the king broke silence, and said to him : “ Of those three the thief was the only really generous man, and not either of the two merchants. For of course her husband let her go, though she was so lovely and he had married her : how could a gentleman desire to keep a wife that was attached to another ? And the other resigned her because his passion was dulled by time, and he was afraid that her husband, knowing the facts, would tell the king the next day. But the thief, a reckless evildoer, working in the dark, was really generous, to let go a lovely woman, ornaments and all.”

When the Vetāla heard that, he left the shoulder of the king and returned to his own place, as before ; and the king, with his great perseverance no whit dashed, again set out, as before, to bring him.

CHAPTER LXXXV

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

THEN King Trivikramasena again went and took that Vetāla from the *śiṃśapā* tree and put him on his shoulder, and set out with him; and as he was going along, the Vetāla on his shoulder said to him: "Listen, King, I will tell you an interesting story.

163G (11). *King Dharmadhvaja and his Three Very Sensitive Wives*¹

There lived of old in Ujjayinī a king of the name of Dharmadhvaja; he had three wives, who were all daughters of kings, and whom he held very dear. The first of them was called Indulekhā, the second Tārāvalī, and the third Mṛigānkavatī; and they were all possessed of extraordinary personal charms. And the successful king, who had conquered all his enemies, lived happily, amusing himself with all those three queens.

Once on a time, when the festival of the spring season had arrived, he went with all those three wives to the garden to amuse himself. There he beheld the creepers weighed down with flowers, looking like Kāma's bows, with rows of bees for strings, strung for him by the spring. And the king, who resembled the mighty Indra, hearing the notes which the cuckoos uttered on the sprays of the garden trees, like the edict of Love, the god of enjoyment, betook himself with his wives to wine, which is the very life of that intoxication by which Kāma lives. And he joyed in drinking the liquor first tasted by them, perfumed with their sighs, red as their *bimba* lips.²

¹ See Appendix, pp. 204-211.—N.M.P.

² See *Ocean*, Vol. I, p. 31n²; also Macdonell and Keith, *Vedic Index*, vol. ii, p. 68.—N.M.P.

Then, as Indulekhā was playfully pulling the hair of the king, a blue lotus leaped from her ear and fell on her lap. Immediately a wound was produced on the front of her thigh by the blow, and the delicate princess exclaimed, "Oh! Oh!" and fainted. When the king and the attendants saw that, they were distracted with grief, but they gradually brought her round with cold water and fanning. Then the king took her to the palace and had a bandage applied to the wound, and treated her with preparations made by the physicians.

And at night, seeing that she was going on well, the king retired with the second, Tārāvalī, to an apartment on the roof of the palace exposed to the rays of the moon. There the rays of the moon, entering through the lattice, fell on the body of the queen, who was sleeping by the king's side, where it was exposed by her garment blowing aside. Immediately she woke up, exclaiming, "Alas, I am burned!" and rose up from the bed rubbing her limbs. The king woke up in a state of alarm, crying out: "What is the meaning of this?" Then he got up and saw that blisters had been produced on the queen's body. And the Queen Tārāvalī said to him when he questioned her: "The moon's rays falling on my exposed body have done this to me." When she said this, and burst into tears, the king, being distressed, summoned her attendants, who ran there in trepidation and alarm. And he had made for her a bed of lotus leaves, sprinkled with water, and sandalwood lotion applied to her body.

In the meanwhile his third wife Mṛigāṅkavatī heard of it, and left her palace to come to him. And when she had got into the open air, she heard distinctly, as the night was still, the sound of a pestle pounding rice in a distant house. The moment the gazelle-eyed one heard it she said, "Alas, I am killed!" and she sat down on the path, shaking her hands in an agony of pain. Then the girl turned back, and was conducted by her attendants to her own chamber, where she fell on the bed, and groaned. And when her weeping attendants examined her, they saw that her hands were covered with bruises, and looked like lotuses upon which black bees had settled. So they went and told the king. The King

Dharmadhvaja arrived in a state of consternation, and asked his beloved what it all meant. Then the tortured queen showed him her hands, and said to him: "As soon as I heard the sound of the pestle, these became covered with bruises." Then the king, filled with surprise and despondency, had sandalwood¹ unguent and other remedies applied to her hands, in order to allay the pain.

He reflected: "One of my queens has been wounded by the fall of a lotus, the second has had her body burned even by the rays of the moon, and alas! the third has got such terrible bruises produced on her hands by the mere sound of a pestle. By a dispensation of fate the excessive delicacy, which is the distinguishing excellence of my queens, has now become in them all, at one and the same time, a defect." Engaged in such reflections the king wandered round the women's apartments, and the night of three watches passed for him as tediously as if it had consisted of a hundred watches. But the next morning the physicians and surgeons took measures which caused him soon to be comforted by the recovery of his wives.

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

When the Vetāla had told this very wonderful story, he put this question to King Trivikramasena from his seat on his shoulder: "Tell me, King, which was the most delicate of those queens; and the curse I before mentioned will take effect if you know and do not say."

When the king heard that, he answered: "The most delicate of all was the lady upon whose hands bruises were produced by merely hearing the sound of the pestle, without touching it. But the other two were no match for her, because the wound of the one and the blisters of the other were produced by contact with the lotus and the rays of the moon respectively."

When the king had said this, the Vetāla again left his shoulder and returned to his own place, and the persevering king again set out to fetch him.

¹ See note on pp. 105-107.—N.M.P.

CHAPTER LXXXVI

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

THEN King Trivikramasena again went to the *śiṃśapā* tree, and recovered the Vetāla, and placed him on his shoulder, and set out with him again silently, as before. Then the Vetāla again said to him from his seat on his shoulder : “ King, I love you much because you are so indomitable ; so listen, I will tell you this delightful story to amuse you.

163G (12). *King Yaśahketu, his Vidyādhari Wife and his Faithful Minister*¹

In the land of Anga² there was a young king named Yaśahketu, like a second and unburnt God of Love come to earth to conceal his body.³ He conquered by his great valour all his enemies ; and as Indra has Brihaspati for a minister, he had Dīrghadarsīn. Now, in course of time, this king, infatuated with his youth and beauty, entrusted to that minister his realm, from which all enemies had been eradicated, and became devoted to pleasure only. He remained continually in the harem⁴ instead of the judgment-hall ; he listened to delightful songs in the women’s apartments instead of hearkening to the voice of his well-wishers ; in his thoughtlessness he was devoted to latticed windows and not to the affairs of his kingdom, though the latter also were full of holes.

But the great minister Dīrghadarsīn continued unweariedly

¹ See Appendix, pp. 211-212.—N.M.P.

² The country around Bhāgalpur. Its capital was Champāpuri. Its western boundary was the juncture of the Ganges and the Sarayū.—N.M.P.

³ Or, “to protect the realm of Anga” ; a shameless pun ! The God of Love was consumed by the fire of Śiva’s eye.

⁴ See Vol. II of the *Ocean*, pp. 161n⁴, 162n, 163n.—N.M.P.

upholding the burden of his kingdom's cares, day and night. And a general rumour spread to the following effect: "Dīrghadarsin has plunged in dissipation the sovereign, who is satisfied with the mere name of king, and so he manages now to enjoy himself all his master's power." Then the minister Dīrghadarsin said of himself to his wife Medhāvati: "My dear, as the king is addicted to pleasure, and I do his work, a calumny has been circulated among the people against me, to the effect that I have devoured the realm. And a general rumour, though false, injures even great men in this world: was not Rāma compelled by a slanderous report to abandon his wife Sītā? So what course must I adopt in this emergency?" When the minister said this, his firm-souled wife Medhāvati,¹ who was rightly named, said to him: "Take leave of the king on the pretext of a pilgrimage to holy bathing-places; it is expedient, great-minded sir, that you should go to a foreign land for a certain time. So you will be seen to be free from ambition, and the calumny against you will die out. And while you are absent the king will bear the burden of the kingdom himself, and then this vicious tendency of his will gradually diminish, and when you return you will be able to discharge your office of minister without blame."

When Dīrghadarsin's wife said this to him, he said, "I will do so"; and he went and said to King Yaśaḥketu in the course of conversation: "Give me leave to depart, King, I am going on a pilgrimage for some days, for my heart is set on that religious duty." When the king heard that, he said: "Do not do so! Cannot you, without going on pilgrimages, perform in your house noble religious duties, such as charity and so on, which will procure you heaven?" When the minister heard this, he said: "King, that purity which comes of wealth is sought by charity and so on, but holy bathing-places have an everlasting purity. And a wise man must visit them while he is young, for otherwise how can he be sure of reaching them, as this body cannot be relied on?" While he was saying this, and the king was still trying to dissuade him, a warder entered, and said to the

¹ I.e. wise.

king : “ King, the sun is plunging into the middle of the lake of heaven, so rise up, this is the hour appointed for you to bathe in, and it is rapidly passing away.” When the king heard this, he immediately rose up to bathe, and the minister, whose heart was set on pilgrimage, bowed before him, and went home to his own house.

There he left his wife, whom he forbade to follow him, and managed cunningly to set out in secret, without even his servants suspecting his departure. And alone he wandered from country to country with resolute perseverance, and visited holy bathing-places, and at last he reached the land of Paṇḍra.¹ In a certain city in that country not far from the sea he entered a temple of Śiva, and sat down in a courtyard attached to it. There a merchant named Nidhidatta, who had come to worship the god, saw him exhausted with the heat of the sun’s rays, dusty with his long journey. The merchant, being a hospitable man, seeing that the traveller, who was in such a state, wore a Brāhmanical thread,² and had auspicious marks, concluded that he was a distinguished Brāhman, and took him home to his own house. There he honoured him with a bath, food and other refreshments in the most luxurious style, and when his fatigue was removed, he said to him : “ Who are you, whence do you come, and where are you going ? ” And the Brāhman gave him this reserved answer : “ I am a Brāhman of the name of Dīrghadarśin ; I have come here on pilgrimage from the land of Anga.” Then the merchant-prince Nidhidatta said to him : “ I am about to go on a trading expedition to the Island of Gold,³ so you must live in my house until I return ; and then you will have recovered from the fatigue which you have incurred by roaming to holy places, and you can go home.” When Dīrghadarśin heard that, he said : “ Why should I remain here ? I will go with you, great merchant, if you like.” The good man said, “ So be it,”

¹ This corresponds to Bengal—Bihar, the country of the sugar-cane.
—N.M.P.

² See note at the end of chapter.—N.M.P.

³ *I.e.* Suvarṇadvīpa, probably Sumatra. Suvarṇabhūmi, mentioned in Kaṭilya’s *Arthaśāstra*, is usually identified with Lower Burma.—N.M.P.

and then the minister, who had long discarded the use of beds,¹ spent that night in his house.

The next day he went with that merchant to the sea, and embarked on a ship laden with his merchandise. He travelled along in that ship, and beheld the awful and wonderful ocean, and in course of time reached the Isle of Gold. What had a man holding the office of prime minister to do with sea-voyages? But what will not men of honour do to prevent their fame from being sullied? So he remained some time in that island with that merchant Nidhidatta, who was engaged in buying and selling.

And as he was returning with him on the ship, he suddenly saw a wave rise up, and then a wishing-tree² arise out of the sea; it was adorned with boughs glittering with gold, which were embellished with sprays of coral, and bore lovely fruits and flowers of jewels. And he beheld on its trunk a maiden, alluring on account of her wonderful beauty, reclining on a gem-bestudded couch. He reflected for a moment: "Aha! What can this be?" And thereupon the maiden, who had a lyre in her hand, began to sing this song: "Whatever seed of works any man has sown in a former life, of that he, without doubt, eats the fruit; for even fate cannot alter what has been done in a previous state of existence."

When the heavenly maiden had sung this song, she immediately plunged into that sea, with the wishing-tree, and the couch on which she was reclining. Then Dīrghadarsin reflected: "I have to-day seen a wonderful sight; one would never have expected to find in the sea a tree, with a heavenly maiden singing on it, appearing and disappearing as soon as beheld. Or rather, this admirable treasure-house of the sea is ever the same: did not Lakshmī, and the moon, and the Pārijāta tree, and other precious things come out of it?" But the steersman and the rest of the crew, perceiving

¹ The D. text reads *cirād avāptaśayano* . . . instead of B.'s *cirād apastaśayano* . . . , which appears to be the better reading. Dīrghadarsin has been sleeping in the open during his pilgrimage, and now enjoys the welcome luxury of a bed. Thus the D. text means, ". . . after a long time he had again got a bed in which to pass the night. . . ." See Speyer, *op. cit.*, p. 135.—N.M.P.

² See Vol. I, p. 144n¹.

that Dīrghadarśin was astonished and puzzled, said to him : "This lovely woman always appears here in the same way, and sinks down again at once ; but this sight is new to you."

This is what they said to the minister, but he still continued in a state of wonder, and so he reached in course of time on the ship, with that Nidhidatta, the coast for which they were making. There the merchant disembarked his wares, gladdening the hearts of his servants, and the minister went in high spirits with him to his house, which was full of mirth at his arrival. And after he had remained there a short time, he said to Nidhidatta : "Merchant-prince, I have long reposed comfortably in your house, now I wish to return to my own land ; I wish you all happiness." With these words he took leave of the merchant-prince, who was sorely unwilling to let him go, and with his virtue for his only companion he set out thence ; and having in course of time accomplished the long journey, he reached his own native land of Anga.

There the spies, who had been placed by King Yaśaḥketu to watch for his return, saw him coming, before he entered the city, and informed the king ; and then the king, who had been much afflicted by his absence, went out from the city to meet him, and came up to him and welcomed him with an embrace. Then the king conducted into the palace his minister, who was emaciated and begrimed with his long journey, and said to him : "Why did you leave me, bringing your mind to this cruel heartless step, and your body into this squalid state from its being deprived of unguents ? ¹ But who knows the way of the mighty god Fate, in that you suddenly fixed your mind on a pilgrimage to holy waters and other sacred places ? So tell me, what lands have you wandered through, and what novel sights have you seen ?" Then Dīrghadarśin described his journey to the Island of Gold, in all its stages, and so was led to tell the king of that maiden, the jewel of the three worlds, whom he had seen rise out of the sea and sit on the wishing-tree singing. All this he narrated exactly as it took place.

The moment the king heard this, he fell so deeply in love

¹ One of our author's puns.

with her¹ that he considered his kingdom and life valueless without her. And taking his minister aside, he said to him : “ I must certainly see that maiden, otherwise I cannot live. I will go by the way which you have described, after worshipping Fate. And you must not dissuade, and you must by no means follow me, for I will travel alone *incognito*, and in the meanwhile you must take care of my kingdom. Do not disobey my order, otherwise my death will lie at your door.” Thus spake the king, and refused to hear his minister’s answer, and then dismissed him to his own house to see his relations, who had long been wishing for his return. There, in the midst of great rejoicing, Dīrghadarśin remained despondent : how can good ministers be happy when their lord’s vices are incurable ?

And the next night King Yaśaḥketu set out, disguised as an ascetic, having entrusted his kingdom to the care of that minister. And on the way, as he was going along, he saw a hermit, named Kuśanābha, and he bowed before him. The hermit said to the king who was disguised as an ascetic : “ Go on your way boldly : by going to sea in a ship with the merchant Lakshmīdatta you shall obtain that maiden whom you desire.” This speech delighted the king exceedingly, and bowing again before the hermit, he continued his journey. And after crossing many countries, rivers and mountains, he reached the sea, which seemed to be full of eagerness to entertain him. Its eddies looked like eyes expanded to gaze at him, eyes of which waves were the curved brows, and which were white with shrill-sounding conchs for pupils. On the shore he met the merchant Lakshmīdatta, spoken of by the hermit, who was on the point of setting out for the Isle of Gold. The merchant prostrated himself before him when he saw the signs of his royal birth, such as the discus-marked footprint and so on ; and the king embarked on the ship with him, and set out with him on the sea. And when the ship had reached the middle of the ocean, that maiden arose from the water, seated on the trunk of the wishing-tree, and while the king was gazing at her, as a partridge at the moonlight, she sang a song, which the accompaniment of her lyre made more charming : “ Whatever seed

¹ See Vol. I, p. 128n¹.—N.M.P.

of works any man has sown in a former life, of that he, without doubt, eats the fruit; for even fate cannot alter what has been done in a previous state of existence. So a man is helplessly borne along to experience precisely that lot which fate has appointed for him, in that place and in that manner which fate has decreed; of this there can be no doubt."

When the king heard her singing this song, and thus setting forth the thing that must be, he was smitten with the arrow of love, and remained for some time motionless, gazing at her. Then he began, with bowed head, to praise the sea in the following words: "Hail to thee, storehouse of jewels, of unfathomable heart, since by concealing this lovely nymph thou hast cheated Vishṇu out of Lakshmī! So I throw myself on thy protection, thou who canst not be sounded even by gods, the refuge of mountains¹ that retain their wings; grant me to obtain my desire." While he was uttering this, the maiden disappeared in the sea, with the tree, and when the king saw that, he flung himself into the sea after her, as if to cool the flames of love's fire.

When the merchant Lakshmidatta saw that unexpected sight, the good man thought the king had perished, and was so afflicted that he was on the point of committing suicide, but he was consoled by the following utterance, that came from the heavens: "Do not act rashly; he is not in danger though he has plunged into the sea: this king, Yaśaḥketu by name, has come, disguised as an ascetic, to obtain this very maiden, for she was his wife in a former state of existence, and as soon as he has won her he shall return to his realm of Anga." Then the merchant continued his intended voyage, to accomplish his purposes.

But when King Yaśaḥketu plunged into the sea, he suddenly beheld to his astonishment a splendid city. It gleamed with palaces that had bright pillars of precious stones, walls flashing with gold, and latticed windows of pearl. It was adorned with gardens in which were tanks with flights of steps composed of slabs of every kind of gem, and wishing-

¹ The word that means "mountain" also means "king."—For the myth about Indra cutting off the wings of the mountains, see Vol. VI, p. 371.
—N.M.P.

trees that granted every desire. He entered house after house in that city, which, though opulent, was uninhabited, but he could not find his beloved anywhere. Then, as he was looking about, he beheld a lofty jewelled palace, and going up to it he opened the door and went in. And when he had entered it, he beheld a solitary human form stretched out upon a gem-bestudded couch, with its whole length covered with a shawl. Wondering whether it could be that very lady, he uncovered her face with eager expectation, and saw his lady-love. Her beautiful moonlike countenance smiled when the black robe fell from it like darkness, and she seemed like a night, illumined with moonlight, gone to visit Pātāla in the day. At sight of her the king was in a state of ecstasy, like that which a man, travelling through a desert in the season of heat, experiences on beholding a river. She, for her part, opened her eyes, and, when she saw that hero of auspicious form and bodily marks thus suddenly arrived, sprang from her couch in a state of excitement. She welcomed him, and with downcast countenance seemed to honour him by flinging on his feet the full-blown lotuses of her wide-expanded eyes; and then she slowly said to him: "Who are you, and why have you come to this inaccessible lower region? And why, though your body is marked with the signs of royalty, have you undertaken the vow of an ascetic? Condescend to tell me this, distinguished sir, if I have found favour in your sight."

When the king had heard this speech of hers, he gave her this answer: "Fair one, I am the King of Anga, by name Yaśaḥketu, and I heard from a friend, on whom I can rely, that you were to be seen here every day in the sea. So I assumed this disguise, and abandoned my kingdom for your sake, and I have come here, and followed you down through the sea. So tell me who you are."

When he said this, she answered him with mixed feelings of shame, affection and joy: "There is a fortunate king of the Vidyādhara named Mṛigāṅkasena; know that I am his daughter, Mṛigāṅkavati by name. That father of mine, for some reason unknown to me, has left me alone in this city of his, and has gone somewhere or other with his

subjects. So I, feeling melancholy in my solitary abode, rise up out of the sea on a movable ¹ wishing-tree, and sing of the decrees of fate."

When she had said this, the brave king, remembering the speech of the hermit, courted her so assiduously with speeches tender with love that she was overpowered with affection, and promised to become his wife at once, but insisted on the following condition : " My husband, for four days in every month, the fourteenth and eighth of the white and black fortnights, I am not my own mistress ² ; and whithersoever I may go on those days, you must not question me on the subject nor forbid me, for there is a reason for it." ³ When the heavenly maiden had stated in these words the only condition on which she would consent to marry the king, he agreed to it, and married her by the *gāndharva* form of marriage.

And one day, while the king was living happily with Mṛigānkavatī, she said to him : " You must stop here, while I go somewhere for a certain business, for to-day is the fourteenth day of the black fortnight of which I spoke to you. And while you are waiting here, my husband, you must not enter this crystal pavilion, lest you should fall into a lake there and go to the world of men." When she had said this she took leave of him, and went out of that city, and the king took his sword and followed her secretly, determined to penetrate the mystery.

Then the king saw a terrible Rākshasa approaching, looking like Hell embodied in a human shape, with his cavernous mouth, black as night, opened wide. That Rākshasa uttered an appalling roar, and swooping down on Mṛigānkavatī, put

¹ The Sanskrit College MS. reads *yantra* for Brockhaus' *yatra*. The wishing-tree was moved by some magical or mechanical contrivance.

² The Sanskrit College MS. reads *anāyati*, which Dr Kern has conjectured.

³ This part of the story may remind the reader of the story of Melusina, the European snake-maiden. See Simrock's *Deutsche Volksbücher*, vol. vi. It bears a certain resemblance to that of the Knight of Stauffenberg (Simrock, *op. cit.*, vol. iii). Cf. also "Ein Zimmern und die Meerfrauen," in Birlinger, *Aus Schwaben*, p. 7, and De Gubernatis, *Zoological Mythology*, vol. ii, p. 206. There is a slight resemblance in this story to the myth of Cupid and Psyche. —For the "Taboo" motif, which first appeared in the tale of Urvaśī and Purūravas, see Vol. II, pp. 252-253.—N.M.P.

her in his mouth and swallowed her. When the mighty king saw that, he was at once, so to speak, on fire with excessive anger, and rushing forward with his great sword, black as a snake that has cast its slough,¹ drawn from the sheath, he cut off with it the head of the charging Rākshasa, the lips of which were firmly pressed together. Then the burning fire of the king's anger was quenched by the stream of blood that poured forth from the trunk of the Rākshasa, but not the fire of his grief at the loss of his beloved. Then the king was blinded with the darkness of bewilderment, and at a loss what to do, when suddenly Mṛigānkavatī cleft asunder the body of that Rākshasa, which was dark as a cloud, and emerged alive and uninjured, illuminating all the horizon like a spotless moon. When the king saw his beloved thus delivered from danger, he rushed eagerly forward and embraced her, exclaiming: "Come! Come!" And he said to her: "My beloved, what does all this mean? Is it a dream or a delusion?" When the king asked the Vidyādhari this question, she remembered the truth, and said: "Listen, my husband! This is no delusion, nor is it a dream; but such was the curse imposed upon me by my father, a king of the Vidyādharas. For my father, who formerly lived in this city, though he had many sons, was so fond of me that he would never take food when I was not present. But I, being devoted to the worship of Śiva, used always to come to this uninhabited place on the fourteenth and eighth days of the two fortnights.

"And one fourteenth day I came here and worshipped Gaurī for a long time; and, as fate would have it, so ardent was my devotion that the day came to an end before my worship was finished. That day my father ate nothing and drank nothing, though he was hungry and thirsty, as he waited for me, but he was very angry with me. And when I returned in the evening with downcast countenance, conscious of my fault, his love for me was so completely overpowered by the force of Destiny that he cursed me in the following words: 'As owing to your arrogance I was

¹ For *bhujagaḥ* the Sanskrit College MS. reads *bhujaga*, which seems to give a better sense than the reading in Brockhaus' text.

devoured to-day by hunger, so on the eighth and fourteenth days of the fortnights of every month, and on those days only, a Rākshasa named Kṛitāntasantrāsa shall swallow you, when you go to that place outside the city to worship Śiva; and on every occasion you shall make your way through his heart and come out alive. But you shall not remember the curse, nor the pain of being swallowed; and you shall remain alone here.' When my father had uttered this curse, I managed gradually to propitiate him, and after thinking a little, he appointed this termination to my curse: 'When a king named Yaśaḥketu, lord of the land of Anga, shall become your husband, and shall see you swallowed by the Rākshasa, and shall slay him, then you shall issue from his heart, and shall be delivered from your curse, and you shall call to mind your curse and the other circumstances, and all your supernatural sciences.'

"When he had appointed this end of my curse, he left me alone here, and went with his retinue to the mountain of Nishadha in the world of men. And I remained here, thus engaged, bewildered by the curse. But that curse has now come to an end, and I remember all. So I will immediately go to my father on the Nishadha mountain; the law that governs us celestial beings is, that when our curse is at an end we return to our own place. You are perfectly free to remain here or go to your kingdom, as you like."

When she had said this, the king was sorry, and he made this request to her: "Fair one, do me the favour not to go for seven days. Let us in the meanwhile cheat the pain of parting by amusing ourselves here in the garden. After that you shall go to your father's abode, and I will return to mine." When he made this proposal, the fair one agreed to it. Then the king diverted himself with her for six days in the gardens, and in tanks, the lotus-eyes of which were full of tears, and that seemed to toss aloft their waves like hands, and in the cries of their swans and cranes to utter this plaintive appeal: "Do not leave us!" And on the seventh day he artfully decoyed his darling to that pavilion where was the tank that served as a magic gate¹ conducting

¹ I follow the reading of a MS. in the Sanskrit College—*yantradvāravāpikā*.

to the world of men ; and throwing his arms round her neck he plunged into that tank, and rose up with her from a tank in the garden of his own city. When the gardeners saw that he had arrived with his beloved, they were delighted, and they went and told his minister Dīrghadarsin. And the minister came and fell at his feet, and, seeing that he had brought with him the lady of his aspirations, he and the citizens escorted him into the palace. And he thought to himself : “ Ah ! I wonder how the king has managed to obtain this celestial nymph, of whom I caught a transient glimpse in the ocean, as one sees in the heaven a lightning flash. But the fact is, whatever lot is written for a man by the Disposer, in the inscription on his forehead,¹ infallibly befalls him, however improbable.”

Such were the reflections of the prime minister ; while the rest of his subjects were full of joy at the return of the king, and of astonishment at his having won the celestial nymph. But Mṛigāṅkavatī, seeing that the king had returned to his own kingdom, longed, as the seven days were completed, to return to the home of the Vidyādharas. But the science of flying up into the air did not appear to her, though she called it to mind. Then she felt as one robbed of a treasure, and was in the deepest despondency. And the king said to her : “ Why do you suddenly appear despondent ? Tell me, my darling ? ” Then the Vidyādhari answered him : “ Because I remained so long, after I had been released from my curse, out of love for you, my science has abandoned me, and I have lost the power of returning to my heavenly home.” When King Yaśaḥketu heard this, he said, “ Ha ! I have now won this Vidyādhari,” and so his rejoicing was complete.

When the minister Dīrghadarsin saw this, he went home, and at night, when he was in bed, he suddenly died of a broken heart. And Yaśaḥketu, after he had mourned for

¹ The vulgar belief is that man's fate is written upon his skull, the sutures being the writing. Thus in the *Nights* (Burton, vol. iii, p. 123) the peahen says to the duck : “ That which is on our foreheads we must indeed fulfil, and when our doomed day draweth near, who shall deliver us ? But not a soul departeth except it have accomplished its predestined livelihood and term.”—N.M.P.

him, remained long bearing the burden of empire himself, with Mṛigāṅkavatī for his consort.

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

When the Vetāla, seated on the shoulder of King Trivikramasena, had told him this story on the way, he went on to say to him : “So tell me, King, why did the heart of that great minister suddenly break, when his master had thus succeeded so completely ? Did his heart break through grief at not having won the nymph himself ? Or was it because he longed for the sovereign power, and thus was disappointed at the king’s return ? And if you know this, King, and do not tell me on the spot, your merit will at once disappear, and your head will fly in pieces.” When King Trivikramasena heard that, he said to the Vetāla : “Neither of these two feelings actuated that excellent and virtuous minister. But he said to himself : ‘This king neglected his kingdom out of devotion to mere human females, much more will he do so now that he is attached to a heavenly nymph. So, though I have gone through much suffering, the disease has been aggravated by it, instead of being cured, as I had hoped.’ It was under the influence of such reflections that the minister’s heart broke.”

When the king had said this, that juggling Vetāla returned to his own place, and the resolute king ran swiftly after him, to bring him back again by force.

NOTE ON THE SACRED THREAD

The rite of investiture with the sacred thread is known as *upanayana*, and is the most important ceremony in a Brāhman's life. Before it takes place he is only a Śūdra, but now he becomes a Brāhman and enters the ranks of the Twice-born. From a boy dependent on women, he now becomes a man, and henceforth can eat only with men. But of the greatest importance is the fact that until *upanayana* no Brāhman can marry, and consequently cannot raise up seed so necessary for the performance of *Śrāddha* and other similar ceremonies.

The investiture generally takes place when the boy is eight years of age, if a Brāhman, eleven if a Kshatriya and twelve if a Vaiśya. Interesting descriptions of the ceremony will be found as follows: J. Campbell, *Bombay Gazetteer*, vol. ix, pt. i, pp. 140¹, 36-39, 141; vol. xv, pt. i, pp. 152-154, 170, 174, 196, 198, 343; vol. xviii, pt. i, pp. 116-120, 187-189, 226-228; vol. xxiv, pp. 48-50, 140, 141. See also J. Jolly, "Recht und Sitte," § 56, *Encyclopædia of Indian Philology*, 1896, and L. D. Barnett, *Antiquities of India*, pp. 140-142.

The most recent account, however, and certainly the most detailed, appears in Mrs Stevenson's *Rites of the Twice-Born*, pp. 27-45. Although reference should be made there for full details, I shall give a few extracts dealing with the most important parts of the ceremony.

The date on which so great a rite can take place has to be carefully selected. Firstly, it must start only on a Monday, Wednesday, Thursday or Friday. Secondly, the chosen day must fall in the bright fortnight. The month can only be Māgha, Phālguna, Chaitra or Vaiśākha. Invitations are sent out about ten days before the ceremony.

The first act is the setting up of a booth on four posts. There is also a fifth post, quite small, which represents Brahmā. Gaṇeśa is fully worshipped, after which the fifteen divine mother-goddesses are installed and worshipped. The seven other goddesses are also worshipped and four Brāhman recite a hymn from a different Veda. The boy has to spend the night preceding the actual ceremony in absolute silence, with his body smeared with a yellow substance (*pīti*). In the morning the child is led to the booth, where the sacrificial fire is burning on the altar. He is now shaved, washed, and eats with his mother for the last time. After several other minor acts the actual investiture takes place. But first we must describe the thread itself. It is of cotton spun by a Brāhman virgin and twisted by a Brāhman. The colour varies, in accordance, it is said, with the mind of the caste of the weaver. Thus the Brāhman wear white, the Kshatriyas red, and the Vaiśyas yellow. Originally the cord of a Brāhman was of *muñja* grass, that of Kshatriyas was a bowstring or of *kāśa* grass, and that of Vaiśyas of wool, hemp or *mūrvā*. The length of the cord is ninety-six times the breadth of the four fingers of a man, the reason being that a man's height is ninety-six times the breadth of one finger; and each of his four fingers represents one of the four states his soul experiences—viz. waking, dreaming, dreamless sleep, and the state of the Absolute Brahma.

The cord must be threefold, because there are three qualities out of which our bodies are compounded: reality, passion, darkness. The twist of the thread must be upward, so that the good quality may predominate, and so the wearer may rise to great spiritual heights. The threefold thread must be twisted three times, lest the bad quality, the darkæss, should strive to gain ascendancy and pull the soul down. The whole cord is tied together by a knot called *Brahmagranthi*, which has three parts, representing Brahmā, Vishṇu, and Śiva, and in addition to this, extra knots are made in the cord to represent the various *Pravaras* to be found in the particular *gotra* or lineage of the candidate. We proceed to the actual investiture.

The boy faces the sun, holding the thread by the thumb and little finger of each hand, in such a way that it passes in front of the three middle fingers. The left hand must be held higher than the right. The preceptor repeats a mantra, at the conclusion of which the boy slips the thread over his own head. He now receives a staff, varying in size and wood according to his caste. He then sits on a stool facing west and receives water poured into his joined hands. He now looks at the sun, offers a coconut and receives a new name, to be used only at the ceremony. A series of questions and answers follows, concluding with the teaching of the most famous of all mantras, the *gāyatrī*. So sacred is the verse that both the boy and his *guru* are covered with a silk shawl, lest any sound be overheard. The right ear of the child into which the verse is repeated becomes holy for life after merely hearing it. It usually takes three days for the verse to be learned perfectly. The boy now offers nine pieces of wood dipped in clarified butter to the fire, with appropriate prayers to Agni, Sarasvatī, and the Sun.

The initiate is now a Twice-born Brāhman, and ceremonially pure, so he touches all the different parts of his own body to purify them also. In the evening, for the first time in his life, the boy can perform the evening worship, *Sandhyā*, which hereafter never must be omitted.

This important part of the ceremony used to occur at the end of the second day, the complete investiture taking three days. In modern times, however, the three days' ceremonies are usually performed in a single day. During the night of the second day the initiate has to observe many rules of self-denial, such as absolute silence, sleeping on the floor, avoiding any food containing salt, etc. On the third day he pours clarified butter nine times into the sacred fire, begins the study of the Vedas, and has a bath. This bath makes him eligible for marriage. The water for it is fetched by eight "lucky" women in eight new water-pots, containing rice, red powder and flowers. He dons new clothes, wears a bigger loin-cloth, and partakes of a little food. The symbols of his studentship are given away and his mother marks his eyelashes with lamp-black and makes a smudge of it near his right ear. This is the final chance on the part of the mother to safeguard her son against evil influences. The boy can now look in a mirror, carry an umbrella, and wear shoes. In place of his student's staff he is given a green bamboo tied with the yellow loin-cloth he had worn before the initiation. Then follows the staging of a little comedy, in which the boy pretends he is making a pilgrimage to Benares. The pilgrimage is interrupted and the boy is taken home. There

are still certain rules he is expected to observe. He should not play or sing, look down into deep water, climb a tree for fruit, walk streets in the evening, leap from high cliffs, or ever speak unworthily. He must admire the glow of the sun both night and morning. He must never make fun of a woman, or spit towards the sun, and should keep away as far as possible from all low-caste persons and women. At night he should always have a light when he dines to prevent him from injuring any living thing in the dark. Finally, he must always tell the truth. He is now a man in every sense of the word, and must never dine with women, and sleep only in the men's part of the house.

The above is an outline of a much fuller description given by Mrs Stevenson, as already stated.—N.M.P.

CHAPTER LXXXVII

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

THEN the king went back to the *śimsapā* tree, and taking the Vetāla from it, placed him on his shoulder, and brought him along, and as he was going along with him, the Vetāla again said to the king : “ Listen, King. I will tell you a short story.

163G (13). *The Brāhman Harisvāmin, who first lost his Wife, and then his Life*¹

There is a city of the name of Vārāṇasī,² the abode of Śiva. In it there lived a Brāhman, named Devasvāmin, honoured by the king. And that rich Brāhman had a son named Harisvāmin ; and he had an exceedingly lovely wife, named Lāvaṇyavatī. I think the Disposer must have made her after he had acquired skill by making Tilottamā and the other nymphs of heaven, for she was of priceless beauty and loveliness.

Now, one night Harisvāmin fell asleep, as he was reposing with her in a palace cool with the rays of the moon. At that very moment a Vidyādhara prince, by name Madanavega, roaming about at will, came that way through the air. He saw that Lāvaṇyavatī sleeping by the side of her husband, and her robe, that had slipped aside, revealed her exquisitely moulded limbs. His heart was captivated by her beauty ; and blinded by love, he immediately swooped down, and taking her up in his arms asleep, flew off with her through the air.

Immediately her husband, the young Harisvāmin, woke

¹ See Appendix, pp. 212-215.—N.M.P.

² I.e. Benares, the religious capital of Hinduism. To-day Hindus call it either *Kāśī* or *Banāras*. The former name was originally that of a tribe living between the Ganges and the Ghāghrā. Hiuen Tsiang writes *Po-lo-na-se* (= *Vārāṇasī* or *Bārāṇasī*).—N.M.P.

up, and not seeing his beloved, he rose up in a state of distraction. He said to himself: "What can this mean? Where has she gone? I wonder if she is angry with me? Or has she hidden herself to find out my real feelings, and is making fun of me?" Distracted by many surmises of this kind, he wandered hither and thither that night, looking for her on the roof, and in the turrets of the palace. He even searched in the palace garden, and when he could not find her anywhere, being scorched with the fire of grief, he sobbed and lamented: "Alas! my beloved with face like the moon's orb, fair as the moonlight, did this night grudge your existence, hating your charms that rival hers?"¹ That very moon, that, vanquished by your beauty, seemed to be in fear, and comforted me with its rays cool as sandalwood,² now that I am bereaved of you, seems to have seen its opportunity, and smites me with them, as if with burning coals, or arrows dipped in poison." While Harisvāmin was uttering these laments, the night at last slowly passed away; not so his grief at his bereavement.

The next morning the sun dispelled with his rays the deep darkness that covered the world, but could not dispel the dense darkness of despondency that had settled on him. The sound of his bitter lamentations, that seemed to have been reinforced by wailing power bestowed on him by the *chakravākas*, whose period of separation was at an end with the night, was magnified a hundredfold. The young Brāhman, though his relations tried to comfort him, could not recover his self-command, now that he was bereaved of his beloved, but was all inflamed with the fire of separation. And he went from place to place, exclaiming with tears: "Here she stood, here she bathed, here she adorned herself and here she amused herself."

But his friends and relations said to him: "She is not dead, so why do you kill yourself? If you remain alive, you will certainly recover her somewhere or other. So adopt a resolute tone, and go in search of your beloved; there is nothing in this world that a resolute man, who exerts himself,

¹ *Dveshā* must be a misprint for *dveshāt*.

² See note on pp. 105-107.—N.M.P.

cannot obtain." When Harisvāmin had been exhorted in these terms by his friends and relations, he managed at last, after some days, to recover his spirits by the aid of hope. And he said to himself: "I will give away all that I have to the Brāhmans, and visit all the holy waters, and wash away all my sins. For if I wipe out my sin, I may perhaps, in the course of my wanderings, find that beloved of mine."

After going through these reflections, suitable to the occasion, he got up and bathed, and performed all his customary avocations; and the next day he bestowed on the Brāhmans at a solemn sacrifice various meats and drinks, and gave away to them all his wealth without stint.

Then he left his country, with his Brāhman birth as his only fortune, and proceeded to go round to all the holy bathing-places in order to recover his beloved. And as he was roaming about, there came upon him the terrible lion of the hot season, with the blazing sun for mouth, and with a mane composed of his fiery rays. And the winds blew with excessive heat, as if warmed by the breath of sighs fumed forth by travellers grieved at being separated from their wives. And the tanks, with their supply of water diminished by the heat, and their drying white mud, appeared to be showing their broken hearts. And the trees by the roadside seemed to lament¹ on account of the departure of the glory of spring, making their wailing heard in the shrill moaning of their bark,² with leaves, as it were lips, parched with heat.

At that season Harisvāmin, wearied out with the heat of the sun, with bereavement, hunger and thirst, and continual travelling, disfigured,³ emaciated and dirty, and pining for food, reached, in the course of his wanderings, a certain village, and found in it the house of a Brāhman called Padmanābha, who was engaged in a sacrifice. And seeing that many Brāhmans were eating in his house, he stood leaning

¹ For *arudanniva* the Sanskrit College MS. reads *abhavanniva*.

² Böhtlingk and Roth, *s.v.*, say that *chīra* in Taranga 73, *śloka* 240, is perhaps a mistake for *chīri*, grasshopper; the same may perhaps be the case in this passage.

³ For *virūpa* the Sanskrit College MS. gives *virīksha*.

against the doorpost, silent and motionless. And the good wife of that Brāhman named Padmanābha, seeing him in this position, felt pity for him, and reflected: "Alas, mighty is hunger! Whom will it not bring down? For here stands a man at the door, who appears to be a householder, desiring food, with downcast countenance; evidently come from a long journey, and with all his senses impaired by hunger. So is not he a man to whom food ought to be given?"

Having gone through these reflections, the kind woman took up in her hands a vessel full of rice boiled in milk, with ghee and sugar, and brought it, and courteously presented it to him, and said: "Go and eat this somewhere on the bank of the lake, for this place is unfit to eat in, as it is filled with feasting Brāhmans."

He said, "I will do so," and took the vessel of rice, and placed it at no great distance under a banyan-tree on the edge of the lake; and he washed his hands and feet in the lake, and rinsed his mouth, and then came back in high spirits to eat the rice. But while he was thus engaged, a kite, holding a black cobra with its beak and claws, came from some place or other, and sat on that tree. And it so happened that poisonous saliva issued from the mouth of that dead snake, which the bird had captured and was carrying along. The saliva fell into the dish of rice which was placed underneath the tree, and Harisvāmin, without observing it, came and ate up that rice. As soon as in his hunger he had devoured all that food, he began to suffer terrible agonies produced by the poison. He exclaimed: "When fate has turned against a man, everything in this world turns also; accordingly this rice dressed with milk, ghee and sugar has become poison to me."

Thus speaking, Harisvāmin, tortured with the poison, tottered to the house of that Brāhman, who was engaged in the sacrifice, and said to his wife: "The rice, which you gave me, has poisoned me; so fetch me quickly a charmer who can counteract the operation of poison; otherwise you will be guilty of the death of a Brāhman."

When Harisvāmin had said this to the good woman, who

was beside herself to think what it could all mean, his eyes closed, and he died.

Accordingly the Brāhman, who was engaged in a sacrifice, drove out of his house his wife, though she was innocent and hospitable, being enraged with her for the supposed murder of her guest. The good woman, for her part, having incurred groundless blame from her charitable deed, and so become branded with infamy, went to a holy bathing-place to perform penance.

Then there was a discussion before the superintendent of religion,¹ as to which of the four parties, the kite, the snake, or the couple who gave the rice, was guilty of the murder of a Brāhman; but the question was not decided.

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

“Now you, King Trivikramasena, must tell me which was guilty of the murder of a Brāhman; and if you do not, you will incur the before-mentioned curse.”

When the king heard this from the Vetāla, he was forced by the curse to break silence, and he said: “No one of them could be guilty of the crime; certainly not the serpent, for how could he be guilty of anything, when he was the helpless prey of his enemy, who was devouring him? To come to the kite; what offence did he commit in bringing his natural food, which he had happened to find, and eating it, when he was hungry? And how could either of the couple that gave the food be in fault, since they were both people exclusively devoted to righteousness, not likely to commit a crime? Therefore I think the guilt of slaying a Brāhman

¹ *I.e.* *Dharmarāja*, possibly the officer established by Aśoka in his fifth edict (see Senart, *Les Inscriptions de Piyadasi*, p. 125). The term *Dharmarāja* is applied to Yudhishtira and Yama. It means literally *king of righteousness or religion*. There is a *Dharma Rāja* in Bhūtān. Böhtlingk and Roth seem to take it to mean Yama in this passage. The succession of the *Dharma Rāja* in Bhūtān is arranged on the reincarnation theory. On his death his spirit is supposed to transmigrate into the body of a newly born male child, who has to be searched for and identified by omens. Thus the succession can be kept entirely in the hands of the Lhāsa priests. See further L. A. Waddell, “Bhūtān, Buddhism in,” *Hastings' Ency. Rel. Eth.*, vol. ii, p. 562.—N.M.P.

would attach to any person who should be so foolish as, for want of sufficient reflection, to attribute it to either of them."

When the king had said this, the Vetāla again left his shoulder, and went to his own place, and the resolute king again followed him.

CHAPTER LXXXVIII

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

THEN King Trivikramasena went to the *śimsapā* tree, and again got hold of the Vetāla, and took him on his shoulder; and when the king had set out, the Vetāla again said to him: “King, you are tired; so listen, I will tell you an interesting tale.

163G (14). *The Merchant's Daughter who fell in love with a Thief*¹

There is a city of the name of Ayodhyā, which was the capital of Viṣṇu, when he was incarnate as Rāma, the destroyer of the Rākshasa race. In it there lived a mighty king, of the name of Vīraketu, who defended this earth, as a rampart defends a city. During the reign of that king there lived in that city a great merchant, named Ratnadatta, who was the head of the mercantile community. And there was born to him, by his wife Nandayantī, a daughter named Ratnavatī, who was obtained by propitiating the deities. And that intelligent girl grew up in her father's house, and as her body grew, her innate qualities of beauty, gracefulness and modesty developed also. And when she attained womanhood, not only great merchants, but even kings, asked her in marriage from her father. But she disliked the male sex so much that she did not desire even Indra for a husband, and would not even hear of marriage, being determined to die sooner than consent to it. That made her father secretly sorrow much, on account of his affection for her, and the report of her conduct spread all over the city of Ayodhyā.

At that time all the citizens were continually being plundered by thieves, so they assembled together, and made this complaint to King Vīraketu: “Your Majesty, we are

¹ See Appendix, pp. 215-221.—N.M.P.

continually being robbed by thieves every night, and we cannot detect them, so let your Highness take the necessary steps." When the king had received this petition from the citizens, he stationed watchmen in plain clothes all round the city, in order to try to discover the thieves.

But they could not find them out, and the city went on being robbed; so one night the king himself went out to watch; and as he was roaming about, armed, he saw in a certain part of the town a single individual going along the rampart. He showed great dexterity in his movements, as he made his footfall perfectly noiseless, and he often looked behind him with eyes anxiously rolling. The king said to himself: "Without doubt, this is the thief, who sallies out by himself and plunders my city." So he went up to him. Then the thief, seeing the king, said to him: "Who are you?" And the king answered him: "I am a thief." Then the thief said: "Bravo! you are my friend, as you belong to the same profession as myself; so come to my house; I will entertain you." When the king heard that, he consented, and went with him to his dwelling, which was in an underground cavern in a forest. It was luxuriously and magnificently furnished, illuminated by blazing lamps, and looked like a second Pātāla, not governed by King Bali.

When the king had entered, and had taken a seat, the robber went into the inner rooms of his cave-dwelling. At that moment a female slave came and said to the king: "Great sir, how came you to enter this mouth of death? This man is a notable thief; no doubt, when he comes out of those rooms, he will do you some injury: I assure you, he is treacherous; so leave this place at once." When the king heard this, he left the place at once, and went to his own palace and got ready his forces that very night.

And when his army was ready for battle, he came and blockaded the entrance of that robber's cave with his troops, who sounded all their martial instruments.¹ Then the brave robber, as his hold was blockaded, knew that his secret had been discovered, and he rushed out to fight, determined to die. And when he came out he displayed superhuman prowess.

¹ I prefer the reading of the Sanskrit College MS.—*tiryakulāiḥ*.

in battle; alone, armed with sword and shield, he cut off the trunks of elephants; he slashed off the legs of horses and lopped off the heads of soldiers. When he had made this havoc among the soldiers, the king himself attacked him. And the king, who was a skilful swordsman, by a dexterous trick of fence forced his sword from his hand, and then the dagger which he drew. And as he was now disarmed, the king threw away his own weapon and, grappling with him, flung him on the earth, and captured him alive. And he brought him back as a prisoner to his own capital, with all his wealth. And he gave orders that he should be put to death by impalement next morning.

Now, when that robber was being conducted with beat of drum ¹ to the place of execution, that merchant's daughter, Ratnavatī, saw him from her palace. Though he was wounded, and his body was begrimed with dust, she was distracted with love as soon as she saw him. So she went and said to her father, Ratnadatta: "I select as my husband this man here, who is being led off to execution, so ransom him from the king, my father. If you will not, I shall follow him to the other world." When her father heard this he said: "My daughter, what is this that you say? Before you would not accept suitors endowed with all virtues, equal to the God of Love. How comes it that you are now in love with an infamous brigand chief?" Though her father used this argument, and others of the same kind, with her, she remained fixed in her determination. Then the merchant went quickly to the king, and offered him all his wealth, if he would grant the robber his life. But the king would not make over to him, even for hundreds of *crores* of gold pieces, that thief who had robbed on such a gigantic scale, and whom he had captured at the risk of his own life. Then the father returned disappointed, and his daughter made up her mind to follow the thief to the other world, though her relations tried to dissuade her; so she bathed and got into a palanquin,² and went to the spot where his execution was taking place, followed by her father and mother and the people, all weeping.

¹ See Vol. I, p. 118n².—N.M.P.

See Vol. III, p. 14n¹.—N.M.P.

In the meanwhile the robber had been impaled by the executioners, and as his life was ebbing away on the stake he saw her coming there with her kinsfolk. And when he heard the whole story from the people he wept for a moment, and then he laughed a little, and then died on the stake. Then the merchant's virtuous daughter had the thief's body taken down from the stake, and she ascended the funeral pyre with it.¹

And at that very moment the holy Śiva, who was invisibly present in the cemetery, spake from the air : " Faithful wife, I am pleased with thy devotedness to thy self-chosen husband, so crave a boon of me." When she heard that, she worshipped, and prayed the god of gods to grant her the following boon : " Lord, may my father, who has now no sons, have a hundred, for otherwise, as he has no children but me, he would abandon his life." ² When the good woman had said this, the god once more spake to her, saying : " Let thy father have a hundred sons ! Choose another boon ; for such a steadfastly good woman as thou art deserves something more than this."

When she heard this, she said : " If the Lord is pleased with me, then let this husband of mine rise up alive, and be henceforth a well-conducted man !" Thereupon Śiva, invisible in the air, uttered these words : " Be it so ; let thy husband rise up alive, and lead henceforth a life of virtue, and let King Viraketu be pleased with him !" And immediately the robber rose up alive with unwounded limbs.

Then the merchant Ratnadatta was delighted, and astonished at the same time ; and with his daughter, Ratnavatī, and the bandit his son-in-law, and his delighted relations, he entered his own palace, and as he had obtained from the god the promise of sons, he held a feast suitable to his own joy on the occasion.

And when King Viraketu heard what had taken place he was pleased, and he immediately summoned that heroic

¹ See Appendix 1, on Widow-burning, in Vol. IV, pp. 255-272.—N.M.P.

² Cf. *Mahābhārata*, Vanaparva ; section 297 (*Pativrata-mahatmya*), śl. 39. See vol. ii, p. 637, of the new edition of Roy's translation, Calcutta, 1919, etc.—N.M.P.

thief, and made him commander of his army. And thereupon the heroic thief gave up his dishonest life, and married the merchant's daughter, and led a respectable life, honoured by the king.

163c. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

When the Vetāla, seated on the shoulder of King Trivikramasena, had told him this tale, he asked him the following question, menacing him with the before-mentioned curse: "Tell me, King, why that thief, when impaled, first wept and then laughed, when he saw the merchant's daughter come with her father." Then the king said: "He wept for sorrow that he had not been able to repay the merchant for his gratuitous kindness to him; and he laughed out of astonishment, as he said to himself: 'What! has this maiden, after rejecting kings who asked for her hand, fallen in love with me? In truth a woman's heart is an intricate labyrinth.'"

When the king had said this, the mighty Vetāla, by means of the magic power which he possessed, again left the king's shoulder and returned to his station on the tree, and the king once more went to fetch him.

CHAPTER LXXXIX

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

THEN King Trivikramasena again went back to the *śimśapā* tree and took the Vetāla from it, and set out with him once more; and as the king was going along, the Vetāla, perched on his shoulder, said to him: "Listen, King, I will tell you another story.

163G (15). *The Magic Pill*¹

There was in the kingdom of Nepāla a city named Sivapura, and in it there lived of old time a king rightly named Yaśaḥketu.² He devolved upon his minister, named Prajnāsāgara, the burden of his kingdom, and enjoyed himself in the society of his queen, Chandraprabhā. And in course of time that king had born to him, by that queen, a daughter named Śaśiprabhā, bright as the moon, the eye of the world.

Now in course of time she grew up to womanhood, and one day, in the month of spring, she went to a garden, with her attendants, to witness a festive procession. And in a certain part of that garden a Brāhman, of the name of Manaḥsvāmin, the son of a rich man, who had come to see the procession, beheld her engaged in gathering flowers, raising her lithe arm, and displaying her graceful shape; and she looked charming when the grasp of her thumb and forefinger on the stalks of the flowers relaxed. When the young man Manaḥsvāmin saw her, she at once robbed him of his heart, and he was bewildered by love and no longer master of his feelings.³ He said to himself: "Can this be Rati come in person to gather the flowers accumulated by spring, in order to make arrows for the God of Love? Or is it the presiding goddess of the wood, come to worship the spring?"

¹ See Appendix, pp. 222-233.—N.M.P.

² His name means "Glory-banner."—N.M.P.

³ His name, *Manaḥsvāmin*, would imply that he ought to be.

While he was making these surmises, the princess caught sight of him. And as soon as she saw him, looking like a second God of Love created with a body, she forgot her flowers, and her limbs, and her own personal identity.

While those two were thus overpowered by the passion of mutual love at first sight, a loud shout of alarm was raised, and they both looked with uplifted heads to see what it could mean. Then there came that way an elephant, rushing along with its elephant-hook hanging down, that driven furious by perceiving the smell of another elephant¹ had broken its fastenings, and rushed out in a state of frenzy, breaking down the trees in its path, and had thrown its driver. The princess's attendants dispersed in terror, but Maṇaḥsvāmin eagerly rushed forward, and took her up alone in his arms, and while she clung timidly to him, bewildered with fear, love and shame, carried her to a distance, out of reach of the elephant. Then her attendants came up and praised that noble Brāhman, and conducted her back to her palace. But as she went she frequently turned round to look at her deliverer. There she remained, thinking regretfully of that man who had saved her life, consumed day and night by the smouldering fire of love.

And Maṇaḥsvāmin then left that garden, and seeing that the princess had entered her private apartments, he said to himself, in regretful longing : " I cannot remain without her, nay, I cannot live without her : so my only resource in this difficulty is the cunning Mūladeva, who is a master of magic arts." Having thus reflected, he managed to get through that day, and the next morning he went to visit that master of magic, Mūladeva. And he saw that master, who was ever in the company of his friend Saśin, full of many marvellous magic ways, like the sky come down to earth in human shape.² And he humbly saluted him, and told him his desire ; then the master laughed, and promised to accomplish it for him. Then that matchless deceiver Mūladeva placed a magic pill in

¹ For *gaja* the Sanskrit College MS. reads *mada*.—For a note on elephants in the state of *must* see Vol. VI, pp. 67n¹, 68n.—N.M.P.

² The word *siddha* also means a class of demigods who travel through the sky : *Saśin* means "moon."

his mouth,¹ and transformed himself into an aged Brāhman; and he gave the Brāhman Manaḥsvamin a second pill to put in his mouth, and so made him assume the appearance of a beautiful maiden.

And that prince of villains took him in this disguise to the judgment-hall of the king, the father of his lady-love, and said to him: "O King, I have only one son, and I asked for a maiden to be given him to wife, and brought here from a long distance; but now he has gone somewhere or other, and I am going to look for him; so keep this maiden safe for me until I bring back my son, for you keep safe under your protection the whole world."² When King Yaśaḥketu heard this petition he granted it, fearing a curse if he did not, and summoned his daughter, Śaśiprabhā, and said to her: "Daughter, keep this maiden in your palace, and let her sleep and take her meals with you." The princess agreed, and took Manaḥsvāmin, transformed into a maiden, to her own private apartments; and then Mūladeva, who had assumed the form of a Brāhman, went where he pleased, and Manaḥsvamin remained in the form of a maiden with his beloved.

And in a few days the princess became quite fond of and intimate with her new attendant; so, one night, when she was pining at being separated from the object of her affections, and tossing on her couch, Manaḥsvāmin, who was on a bed near her, concealed under a female shape, said secretly to her: "My dear Śaśiprabhā, why are you pale of hue, and why do you grow thinner every day, and sorrow as one separated from the side of her beloved? Tell me, for why should you distrust loving modest attendants? From this time forth I will take no food until you tell me."

When the princess heard this she sighed, and slowly told the following tale: "Why should I distrust you of all people? Listen, friend, I will tell you the cause. Once on a time I went to a spring garden to see a procession, and there I beheld

¹ He does not *swallow* the pill, but keeps it in his mouth, as the sequel shows. Cf. the piece of wood, by the help of which Preziosa, in the *Pentamerone*, turns herself into a bear (see Burton's translation, vol. i, p. 185). As soon as she takes it out of her mouth she resumes her human form.—N.M.P.

² Cf. Vol. I, p. 83.

a handsome Brāhman man, who seemed like the month of spring, having the loveliness of the moon free from dew, kindling love at sight, adorning the grove with play of light. And while my eager eyes, drinking in the nectarous rays of the moon of his countenance, began to emulate the partridge, there came there a mighty elephant broken loose from its bonds, roaring and distilling its ichor like rain, looking like a black rain-cloud appearing out of season. My attendants dispersed terrified at that elephant, but when I was bewildered with fear that young Brāhman caught me up in his arms and carried me to a distance. Then contact with his body made me feel as if I were anointed with sandalwood¹ ointment, and bedewed with ambrosia, and I was in a state which I cannot describe. And in a moment my attendants reassembled, and I was brought back reluctant to this my palace, and seemed to myself to have been cast down to earth from heaven. From that time forth I have often interviews in reveries with my beloved, that rescued me from death, and even when awake I seem to see him at my side. And when I am asleep I see him in dreams, coaxing me and dispelling my reserve with kisses and caresses. But, ill-fated wretch that I am, I cannot obtain him, for I am baffled by ignorance of his name and other particulars about him. So I am consumed, as you see, by the fire of separation from the lord of my life."

When Maṇḍavyāyana's ears had been filled with the nectar of this speech of the princess's, that Brāhman, who was present there in female form, rejoiced, and considered that his object was attained, and that the time had come for revealing himself, so he took out the pill from his mouth, and displayed himself in his true form, and said: "Rolling-eyed one, I am that very Brāhman whom you bought with a look in the garden, and made your slave in the truest sense of the word. And from the immediate interruption of our acquaintance I derived that sorrow, of which the final result was my taking, as you see, the form of a maiden. Therefore, fair one, grant that the sorrow of separation, which both of us have endured, may not have been borne in vain, for Kāma

¹ See note, pp. 105-107.—N.M.P.

cannot endure beyond this point." When the princess suddenly beheld her beloved in front of her, and heard him utter these words, she was at once filled with love, astonishment and shame. So they eagerly went through the *gāndharva* ceremony of marriage. Then *Manaḥsvāmin* lived happily in the palace, under two shapes; keeping the pill in his mouth during the day, and so wearing a female shape, but at night taking it out, and assuming the form of a man.¹

Now, as days went, the brother-in-law of King *Yaśaḥketu*, named *Mrīgānkadatta*, gave his own daughter, named *Mrīgānkavatī*, in marriage to a young *Brāhman*, the son of the minister *Prajnāsāgara*: and with her he bestowed much wealth. And the Princess *Saśiprabhā* was invited, on the occasion of her cousin's marriage, to her uncle's house, and went there accompanied by her ladies-in-waiting. And among them went the young *Brāhman*, *Manaḥsvāmin*, wearing the attractive form of a young maiden of exquisite beauty.

Then that minister's son beheld him disguised in female form, and was deeply pierced with the shafts of the archer Love. And when he went to his house, accompanied by his bride, it seemed to him to be empty; for he was robbed of his heart by that seeming maiden. Then he continued to think of nothing but the beauty of that supposed maiden's face, and, bitten by the great snake of fierce passion, he suddenly became distracted. The people who were there ceased from their rejoicing, and in their bewilderment asked what it meant, and his father, *Prajnāsāgara*, hearing of it, came to him in haste. And when his father tried to comfort him, he woke up from his stupor, and uttered what was in his mind, babbling deliriously. And that father of his was very much troubled, as he thought that the matter was one altogether beyond his power. Then the king heard of it, and came there in person. And at once he saw that the minister's son had been in a moment reduced by strong passion to the seventh ² stage of love-sickness; so he said to

¹ Cf. the story of *Bandhudattā* (Vol. III, p. 191), who turns her lover into a monkey by placing a cord round his neck.—N.M.P.

² For the ten stages of love-sickness see Vol. II, pp. 9n², 10n.

his ministers : "How can I give him a maiden whom a Brāhman left in my care ? And yet, if he does not obtain her, he will without doubt reach the last stage. If he dies, his father, who is my minister, will perish ; and if he perishes, my kingdom is ruined, so tell me what I am to do in this matter."

When the king said this, all those ministers said : "They say that the special virtue of a king is the protection of the virtue of his subjects. Now the root of this protection is counsel, and counsel resides in counsellors. If the counsellor perishes, protection perishes in its root, and virtue is certain to be impaired.¹ Moreover, guilt would be incurred by causing the death of this Brāhman minister and his son, so you must avoid doing that, otherwise there is a great chance of your infringing the law of virtue. Accordingly you must certainly give to the minister's son the maiden committed to your care by the first Brāhman, and if he returns after the lapse of some time, and is angry, steps can be taken to put matters right."

When the ministers said this to the king, he agreed to give that man, who was palming himself off as a maiden, to the minister's son. And after fixing an auspicious moment, he brought Manaḥsvāmin, in female form, from the palace of the princess ; and he said to the king : "If, King, you are determined to give me, whom another committed to your care, to a person other than him for whom I was intended, I must, I suppose, acquiesce ; you are a king, and justice and injustice are matters familiar to you.² But I consent to the marriage on this condition only, that I am not to be considered as a wife until my husband has spent six months in visiting holy bathing-places, and returns home ; if this condition is not agreed to, know that I will bite my own tongue in two, and so commit suicide."

When the young man, disguised in female form, had

¹ Here the MS. in the Sanskrit College has *mantrināśe mūlanāśād rakshyā dharmakṣhatir dhruvam*, which means, "we should certainly try to prevent virtue from perishing by the destruction of its root in the destruction of the minister."

² Read with the D. text . . . *tvādyā tau*, ". . . from hence the righteousness or injustice is yours."—N.M.P.

prescribed this condition, the king informed the minister's son of it, and he was consoled, and accepted the terms ; and he quickly went through the ceremony of marriage, and placed in one house Mṛigāṅkavati, his first wife, and his second supposed wife, carefully guarded, and, like a fool, went on a pilgrimage to holy bathing-places, to please the object of his affections.

And Maṇḍasvāmin, in female form, dwelt in the same house with Mṛigāṅkavati, as the partner of her bed and board. And one night, while he was living there in this way, Mṛigāṅkavati said to him secretly in the bedchamber, while their attendants were sleeping outside : " My friend, I cannot sleep ; tell me some tale." When the young man disguised in female form heard this he told her the story, how in old time a royal sage, named Iḍa, of the race of the sun, assumed, in consequence of the curse of Gaurī, a female form that fascinated the whole world, and how he and Buddha fell in love with one another at first sight, meeting one another in a shrubbery in the grounds of a temple, and were there united, and how Purūravas was the fruit of that union. When the artful creature had told this story, he went on to say : " So by the fiat of a deity, or by charms and drugs, a man may sometimes become a woman, and *vice versa*, and in this way even great ones do sometimes unite impelled by love."

When the tender fair one, who regretted her husband, who had left her as soon as the marriage had taken place, heard this, she said to her supposed rival, in whom she had come to confide by living with her : " This story makes my body tremble, and my heart as it were sink ; so tell me, friend, what is the meaning of this ? " When the Brāhman disguised in female form heard this he went on to say : " My friend, these are violent symptoms of love ; I have felt them myself, I will not conceal it from you." When he said this, Mṛigāṅkavati went on slowly to say : " Friend, I love you as my life, so why should I not say what I think it is time to reveal ? Could anyone by any artifice be introduced into this palace ? " When the pupil of that master-rogue heard this, he took her meaning, and said to her : " If this is the state of affairs, then I have something to tell you.

I have a boon from Viṣṇu, by which I can at pleasure become a man during the night, so I will now become one for your sake." So he took the pill out of his mouth, and displayed himself to her as a handsome man in the prime of youth. And so the Brāhman lived with the wife of the minister's son, becoming a woman in the day, and resuming his male form at night. But hearing in a few days that the son of the minister was on the point of returning, he took the precaution of eloping with her from that house during the night.

At this point in the story, it happened that his teacher, Mūladeva, heard all the circumstances ; so he again assumed the form of an old Brāhman, and accompanied by his friend Śaśin, who had assumed the form of a young Brāhman, he went and respectfully said to King Yaśaḥketu : "I have brought back my son ; so give me my daughter-in-law." Then the king, who was afraid of being cursed, deliberated and said to him : "Brāhman, I do not know where your daughter-in-law has gone, so forgive me ; as I am in fault, I will give you my own daughter for your son." When the king had said this to that prince of rogues, disguised in the form of an old Brāhman, who asserted his false claim with the sternness of assumed anger, he gave his daughter with all due ceremonies to his friend Śaśin, who pretended to be the supposed Brāhman's son. Then Mūladeva took the bride and bridegroom, who had been thus united, off to his own home, without showing any desire for the king's wealth.

And there Manaḥsvāmin met them, and a fierce dispute took place between him and Śaśin in the presence of that Mūladeva. Manaḥsvāmin said : "This Śaśiprabhā should be given to me, for long ago, when she was a maiden, I married her by the favour of the master." Śaśin said : "You fool, what have you to do with her ? She is my wife, for her father bestowed her on me in the presence of the fire." So they went on wrangling about the princess, whom they had got hold of by means of magic, and their dispute was never decided.

163c. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

“So tell me, King, to which of the two does that wife belong? Resolve my^o doubt. The conditions of non-compliance are those which I mentioned before.”

When King Trivikramasena was thus addressed by the Vetāla on his shoulder, he gave him this answer: “I consider that the princess is the lawful wife of Śaśin, since she was openly given to him by her father in the lawful way. But Manaḥsvāmin married her in an underhand way, like a thief, by the *gāndharva* rite; and a thief has no lawful title to the possessions of another.”

When the Vetāla heard this answer of the king's, he quickly left his shoulder, and went back to his own place, and the king hurried after him.

CHAPTER XC

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

THEN King Trivikramasena went back to the *śimśapā* tree, and again took the Vetāla from it, and set out with him on his shoulder; and as he was returning from the tree, the Vetāla once more said to him: “Listen, King, I will tell you a noble story.

163G (16). *The Sacrifice of Jīmūtavāhana* ¹

There is in this earth a great mountain named Himavat, where all jewels are found, which is the origin of both Gaurī and Gangā, the two goddesses dear to Siva. Even heroes cannot reach its top ²; it towers proudly above all other mountains; and as such its praises are sung in strains of sooth in the three worlds. On the ridge of that Himavat there is that city rightly named the Golden City, which gleams like a mass of the sun’s rays deposited by him on earth.

Of old there lived in that splendid city a fortunate lord of the Vidyādharas, named Jīmūtakeṭu, who dwelt there like Indra on Meru. In his palace garden there was a wishing-tree, which was an heirloom in his family, which was well known as the Granter of Desires, and not named so without reason. The king supplicated that divine tree, and obtained by its favour a son, who remembered his former birth, and was the incarnation of a portion of a Bodhisattva. He was a hero in munificence, of great courage, compassionate to all creatures, attentive to the instructions of his spiritual adviser, and his name was Jīmūtavāhana. And when he grew up to manhood, his father, the king, made him crown prince, being impelled thereto by his excellent qualities, and the advice of the ministers.

¹ See the Appendix, pp. 233-240.—N.M.P.

² The MS. in the Sanskrit College reads *śūrāsandriṣṭhāprishṭas*.

And when Jimūtavāhana was made crown prince, the ministers of his father, desiring his welfare, came to him and said : “ Prince, you must continually worship this wishing-tree invincible by all creatures,¹ which grants all our desires. For, as long as we have this, not even Indra could injure us, much less any other enemy.”

When Jimūtavāhana heard this, he inly reflected : “ Alas ! our predecessors, though they possessed such a divine tree, never obtained from it any fruit worthy of it ; some of them asked it for wealth and did nothing more ; so the mean creatures made themselves and this noble tree contemptible. Well, I will make it inserve a design which I have in my mind.”

After the noble prince had formed this resolution he went to his father, and gained his good will by paying him all kinds of attentions, and said to him in private, as he was sitting at ease : “ Father, you know that in this sea of mundane existence, all that we behold is unsubstantial, fleeting as the twinkling of the wave. Especially are the twilight, the dawn, and fortune shortlived, disappearing as soon as revealed ; where and when have they been seen to abide ? Charity to one’s neighbour is the only thing that is permanent in this cycle of change ; it produces holiness and fame that bear witness for hundreds of Yugas. So with what object, father, do we keep for ourselves such an unfailing wishing-tree, as all these phenomenal conditions are but momentary ? Where, I ask, are those, our predecessors, who kept it so strenuously, exclaiming : ‘ It is mine, it is mine ’ ? Where is it now to them ? For which of them does it exist, and which of them exists for it ? So, if you permit, father, I will employ this wishing-tree, that grants all desires, for attaining the matchless fruit of charity to one’s neighbour.”

His father gave him leave, saying : “ So be it ! ” And Jimūtavāhana went and said to the wishing-tree : “ O god, thou didst fulfil all the cherished wishes of our predecessors, so fulfil this one solitary wish of mine ! Enable me to behold this whole earth free from poverty ; depart, and good

¹ I adopt the reading of the Sanskrit College MS., *adhrīṣya* for *adhrīṣya*, invincible, instead of *adhrīṣya*, invisible.

luck attend thee ; thou art bestowed by me on the world that desires wealth." When Jīmūtavāhana had said this, with joined hands, a voice came forth from the tree : " Since thou hast relinquished me, I depart." And in a moment the wishing-tree flew up to heaven, and rained wealth on the earth, so plenteously that there was not one poor man left on it. Then the glory of that Jīmūtavāhana spread through the three worlds, on account of that ardent compassion of his for all creatures.

That made all his relations impatient with envy ; and thinking that he and his father would be easy to conquer, as they were deprived of the calamity-averting tree which they had bestowed on the world, they put their heads together and formed a design, and then girded on their harness for war, to deprive Jīmūtavāhana and his father of their realm.

When Jīmūtavāhana saw that, he said to his father : " Father, what other has might, when thou hast taken up arms ? But what generous man desires to possess a realm, if he must do so by slaying his relations for the sake of this wicked perishable body ? So of what use is sovereignty to us ? We will depart to some other place, and practise virtue that brings happiness in both worlds. Let these miserable relations that covet our kingdom, joy their fill ! "

When Jīmūtavāhana said this, his father, Jīmūtakeṭu, answered him : " My son, I desire a realm for your sake only ; if you, being penetrated with compassion, give it up, of what value is it to me, who am old ? " When Jīmūtavāhana's father agreed to his proposal, he went with him and his mother to the Malaya mountain, abandoning his kingdom. There he made him a retreat in the valley of a brook, the stream of which was hidden by sandalwood-trees, and spent his time in waiting on his parents. And there he made a friend of the name of Mitrāvasu, the son of Viśvāvasu, the King of the Siddhas, who dwelt on that mountain.

Now, one day, as Jīmūtavāhana was roaming about, he went into a temple of the goddess Gaurī, that was situated in a garden, in order to worship in the presence of the image. And there he saw a beautiful maiden, accompanied by her attendants, playing on the lyre, intent on pleasing

the daughter of the mountain.¹ And the deer were listening to the sweet sound of the lyre in the musical performance, standing motionless, as if abashed at beholding the beauty of her eyes.² She had a black pupil in her white eye, and it seemed as if it strove to penetrate to the root of her ear.³ She was thin and elegant in her waist, which appeared as if the Creator had compressed it in his grasp when making her, and deeply impressed on it the marks of his fingers in the form of wrinkles.⁴ The moment Jīmūtavāhana saw that beauty, it seemed as if she entered by his eyes and stole away his heart. And when the maiden saw him, adorning the garden, producing longing and disturbance of soul, looking as if he were the God of Spring retired to the forest through disgust at the burning up of the body of the God of Love, she was overpowered with affection, and so bewildered that her lyre, as if it had been a friend, became distracted and mute.

Then Jīmūtavāhana said to an attendant of hers : “ What is your friend’s auspicious name, and what family does she adorn ? ” When the attendant heard that, she said : “ She is the sister of Mitrāvasu, and the daughter of Viśvāvasu, the King of the Siddhas, and her name is Malayavatī.” When she had said this to Jīmūtavāhana, the discreet woman asked the son of the hermit, who had come with him, his name and descent, and then she made this brief remark to Malayavatī, smiling as she spoke : “ My friend, why do you not welcome this prince of the Vidyādharas who has come here ? For he is a guest worthy of being honoured by the whole world.” When she said this, that daughter of the King of the Siddhas was silent, and her face was cast down through shame. Then her attendant said to Jīmūtavāhana :

¹ I.e. Pārvatī or Durgā.

² See Vol. I, p. 90, and Baring-Gould’s remarks in his *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*, new edition, “The Piper of Hamelin,” p. 417 *et seq.* For numerous analogues see Chauvin, *op. cit.*, viii, pp. 155-156.—N.M.P.

³ Here there is an insipid pun about the army of the Pāṇḍavas penetrating by the help of Arjuna the host of Kārṇa. There seems to be an allusion to Kṛṣṇa also. For *vivikṣatīm* the Sanskrit College MS. reads *vimatlnatīm*.

⁴ Kshemendra’s description is much more detailed. See note at the end of the chapter.—N.M.P.

"The princess is bashful, permit me to show you the proper courtesy in her place." So she alone gave him a garland with the *arghya*. Jīmūtavāhana, as soon as the garland was given to him, being full of love, took it, and threw it round the neck of Malayavati. And she, looking at him with loving, sidelong looks, placed, as it were, a garland of blue lotuses on him.

Thus they went through a sort of silent ceremony of mutual election, and then a maid came and said to that Siddha maiden: "Princess, your mother desires your presence; come at once." When the princess heard that, she withdrew regretfully and reluctantly from the face of her beloved her gaze, that seemed to be fastened to it with the arrows of love, and managed, not without a struggle, to return to her house. And Jīmūtavāhana, with his mind fixed on her, returned to his hermitage.

And when Malayavati had seen her mother, she went at once and flung herself down on her bed, sick of separation from her beloved. Then her eyes were clouded, as it were, by the smoke of the fire of love that burnt in her bosom, she shed floods of tears, and her body was tortured with heat; and though her attendants anointed her with sandalwood unguent,¹ and fanned her with the leaves of lotuses, she could not obtain any relief on the bed, in the lap of her attendant or on the ground. Then the day retired somewhere with the glowing evening, and the moon ascending kissed the laughing forehead of the east, and though urged on by love she was too bashful to send a female messenger to her chosen one, or to adopt any of the measures that lovers usually take; but she seemed loth to live. And she was contracted in her heart, and she passed that night, which the moon made disagreeable to her, like a lotus which closes at night, and bewilderment hung round her, like a cloud of bees.

And in the meanwhile Jīmūtavāhana, who was tortured at parting with her, though lying on his bed, spent the night as one who had fallen into the hands of Kāma; though his glow of love was of recent birth, a pallid hue began to show

¹ See note, pp. 105-107.—N.M.P.

itself in him ; and though shame made him dumb, he uttered the pain which love produced.

Next morning he returned with excessive longing to that temple of Gaurī where he had seen the daughter of the King of the Siddhas. And while distracted with the fire of passion he was being consoled by the hermit's son, who had followed him there. Malayavati also came there ; for, as she could not bear separation, she had secretly gone out alone into a solitary place to abandon the body. And the girl, not seeing her lover, who was separated from her by a tree, thus prayed, with eyes full of tears, to the goddess Gaurī : “ Goddess, though my devotion to thee has not made Jīmūtavāhana my husband in this life, let him be so in my next life ! ” As soon as she had said this, she made a noose with her upper garment, and fastened it to the branch of the *aśoka* tree in front of the temple of Gaurī. And she said : “ Prince Jīmūtavāhana, lord renowned over the whole world, how is it that, though thou art compassionate, thou hast not delivered me ? ” When she had said this, she was proceeding to fasten the noose round her throat, but at that very moment a voice spoken by the goddess came from the air : “ Daughter, do not act recklessly, for the Vidyādhara prince, Jīmūtavāhana, the future emperor, shall be thy husband.”

When the goddess said this, Jīmūtavāhana also heard it, and seeing his beloved he went up to her, and his friend accompanied him. And his friend, the hermit's son, said to the young lady : “ See, here is that very bridegroom whom the goddess has in reality bestowed upon you.” And Jīmūtavāhana, uttering many tender loving speeches, removed with his own hand the noose from her neck. Then they seemed to have experienced, as it were, a sudden shower of nectar, and Malayavati remained with bashful eye, drawing lines upon the ground. And at that moment, one of her companions, who was looking for her, suddenly came up to her, and said in joyful accents : “ Friend, you are lucky, and you are blessed with good fortune in that you have obtained the very thing which you desired. For, this very day, Prince Mitrāvasu said to the great king your father, in my hearing : ‘ Father, that Vidyādhara prince, Jīmūtavāhana, the object

of the world's reverence, the bestower of the wishing-tree, who has come here, should be complimented by us, as he is our guest ; and we cannot find any other match as good as him ; so let us pay him a compliment by bestowing on him this pearl of maidens, Malayavatī.' The king approved, saying, ' So be it,' and your brother, Mitrāvasu, has now gone to the hermitage of the illustrious prince on this very errand. And I know that your marriage will take place at once, so come back to your palace, and let this illustrious prince also return to his dwelling." When the princess's companion said this to her, she departed slowly from that place, rejoicing and regretful, frequently turning her head.

And Jimūtavāhana also returned quickly to his hermitage, and heard from Mitrāvasu, who came there, his commission, which fulfilled all his wishes, and welcomed it with joy. And as he remembered his former births, he gave him an account of one in which Mitrāvasu was his friend, and Mitrāvasu's sister his wife.¹ Then Mitrāvasu was pleased, and informed the parents of Jimūtavāhana, who were also delighted, and returned, to the joy of his own parents, having executed his mission successfully. And that very day he took Jimūtavāhana to his own house, and he made preparations for the marriage festival with a magnificence worthy of his magic power, and on that very same auspicious day he celebrated the marriage of his sister to that Vidyādhara prince ; and then Jimūtavāhana, having obtained the desire of his heart, lived with his newly married wife, Malayavatī. And once on a time, as he was roaming about out of curiosity with Mitrāvasu on that Malaya mountain, he reached a wood on the shore of the sea. There he saw a great many heaps of bones, and he said to Mitrāvasu : " What creatures are these whose bones are piled up here ? " Then his brother-in-law, Mitrāvasu, said to that compassionate man : " Listen, I will tell you the story of this in a few words. Long, long ago, Kadrū, the mother of the snakes, conquered Vinatā, the mother of Garuḍa, in a treacherous wager, and made her a slave. Through enmity caused thereby, the mighty Garuḍa,² though

¹ See Vol. II, p. 141.—N.M.P.

² The Sanskrit College MS. has *balāḍ* for the *baḥ* of Brockhaus' edition. For

he had delivered his mother, began to eat the snakes of the sons of Kadrū. He was thenceforth continually in the habit of entering Pātāla, and some he smote, some he trampled, and some died of fright.

“When Vāsuki, the king of the snakes, saw that, he feared that his race would be annihilated at one fell swoop, so he supplicated Garuḍa, and made a compact with him, saying : ‘King of birds, I will send you one snake every day to this southern sea for your meal. But you must by no means enter Pātāla, for what advantage will you gain by destroying the snakes at one blow ?’ When the king of the snakes said this, the mighty Garuḍa saw that the proposal was to his advantage, and agreed to it. And from that time forth the king of birds eats every day, on the shore of the sea, a snake sent by Vāsuki. So these are heaps of bones of snakes devoured by Garuḍa, that have gradually accumulated in course of time, and come to look like the peak of a mountain.”

When Jimūtavāhana, that treasure-house of courage and compassion, had heard, inly grieving, this story from the mouth of Mitrāvasu, he thus answered him : “One cannot help grieving for King Vāsuki, who, like a coward, offers up every day his subjects to their enemy with his own hand. As he has a thousand faces and a thousand mouths, why could he not say with one mouth to Garuḍa : ‘Eat me first’ ? And how could he be so cowardly as to ask Garuḍa to destroy his race, and so heartless as to be able to listen continually, unmoved, to the lamentation of the Nāga women ?¹ And to think that Garuḍa, though the son of Kaśyapa and a hero,

the “wager” see Vol. II, p. 150.—For a note on the Garuḍa bird, see Vol. I, pp. 103-105. In his review on my first volume, in *Journ. Roy. As. Soc.*, October 1924, Mr R. P. Dewhurst queries the statement that the fabulous bird becomes the *eorosh* of the *Zend* (i.e. Avestan) literature, as there is no such word in either of the two Avestan dictionaries. Subsequent correspondence with Mr Dewhurst has shown that the word *eorosh* (quoted by Burton, *Nights*, vol. vi, p. 16n¹) is probably due to a combination of a misreading and a misprint, and that it should be *chamrosh* (also written *chamrosh*), which is a Pahlavi word occurring in the *Bundehesh* (50-58) and in the *Mainyo i-Khirad* (lxii, 37), and means a mythological bird which is said to be the chief of all birds, and to sit on the summit of Mount Alburz.—N.M.P.

¹ The Sanskrit College MS. reads *Tārکش्यान nānākṛanda nityākṛāṇa nirghṛāṇam*.

and though sanctified by being the bearer of Kṛishṇa, should do such an evil deed ! Alas the depths of delusion ! ” When the noble-hearted one had said this, he formed this wish in his heart : “ May I obtain the one essential object in this world by the sacrifice of the unsubstantial body ! May I be so fortunate as to save the life of one friendless terrified Nāga by offering myself to Garuḍa ! ”

While Jīmūtavāhana was going through these reflections, a doorkeeper came from Mitrāvasu’s father to summon them, and Jīmūtavāhana sent Mitrāvasu home, saying to him : “ Go you on first, I will follow.” And after he had gone, the compassionate man roamed about alone, intent on effecting the object he had in view ; and he heard afar off a piteous sound of weeping. And he went on, and saw near a lofty rocky slab a young man of handsome appearance plunged in grief : an officer of some monarch seemed to have just brought him and left him there, and the young man was trying to induce by loving persuasions ¹ an old woman, who was weeping there, to return.

And while Jīmūtavāhana was listening there in secret, melted with pity, eager to know who he could be, the old woman, overwhelmed with the weight of grief, began to look again and again at the young man, and to lament his hard lot in the following words : “ Alas, Śankhachūḍa, you that were obtained by me by means of a hundred pangs ! Alas, virtuous one ! Alas, son, the only scion of our family, where shall I behold you again ? Darling, when this moon of your face is withdrawn, your father will fall into the darkness of grief ; and how will he live to old age ? How will your body, that would suffer even from the touch of the sun’s rays, be able to endure the agony of being devoured by Garuḍa ? How comes it that providence and the king of the snakes were able to find out you, the only son of ill-starred me, though the world of snakes is wide ? ” When she thus lamented, the young man, her son, said to her : “ I am afflicted enough, as it is, mother ; why do you afflict me more ? Return home ; this is my last reverence to you, for I know it will soon be time for Garuḍa to arrive here.”

¹ The Sanskrit College MS. has *śānunayām*.

When the old woman heard that, she cast her sorrowful eyes all round the horizon, and cried aloud : " I am undone ; who will deliver my son ? "

In the meanwhile Jīmūtavāhana, that portion of a Bodhisattva, having heard and seen that, said to himself, being profoundly touched with pity : " I see this is an unhappy snake, of the name of Śankhachūḍa, who has now been sent by King Vāsuki, to serve as food for Garuḍa. And this is his aged mother, whose only son he is, and who had followed him here out of love, and is lamenting piteously from grief. So, if I cannot save this wretched Nāga by offering up this exceedingly perishable body, alas ! my birth will have been void of fruit. "

When Jīmūtavāhana had gone through these reflections he went joyfully up to the old woman, and said to her : " Mother, I will deliver your son. " When the old woman heard that, she was alarmed and terrified, thinking that Garuḍa had come, and she cried out : " Eat me, Garuḍa ; eat me ! " Then Śankhachūḍa said : " Mother, do not be afraid. This is not Garuḍa. There is a great difference between this being, who cheers one like the moon, and the terrible Garuḍa. " When Śankhachūḍa said this, Jīmūtavāhana said : " Mother, I am a Vidyādhara, come to deliver your son ; for I will give my body, disguised in clothes, to the hungry Garuḍa ; and do you return home, taking your son with you. "

When the old woman heard that, she said : " By no means, for you are my son in a still higher sense, because you have shown such compassion for us at such a time. " When Jīmūtavāhana heard that, he replied : " You two ought not to disappoint my wish in this matter. " And when he persistently urged this, Śankhachūḍa said to him : " Of a truth, noble-hearted man, you have displayed your compassionate nature, but I cannot consent to save my body at the cost of yours ; for who ought to save a common stone by the sacrifice of a gem ? The world is full of people like myself, who feel pity only for themselves, but people like you, who are inclined to feel pity for the whole world, are few in number ; besides, excellent man, I shall never find it

in my heart to defile the pure race of Śankhapāla, as a spot defiles the disk of the moon."

When Śankhachūḍa had in these words attempted to dissuade him, he said to his mother: "Mother, go back, and leave this terrible wilderness. Do you not see here this rock of execution, smeared with the clotted gore of snakes, awful as the luxurious couch of death! But I will go to the shore of the sea, and worship the lord Gokaṛṇa, and quickly return, before Garuḍa comes here." When Śankhachūḍa had said this, he took a respectful leave of his sadly wailing mother, and went to pay his devotions to Gokaṛṇa.

And Jīmūtavāhana made up his mind that, if Garuḍa arrived in the meantime, he would certainly be able to carry out his proposed self-sacrifice for the sake of another. And while he was thus reflecting, he saw the trees swaying with the wind of the wings of the approaching king of birds, and seeming, as it were, to utter a cry of dissuasion. So he came to the conclusion that the moment of Garuḍa's arrival was at hand; and, determined to offer up his life for another, he ascended the rock of sacrifice. And the sea, churned by the wind, seemed with the eyes of its bright-flashing jewels to be gazing in astonishment at his extraordinary courage. Then Garuḍa came along, obscuring the heaven, and swooping down, struck the great-hearted hero with his beak, and carried him off from that slab of rock. And he quickly went off with him to a peak of the Malaya mountain, to eat him there; and Jīmūtavāhana's crest-jewel was torn from his head, and drops of blood fell from him, as he was carried through the air. And while Garuḍa was eating that moon of the Vidyādhara race, he said to himself: "May my body thus be offered in every birth for the benefit of others, and let me not enjoy heaven or liberation, if they are dissociated from the opportunity of benefiting my neighbour." And while he was saying this to himself, a rain of flowers fell from heaven.

In the meanwhile his crest-jewel, dripping with his blood, had fallen in front of his wife Malayavati. When she saw it, she recognised it with much trepidation as her husband's crest-jewel, and as she was in the presence of her father-in-

law and mother-in-law she showed it them with tears. And they, when they saw their son's crest-jewel, were at once beside themselves to think what it could mean. Then King Jīmūtakeṭu and Queen Kanakavati found out by their supernatural powers of meditation the real state of the case, and proceeded to go quickly with their daughter-in-law to the place where Garuḍa and Jīmūtavāhana were. In the meanwhile Sankhachūḍa returned from worshipping Gokarṇa and saw, to his dismay, that that stone of sacrifice was wet with blood. Then the worthy fellow exclaimed with tears : " Alas, I am undone, guilty creature that I am ! Undoubtedly that great-hearted one, in the fullness of his compassion, has given himself to Garuḍa in my stead. So I will find out to what place the enemy has carried him off in this moment. If I find him alive, I shall escape sinking in the mire of dishonour." While he said this, he went following up the track of the drops of blood, that he saw lying close to one another on the ground.

In the meanwhile Garuḍa, who was engaged in devouring Jīmūtavāhana, saw that he was pleased ; so he immediately stopped, and said to himself : " Strange ! This must be some matchless hero ; for the great-hearted one rejoices even while I am devouring him, but does not lose his life. And on so much of his body as is not lacerated he has all the hairs erect, as it were a coat of mail ; and his look is lovingly fixed on me, as if I were his benefactor. So he cannot be a snake ; he must be some saint ; I will cease from devouring him, and question him." While Garuḍa was thus musing, Jīmūtavāhana said to him : " King of birds, why do you desist ? There is flesh and blood in my body, and you are not satisfied as yet, so go on eating it." When the king of birds heard this, he asked him with much astonishment : " Great-souled one, you are not a snake, so tell me who you are." But Jīmūtavāhana answered Garuḍa : " In truth I am a Nāga ; what is the meaning of this question of yours ? Do according to your kind, for who that is not foolish would act ¹ contrary to the purpose he had undertaken ? "

¹ The Sanskrit College MS. reads *vidadhyād*. This is the reading which I follow here, in preference to that of Brockhaus.

While he was giving this answer to Garuḍa, Śankhachūḍa came near, and called out to Garuḍa from a distance : “ Do not do a rash and criminal deed, son of Vinatā. What delusion is this that possesses you ? He is not a snake ; lo ! I am the snake designed for you.” When Śankhachūḍa had said this he came up quickly, and standing between those two, and seeing Garuḍa bewildered, he went on to say : “ Why are you perplexed ; do you not see that I have hoods and two tongues ; and do you not observe the charming appearance of this Vidyādhara ? ” While Śankhachūḍa was saying this, the wife and parents of Jīmūtavāhana came there with speed. And his parents, seeing him mangled, immediately cried out : “ Alas, son ! Alas, Jīmūtavāhana ! Alas, compassionate one, who have given your life for others ! How could you, son of Vinatā, do this thoughtless deed ? ”

When Garuḍa heard this, he was grieved, and he said : “ What ! Have I in my delusion eaten an incarnation of a Bodhisattva ? This is that very Jīmūtavāhana who sacrifices his life for others, the renown of whose glory pervades all these three worlds. So, now that he is dead, the time has arrived for my wicked self to enter the fire. Does the fruit of the poison-tree of unrighteousness ever ripen sweet ? ” While Garuḍa was distracted with these reflections, Jīmūtavāhana, having beheld his family, fell down in the agony of his wounds, and died.

Then his parents, tortured with sorrow, lamented, and Śankhachūḍa again and again blamed his own negligence. But Jīmūtavāhana’s wife, Malayavatī, looked towards the heavens, and in accents choked with tears thus reproached the goddess Ambikā, who before was pleased with her, and granted her a boon : “ At that time, O goddess Gaurī, thou didst promise me that I should have for husband one destined to be paramount sovereign over all the kings of the Vidyā-dharas, so how comes it that thou hast falsified thy promise to me ? ” When she said this, Gaurī became visible, and saying, “ Daughter, my speech was not false,” she quickly sprinkled Jīmūtavāhana with nectar from her pitcher.¹

¹ Cf. Waldau’s *Böhmische Märchen*, p. 594, and see Bernhard Schmidt’s *Griechische Märchen*, p. 106.

That made the successful hero Jimūtavāhana at once rise up more splendid than before, with all his limbs free from wounds.

He rose up, and prostrated himself before the goddess, and then all prostrated themselves, and the goddess said to him: "My son, I am pleased with this sacrifice of thy body, so I now anoint thee with this hand of mine emperor over the Vidyādharas, and thou shalt hold the office for a *kalpa*." With these words Gaurī sprinkled Jimūtavāhana with water from her pitcher and, after she had been worshipped, disappeared. And thereupon a heavenly rain of flowers fell on that spot, and the drums of the gods sounded joyously in the sky.

Then Garuḍa, bending low, said to Jimūtavāhana: "Emperor, I am pleased with thee, as thou art an unparalleled hero, since thou, of soul matchlessly generous, hast done this wonderful deed, that excites the astonishment of the three worlds, and is inscribed on the walls of the egg of Brahmā. So give me an order, and receive from me whatever boon thou dost desire." When Garuḍa said this, the great-hearted hero said to him: "Thou must repent, and never again devour the snakes; and let these snakes, whom thou didst devour before, whose bones only remain, return to life." Thereupon Garuḍa said: "So be it; from this day forth I will never eat the snakes again; heaven forfend! As for those that I ate on former occasions, let them return to life."

Then all the snakes that he had eaten before, whose bones alone remained, rose up unwounded, restored to life by the nectar of his boon. Then the gods, the snakes and the hermit bands assembled there full of joy, and so the Malaya mountain earned the title of the three worlds. And then all the kings of the Vidyādharas heard by the favour of Gaurī the strange story of Jimūtavāhana; and they immediately came and bowed at his feet, and after he had dismissed Garuḍa, they took him to the Himālayas, accompanied by his rejoicing relations and friends, a noble emperor, whose great inauguration ceremony had been performed by Gaurī with her own hands. There Jimūtavāhana, in the society

of his mother and father, and of Mitrāvasu and Malayavatī, and of Śankhachūḍa, who had gone to his own house, and returned again, long enjoyed the dignity of emperor of the Vidyādhara, rich in jewels, which had been gained by his marvellous and extraordinarily heroic action.

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

Having told this noble and interesting tale, the Vetāla proceeded to put another question to King Trivikramasena : “So tell me, which of those two was superior in fortitude, Śankhachūḍa or Jīmūtavāhana? And the conditions are those which I mentioned before.” When King Trivikramasena heard this question of the Vetāla’s he broke his silence, through fear of a curse, and said, with calm composure : “This behaviour was nowise astonishing in Jīmūtavāhana, as he had acquired this virtue in many births, but Śankhachūḍa really deserves praise, for that, after he had escaped death, he ran after his enemy Garuḍa, who had found another self-offered victim ¹ and had gone a long distance with him, and importunately offered him his body.”

When that excellent Vetāla had heard this speech of that king’s he left his shoulder and again went to his own place, and the king again pursued him as before.

¹ The MS. in the Sanskrit College reads *anyam vṛttātmānam* : *anyam* at any rate must be right.

A COMPARISON WITH KSHEMENDRA

In the passage on p. 52, describing the beauty of Malayavati, we have one of the few places where Kshemendra is more prolix than Somadeva. It is a good example of the difference in purpose of the two authors. Somadeva aims at giving an exact copy of the work before him, and does not indulge in rhetorical elaborations of his own invention whenever opportunity offers. This, on the other hand, is just what Kshemendra does, and whenever a chance occurs for expatiating on a woman's beauty or some rather arresting natural or unnatural phenomena, he is unable to let the opportunity slip.

In this instance he takes twelve *ślokas* to describe Malayavati's beauty, beginning at the soles of her feet and ending with the hair of her head. The following translation has been specially made by Dr L. D. Barnett :

Bṛhatkathāmañjarī—Ślokas 792-803

792. Hearing this, being attracted by curiosity, he entered the residence of the Mountain's Daughter and beheld a lotus-eyed maiden, the quintessence of the world.
793. Bright was the pair of her lotus-feet, coloured like buds of coral, as though it had moisture clinging to it from treading an ocean of passion [i.e. *rāga*; lit. red colour].
794. The female swan of beauty was brightly displayed in the pair of her slender legs, which were like a couple of young stalks in the lotus-pool of loveliness.
795. She bore hips which were rods of the plantain-tree for the peacock of dalliance, resembling an arch of lovely ivory in the city of the God of the Flower-bow,
796. which were a pair of sandbanks in the river of beauty, a couple of litters for Rati. Her loins were Kāma's own city, of which the moat was her girdle.
797. Kāma, when disturbed by the fire of Śiva's wrath, had plunged into the eddies of the pool of her navel, and was traceable there by the smoky streak of its line of hairs.
798. Because of the buds of rays from her brilliant pearl-necklace her breasts had become like a pair of ruddy geese having sprouts of young lotus-stalks stuck in their mouths.
799. Her arms, graceful as creepers on the sandal-tree of youth, were adorned with snakes consisting of rays from the sapphires of the bracelets on her upper and lower arms.
800. By the beauties of her lips the sylvan line of leaf-buds created, as it were, by Spring, Kāma's young son, became dusky.
801. The crowd of her ogling glances, coming under the sunshade of her brow high above the clear-cut upright rod of her nose, attained the nature of unboundedly generous givers of lotuses.

802. She bore a line of curls like a row of bees on the lotus of her face
 Seeing her, who was like a eulogy on the king Good Fortune presented
 by Kāma,
803. he became engrossed in her, having his eyes staring with wonder, speedily
 stirred to trembling by Kāma in his new incarnation.

CHAPTER XCI

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

THEN the brave King Trivikramasena went back once more to the *śimśapā* tree, and taking the Vetāla from it, carried him off on his shoulder. And when he had set out, the Vetāla said to him, from his perch on his shoulder : “ Listen, King ; to cheer your toil, I will tell you the following tale.

163G (17). *The Beautiful Unmādinī* ¹

There was a city of the name ² of Kanakapura situated on the bank of the Ganges, in which the bounds of virtue were never transgressed, and which was inaccessible to the demon Kali. In it there was a king rightly named Yaśodhana, who, like a rocky coast, protected the earth against the sea of calamity. When Destiny framed him, she seemed to blend together the moon and the sun, for although he delighted the world, the heat of his valour was scorching, and the circle of his territory never waned. This king was unskilled ³ in slandering his neighbour, but skilled in the meaning of the Śāstras, he showed poverty in crime, not in treasure and military force. His subjects sang of him as one afraid only of sin, covetous only of glory, averse to the wives of others, all compact of valour, generosity and love.

In that capital of that sovereign there was a great merchant, and he had an unmarried daughter, named Unmādinī. Whoever there beheld her was at once driven mad by the wealth of her beauty, which was enough to bewilder even the God of Love himself. And when she attained womanhood, her politic father, the merchant, went to King

¹ See the Appendix, pp. 241-244.—N.M.P.

² The Sanskrit College MS. reads *prāg* for *nāma*.

³ The Sanskrit College MS. gives *māndyaṃ* for *maurkhyam*.

Yaśodhana, and said to him : “ King, I have a daughter to give in marriage, who is the pearl of the three worlds ; I dare not give her away to anyone else, without informing your Majesty. For to your Majesty belong all the jewels on the whole earth, so do me the favour of accepting or rejecting her.”

When the king heard this report from the merchant, he sent off, with due politeness, his own Brāhmans, to see whether she had auspicious marks or not. The Brāhmans went and saw that matchless beauty of the three worlds, and were at once troubled and amazed ; but when they had recovered their self-control they reflected : “ If the king gets hold of this maiden the kingdom will be ruined, for his mind will be thrown off its balance by her, and he will not regard his kingdom ; so we must not tell the king that she possesses auspicious marks.” When they had deliberated to this effect,¹ they went to the king, and said falsely to him : “ She has inauspicious marks.” Accordingly the king declined to take that merchant’s daughter as his wife.

Then, by the king’s orders, the merchant, the father of the maiden Unmādinī, gave her in marriage to the commander of the king’s forces, named Baladhara. And she lived happily with her husband in his house, but she thought that she had been dishonoured by the king’s abandoning her on account of her supposed inauspicious marks.

And as time went on, the lion of spring came to that place, slaying the elephant of winter, that, with flowering jasmine creepers for tusks, had ravaged the thick-clustering lotuses. And it sported in the wood, with luxuriant clusters of flowers for mane, and with mango buds for claws. At that season King Yaśodhana, mounted on an elephant, went out to see the high festival of spring in that city of his. And then a warning drum was beaten, to give notice to all matrons to retire, as it was apprehended that the sight of his beauty might prove their ruin.

When Unmādinī heard that drum, she showed herself to the king on the roof of her palace, to revenge the insult he had offered her by refusing her. And when the king saw

¹ The Sanskrit College MS. gives *mankshu* for *mantram*.

her, looking like a flame shooting up from the fire of love, when fanned by spring and the winds from the Malaya mountain, he was sorely troubled. And gazing on her beauty, that pierced deep into his heart, like a victorious dart of Kāma, he immediately swooned. His servants managed to bring him round, and when he had entered his palace he found out from them, by questioning them, that this was the very beauty who had been formerly offered to him, and whom he had rejected. Then the king banished from his realm those who reported that she had inauspicious marks, and thought on her with longing, night after night, saying to himself: "Ah! how dull of soul and shameless is the moon, that he continues to rise, while her spotless face is there, a feast to the eyes of the world!" Thinking thus in his heart, the king, being slowly wasted by the smouldering fire of love, pined away day by day. But through shame he concealed the cause of his grief, and with difficulty was he induced to tell it to his confidential servants, who were led by external signs to question him. Then they said: "Why fret yourself? Why do you not take her to yourself, as she is at your command?" But the righteous sovereign would not consent to follow their advice.

Then Baladhara, the commander-in-chief, heard the tidings, and, being truly devoted to him, he came and flung himself at the feet of his sovereign, and made the following petition to him: "King, you should look upon this female slave as your slave girl, not as the wife of another; and I bestow her freely upon you, so deign to accept my wife. Or I will abandon her in the temple here; then, King, there will be no sin in your taking her to yourself, as there might be if she were a matron." When the commander-in-chief persistently entreated the king to this effect, the king answered him, with inward wrath: "How could I, being a king, do such an unrighteous deed? If I desert the path of right, who will remain loyal to his duty? And how can you, though devoted to me, urge me to commit a crime, which will bring momentary pleasure,¹ but cause great misery in the

¹ *Duḥkhāvahe*, the reading of Brockhaus' edition, is obviously a misprint for *sukhāvahe*, which I find in the Sanskrit College MS.

next world? And if you desert your lawful wife I shall not allow your crime to go unpunished, for who in my position could tolerate such an outrage on morality? So death is for me the best course." With these words the king vetoed the proposal of the commander-in-chief, for men of noble character lose their lives sooner than abandon the path of virtue. And in the same way the resolute-minded monarch rejected the petition of his citizens, and of the country people, who assembled, and entreated him to the same effect.

Accordingly, the king's body was gradually consumed by the fire of the grievous fever of love, and only his name and fame remained.¹ But the commander-in-chief could not bear the thought that the king's death had been brought about in this way, so he entered the fire; for the actions of devoted followers are inexplicable.²

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

When the Vetāla, sitting on the shoulder of King Trivikramasena, had told this wonderful tale, he again said to him: "So tell me, King, which of these two was superior in loyalty, the general or the king; and remember, the previous condition still holds." When the Vetāla said this, the king broke silence, and answered him: "Of these two the king was superior in loyalty." When the Vetāla heard this, he said to him reproachfully: "Tell me, King, how can you make out that the general was not his superior? For, though he knew the charm of his wife's society by long familiarity, he offered such a fascinating woman to the king out of love for him; and when the king was dead he burnt himself; but the king refused the offer of his wife without knowing anything about her."

When the Vetāla said this to the king, the latter laughed, and said: "Admitting the truth of this, what is there astonishing in the fact that the commander-in-chief, a man of

¹ May we compare this king to Daphnis, who τὸν αὐτῷ ἄντι πικρὸν ἔρωτα, καὶ ἐς τέλος ἄντι μοίρας?

² Cf. the behaviour of the followers of the Emperor Otho, who threw themselves on his pyre, after he had killed himself in his tent.

good family, acted thus for his master's sake, out of regard for him ? For servants are bound to preserve their masters even by the sacrifice of their lives. But kings are inflated with arrogance, uncontrollable as elephants, and when bent on enjoyment they snap as under the chain of the moral law. For their minds are overweening, and all discernment is washed out of them when the waters of inauguration are poured over them, and is, as it were, swept away by the flood. And the breeze of the waving chowries fans away the atoms of the sense of scripture taught them by old men, as it fans away flies and mosquitoes. And the royal umbrella keeps off from them the rays of truth, as well as the rays of the sun ; and their eyes, smitten by the gale of prosperity, do not see the right path. And so even kings that have conquered the world, like Nahusha and others, have had their minds bewildered by Māra, and have been brought into calamity. But this king, though his umbrella was paramount in the earth, was not fascinated by Unmādinī, fickle as the Goddess of Fortune ; indeed, sooner than set his foot on the wrong path, he renounced his life altogether ; therefore him I consider the more self-controlled of the two."

When the Vetāla heard this speech of the king's, he again rapidly quitted his shoulder by the might of his delusive power, and returned to his own place ; and the king followed him swiftly, as before, to recover him : for how can great men leave off in the middle of an enterprise which they have begun, even though it be very difficult ?

CHAPTER XCII

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

THEN in that cemetery, full of flames of funeral pyres, as of demons, flesh-devouring, with lolling tongues of fire, the undaunted King Trivikramasena went back that same night to the *śimśapā* tree.

And there he unexpectedly saw many corpses of similar appearance hanging upon the tree, and they all seemed to be possessed by Vetālas. The king said to himself: "Ah! what is the meaning of this? Is this deluding Vetāla doing this now in order to waste time? For I do not know which of these many corpses here I ought to take. If this night shall pass away without my accomplishing my object I will enter the fire, I will not put up with disgrace." But the Vetāla discovered the king's intention, and pleased with his courage he withdrew that delusion. Then the king beheld only one Vetāla on the tree in the corpse of a man, and he took it down, and put it on his shoulder, and once more started off with it. And as he trudged along, the Vetāla again said to him: "King, your fortitude is wonderful; so listen to this my tale.

163G (18). *The Brāhman's Son who failed to acquire the Magic Power*¹

There is a city called Ujjayinī, inferior only to Bhogavatī and Amarāvatī, which Śiva, who was won by the toilsome asceticism of Gaurī, being in love with the matchless pre-eminence of its excellence, himself selected as his habitation. It is full of various enjoyments, to be attained only by distinguished well-doing; in that city stiffness and hardness is seen only in the bosoms of the ladies,² curvature only in

¹ See Appendix, pp. 244-249.—N.M.P.

² See Vol. I, p. 30n², 31n.—N.M.P.

their eyebrows,¹ and fickleness only in their rolling eyes ; darkness only in the nights ; crookedness only in the ambiguous phrases of poets ; madness only in elephants ; and coldness only in perils, sandalwood juice and the moon.

In that city there was a learned Brāhman, named Deva-svāmin, who had offered many sacrifices, and possessed great wealth, and who was highly honoured by the king, whose name was Chandraprabha. In time there was born to that Brāhman a son, named Chandrasvāmin, and he, though he had studied the sciences, was, when he grew up, exclusively devoted to the vice of gambling.² Now once on a time that Brāhman's son, Chandrasvāmin, entered a great gambling-hall to gamble. Calamities seemed to be continually watching that hall with tumbling dice for rolling eyes, like the black antelope in colour, and saying to themselves : " Whom shall we seize on here ? " And the hall, full of the noise of the altercations of gamblers, seemed to utter this cry : " Who is there whose wealth I could not take away ? I could impoverish even Kuvera, the lord of Alakā." Then he entered the hall, and playing dice with gamblers, he lost his clothes and all, and then he lost borrowed money in addition. And when he was called upon to pay that impossible sum, he could not do it, so the keeper of the gambling-hall seized him and beat him with sticks.³ And that Brāhman's son, when beaten with sticks all over his body, made himself motionless as a stone, and to all appearance dead, and remained in that state.

When he had remained there in that condition for two or three days, the proprietor of the gambling establishment got angry, and said, in the gambling-hall, to the gamblers who frequented it : " This fellow has begun to try on the petrification dodge, so take the spiritless wretch and throw him into some blind well ; but I will give you the money."

¹ *Bhanga* also means defeat.

² This vice was prevalent even in the Vedic age. See Zimmer, *Alt-Indisches Leben*, pp. 283-287 ; Muir's *Sanskrit Texts*, vol. v, pp. 425-430. It is well known that the plot of the *Mahābhārata* principally turns on this vice.—See *Ocean*, Vol. II, pp. 281n¹, 232n.—N.M.P.

³ Compare the conduct of Māthura in the *Mrichchhakaṭika*. For the penniless state of the gambler see p. 195, and Gaal, *Märchen der Magyaren*, p. 3.

When the proprietor said this to the gamblers they took up Chandrasvāmin, and carried him to a distant wood, to look for a well. There an old gambler said to the others : " This fellow is all but dead ; so what is the good of throwing him into a well now ? So let us leave him here, and say that we left him in a well." All approved his speech, and agreed to do as he recommended.

Then the gamblers left Chandrasvāmin there and went their ways, and he rose up and entered an empty temple of Śiva that stood near. There he recovered his strength a little, and reflected in his grief : " Alas ! being over-confiding, I have been robbed by these gamblers by downright cheating, so where can I go in this condition, naked, cudgelled and begrimed with dust ? What would my father, my relations or my friends say of me, if they saw me ? So I will remain here for the present, and at night I will go out, and see how I can make shift to get food, to satisfy my hunger." While he was going through these reflections, in hunger and nakedness, the sun abated his heat, and abandoned his garment the sky, and went to the mountain of setting.

Thereupon there came there a Pāsupata ascetic, with his body smeared with ashes, with matted hair and a trident, looking like a second Śiva. When he saw Chandrasvāmin he said to him : " Who are you ? " Thereupon Chandrasvāmin told him his story, and bowed before him, and the hermit, when he heard it, said to him : " You have arrived at my hermitage, as an unexpected guest, exhausted with hunger ; so rise up, bathe and take a portion of the food I have obtained by begging." When the hermit said this to Chandrasvāmin he answered : " Reverend sir, I am a Brāhman ; how can I eat a part of your alms ? "

When the hospitable hermit, who possessed magic powers, heard that, he entered his hut, and called to mind the science which produced whatever one desires, and the science appeared to him when he called it to mind, and said : " What shall I do for you ? " And he gave it this order : " Provide entertainment for this guest." The science answered : " I will." And then Chandrasvāmin beheld a golden city rise up, with a garden attached to it, and full of female attendants.

And those females came out of that city, and approached the astonished Chandrasvāmin, and said to him: "Rise up, good sir; come, eat and forget your fatigue." Then they took him inside, and made him bathe, and anointed him; and they put splendid garments on him, and took him to another magnificent dwelling. And there the young man beheld a young woman who seemed their chief, who was beautiful in all her limbs, and appeared to have been made by the Creator out of curiosity to see what he could do. She rose up, eager to welcome him, and made him sit beside her on her throne; and he partook with her of heavenly food, and ate with much delight betel-nut, flavoured with five fruits.

And next morning he woke up, and saw only that temple of Siva there, and neither that city, nor that heavenly lady, nor her attendants. Then the hermit came out of the hut, smiling, and asked him how he had enjoyed himself in the night, and the discreet Chandrasvāmin, in his despondency, said to the hermit: "By your favour, reverend sir, I spent the night happily enough; but now, without that heavenly lady, my life will depart." When the hermit heard that, being kind-hearted, he laughed and said to him: "Remain here; you shall have exactly the same experiences this night also." When the hermit said this, Chandrasvāmin consented to stay, and by the favour of the hermit he was provided, by the same means, with the same enjoyments every night.

And at last he understood that this was all produced by magic science, so, one day, impelled by destiny, he coaxed that mighty hermit and said to him: "If, reverend sir, you really take pity on me, who have fled to you for protection, bestow on me that science, whose power is so great." When he urged this request persistently, the hermit said to him: "You cannot attain this science; for it is attained under the water, and while the aspirant is muttering spells under the water, the science creates delusions to bewilder him, so that he does not attain success. For there he sees himself born again, and a boy, and then a youth, and then a young man, and married, and then he supposes that he has a son.

And he is falsely deluded, supposing that one person is his friend and another his enemy, and he does not remember this birth, nor that he is engaged in a magic rite for acquiring science. But whoever, when he seems to have reached twenty-four years, is recalled to consciousness by the science of his instructor, and, being firm of soul, remembers his real life, and knows that all he supposes himself to experience is the effect of illusion, and though he is under the influence of it enters the fire, attains the science, and rising from the water sees the real truth. But if the science is not attained by the pupil on whom it is bestowed, it is lost to the teacher also, on account of its having been communicated to an unfit person. You can attain all the results you desire by my possession of the science ; why do you show this persistence ? Take care that my power is not lost, and that your enjoyment is not lost also."

Though the hermit said this, Chandrasvāmin persisted in saying to him : " I shall be able to do all that is required ¹ ; do not be anxious about that." Then the hermit consented to give him the science. What will not good men do for the sake of those that implore their aid ? Then the Pāsupata ascetic went to the bank of the river, and said to him : " My son, when, in repeating this charm, you behold that illusion, I will recall you to consciousness by my magic power, and you must enter the fire which you will see in your illusion. For I shall remain here all the time on the bank of the river to help you." When that prince of ascetics had said this, being himself pure, he duly communicated that charm to Chandrasvāmin, who was purified and had rinsed his mouth with water,

Then Chandrasvāmin bowed low before his teacher, and plunged boldly into the river, while he remained on the bank. And while he was repeating over that charm in the water, he was at once bewildered by its deluding power, and cheated into forgetting the whole of that birth. And he imagined himself to be born in his own person in another town, as the son of a certain Brāhman, and he slowly grew up. And in his fancy he was invested with the

¹ I read *sakshyāmi*, with the Sanskrit College MS.

Brāhmanical thread, and studied the prescribed sciences, and married a wife, and was absorbed in the joys and sorrows of married life, and in course of time had a son born to him, and he remained in that town engaged in various pursuits, enslaved by love for his son, devoted to his wife, with his parents and relations.

While he was thus living through in his fancy a life other than his real one, the hermit, his teacher, employed the charm whose office it was to rouse him at the proper season. He was suddenly awakened from his reverie by the employment of that charm, and recollected himself and that hermit, and became aware that all that he was apparently going through was magic illusion, and he became eager to enter the fire, in order to gain the fruit which was to be attained by the charm; but he was surrounded by his elders, friends, superiors and relations, who all tried to prevent him. Still, though they used all kinds of arguments to dissuade him, being desirous of heavenly enjoyment, he went with his relations to the bank of the river, on which a pyre was prepared. There he saw his aged parents and his wife ready to die with grief, and his young children crying; and in his bewilderment he said to himself: "Alas! my relations will all die if I enter the fire, and I do not know if that promise of my teacher's is true or not. So shall I enter the fire? Or shall I not enter it? After all, how can that promise of my teacher's be false, as it is so precisely in accordance with all that has taken place? So, I will gladly enter the fire." When the Brāhman Chandrasvāmin had gone through these reflections, he entered the fire.

And to his astonishment the fire felt as cool to him as snow. Then he rose up from the water of the river, the delusion having come to an end, and went to the bank. There he saw his teacher on the bank, and he prostrated himself at his feet, and when his teacher questioned him, he told him all his experiences, ending with the cool feel of the fire. Then his teacher said to him: "My son, I am afraid you have made some mistake in this incantation, otherwise how can the fire have become cool to you? This phenomenon in the process of acquiring this science is unprecedented."

When Chandrasvāmin heard this remark of the teacher's he answered: "Reverend sir, I am sure that I made no mistake."

Then the teacher, in order to know for certain, called to mind that science, and it did not present itself to him or his pupil. So, as both of them had lost the science, they left that place despondent.

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

When the Vetāla had told this story, he once more put a question to King Trivikramasena, after mentioning the same condition as before: "King, resolve this doubt of mine; tell me, why was the science lost to both of them, though the incantation was performed in the prescribed way?" When the brave king heard this speech of the Vetāla's he gave him this answer: "I know, lord of magic, you are bent on wasting my time here; still I will answer. A man cannot obtain success, even by performing correctly a difficult ceremony, unless his mind is firm, and abides in spotless courage, unhesitating and pure from wavering. But in that business the mind of that spiritless young Brāhman wavered, even when roused by his teacher,¹ so his charm did not attain success, and his teacher lost his mastery over the charm, because he had bestowed it on an undeserving aspirant."

When the king had said this, the mighty Vetāla again left his shoulder and went back invisible to his own place, and the king went back to fetch him as before.

¹ *Prabodhya* should, I think, be *prabudhya*.

CHAPTER XCIII

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

THEN King Trivikramasena again went and took the Vetāla from the *śimśapā* tree, and putting him on his shoulder set out with him; and as he was returning from the tree, the Vetāla once more said to him: "Listen, King. I will tell you a delightful tale.

163G (19). *The Thief's Son* ¹

There is a city named Vakrolaka, equal to the city of the gods; in it there dwelt a king named Sūryaprabha, equal to Indra. He, like Viṣṇu, rescued this earth, and bore it a long time on his arm, gladdening all men by his frame ever ready to bear their burdens.² In the realm of that king tears were produced only by contact with smoke; there was no talk of death except in the case of the living death of starved lovers, and the only fines were the fine gold sticks in the hands of his warders. He was rich in all manner of wealth, and he had only one source of grief—namely, that, though he had many wives, no son was born to him.

Now, at this point of the story, there was a merchant, of the name of Dhanapāla, in the great city of Tāmraliptī, the wealthiest of the wealthy. And he had born to him one daughter only, and her name was Dhanavatī, who was shown by her beauty to be a Vidyādhari fallen by a curse. When she grew up to womanhood, the merchant died; and his relations seized his property, as the king did not interfere to protect it.³

¹ See Appendix, pp. 249, 250.—N.M.P.

² It also means, in the case of Viṣṇu, "by his incarnation in the form of a boar."

³ Both the D. text and also the corresponding passage in Kshemendra read the contrary to the B. text—namely, that it was his relations, *backed by the king*, who tried to seize the wife's inheritance. See Speyer, *op. cit.*, p. 136.—N.M.P.

Then the wife of that merchant, who was named Hiraṇyavati, took her own jewels and ornaments, which she had carefully concealed, and left her house secretly at the beginning of the night, with her daughter Dhanavati, and fled, to escape from her husband's relations. And with difficulty did she get outside the town, leaning upon the hand of her daughter, for without her was the darkness of night, and within her the darkness of grief. And as she went along in the thick darkness outside the town, it chanced, so fate would have it, that she ran her shoulder against a thief impaled on a stake, whom she did not see. He was still alive, and his pain being aggravated by the blow he received from her shoulder, he said: "Alas! who has rubbed salt into my wounds?" The merchant's wife then and there said to him: "Who are you?" He answered her: "I am a detected thief impaled here,¹ and though I am impaled, my breath has not yet left my body, wicked man that I am. So tell me, lady, who you are and whither you are going in this manner." When the merchant's wife heard this, she told him her story; and at that moment the eastern quarter adorned her face with the outshining moon, as with a beauty-patch.

Then, all the horizon being lighted up, the thief saw the merchant's daughter, the maiden Dhanavati, and said to her mother: "Listen to one request of mine: I will give you a thousand pieces of gold; come, give me this maiden daughter of yours to wife." She laughed, and said: "What do you want with her?" Then the thief replied: "I am now as good as dead, and I have no son; and you know, a sonless man does not inherit the worlds of bliss. But, if you agree to my proposal, whatever son she may give birth to by my appointment, whoever may be his father, will be the issue raised up to me. This is the reason why I ask for her, but do you accomplish that desire of mine." When the merchant's widow heard this, she consented to it out of avarice. And she brought water from somewhere or other, and poured it on the hand of that thief, and said: "I give you this my maiden daughter in marriage."

¹ There is probably a pun in *sūchitah*.

He then gave to her daughter the command aforesaid, and then said to the merchant's widow : "Go and dig at the foot of this banyan-tree, and take the gold you find there ; and when I am dead, have my body burned with the usual ceremonies, and throw my bones into some sacred water, and go with your daughter to the city of Vakrolaka. There the people are made happy by good government under King Sūryaprabha, and you will be able to live as you like, free from anxiety, as you will not be persecuted." When the thief had said this, being thirsty he drank some water which she brought ; and his life came to an end, spent with the torture of impalement.

Then the merchant's widow went and took the gold from the foot of the banyan-tree, and went secretly with her daughter to the house of a friend of her husband's ; and while she was there, she managed to get that thief's body duly burned, and had his bones thrown into sacred water, and all the other rites performed. And the next day she took that concealed wealth and went off with her daughter, and travelling along reached in course of time that city Vakrolaka. There she bought a house from a great merchant named Vasudatta, and lived in it with her daughter, Dhanavatī.

Now at that time there lived in that city a teacher of the name of Viṣṇusvāmin. And he had a pupil, a very handsome Brāhman, of the name of Maṇḥsvāmin. And he, though he was of high birth, and well educated, was so enslaved by the passions of youth that he fell in love with a courtesan of the name of Hamsāvalī. But she demanded a fee of five hundred gold *dīnārs*, and he did not possess this sum, so he was in a state of perpetual despondency.

And one day that merchant's daughter, Dhanavatī, saw him from the top of her palace, such as I have described, with attenuated but handsome frame. Her heart was captivated by his beauty ; so she called to mind the injunction of that thief her husband, and artfully said to her mother, who was near her : "Mother, behold the beauty and youth of this young Brāhman, how charming they are, raining nectar into the eyes of the whole world." When that merchant's widow heard this, she saw that her daughter was in

love with the young Brāhman, and she thought thus in her mind : “ My daughter is bound by the orders of her husband to choose some man, in order to raise up issue to her husband, so why should she not invite this one ? ” When she had gone through these reflections, she entrusted her wish to a confidential maid, and sent her to bring the Brāhman for her daughter.

The maid went and took that Brāhman aside, and communicated her mistress’s wish to him, and that young and dissolute Brāhman said to her : “ If they will give me five hundred gold *dīnārs* for Hamsāvali, I will go there for one night.” When he said this to the maid, she went and communicated it to the merchant’s widow, and she sent the money to him by her hand. When Manaḥsvāmin had received the money, he went with the maid to the private apartments of the widow’s daughter, Dhanavatī, who had been made over to him. Then he saw that expectant fair one, the ornament of the earth, as the partridge beholds the moonlight, and rejoiced ; and after passing the night there, he went away secretly next morning.

And Dhanavatī, the merchant’s daughter, became pregnant by him, and in due time she brought forth a son, whose auspicious marks foreshadowed his lofty destiny. She and her mother were much pleased at the birth of a son ; and then Śiva manifested himself to them in a dream by night, and said to them : “ Take this boy, as he lies in his cradle, and leave him, with a thousand gold pieces, early in the morning, at the door of King Sūryaprabha. In this way all will turn out well.” The merchant’s widow and the merchant’s daughter, having received this command from Śiva, woke up, and told one another their dream. And relying upon the god, they took the boy and the gold, and laid them together at the gate of King Sūryaprabha’s palace.¹

¹ So in the legend of Pope Gregory the child is exposed with a sum of gold at its head, and a sum of silver at its feet (*English Gesta*, edited by Herrtage, No. lxi). The story will also be found in Simrock’s *Deutsche Volksbücher*, vol. xi ; here we have the gold and silver, as in the *Gesta*. See also No. 85 in Gonzenbach’s *Sicilianische Märchen*, with Dr Köhler’s notes. Cf. Nos. v and vi in Prym and Socin’s *Syrische Märchen* for stories of exposed children who attain wealth and power.—In folk-tales the “exposed child” is

In the meanwhile Śiva thus commanded in a dream King Sūryaprabha, who was tormented with anxiety to obtain a son : “ Rise up, King, somebody has placed at the gate of your palace a handsome child and some gold, take him as he lies in his cradle.” When Śiva had said this to the king, he woke up in the morning, and at that moment the warders came in and told him the same, and so he went out himself, and seeing at the gate of the palace that boy with a heap of gold, and observing that he was of auspicious appearance, having his hands and feet marked with the line, the umbrella, the banner and other marks, he said, “ Śiva has given me a suitable child,” and he himself took him up in his arms, and went into the palace with him. And he made a feast, and gave away an incalculable amount of wealth, so that only the word “ poor ” was without its proper wealth of signification. And King Sūryaprabha spent twelve days in music, and dancing, and other amusements, and then he gave that son the name of Chandraprabha.

And gradually Prince Chandraprabha increased in stature as well as in excellent character, delighting his dependents by both. And in course of time he grew up, and became capable of bearing the weight of the earth, winning over the subjects by his courage, his generosity, his learning and other accomplishments. And his father, King Sūryaprabha, seeing that he possessed these qualities, appointed him his successor in the kingdom, and being an old man, and having accomplished all his ends in life, he went to Vārāṇasī. And while that son of his, distinguished for policy, was ruling the earth, he abandoned his body at Vārāṇasī, in the performance of severe asceticism.

And that pious King Chandraprabha, hearing of the death of his father, lamented for him, and performed the usual ceremonies, and then said to his ministers : “ How can I ever pay my debt to my father ? However I will make one recompense to him with my own hand. I will take his bones

usually set adrift on a river by jealous relations, and subsequently rises to great prosperity. For this widely spread *motif* see Chauvin, *op. cit.*, vii, p. 95 *et seq.*, and Cosquin, “ Le Lait de la Mère et le Coffre Flottant,” *Études Folkloriques* pp. 199-264.—N.M.P.

and duly fling them into the Ganges, and I will go to Gayā, and offer an obsequial cake to all the ancestors, and I will diligently perform a pilgrimage to all sacred waters, as far as the eastern sea." When the king said this, his ministers said to him: "Your Majesty, kings ought never to do these things, for sovereignty has many weak points, and cannot subsist a moment without being upheld. So you must pay this debt to your father by the instrumentality of another. What visiting of holy waters, other than the doing of your duty, is incumbent upon you? Kings, who are ever carefully guarded, have nothing to do with pilgrimage, which is exposed to many dangers." When King Chandraprabha heard this speech of his ministers he answered them: "Away with doubts and hesitations! I must certainly go for my father's sake; and I must visit the sacred waters while I am young and strong enough. Who knows what will take place hereafter, for the body perishes in a moment? And you must guard my kingdom until I return." When the ministers heard this resolve of the king's they remained silent. So the king got ready all the requisites for the journey.

Then, on an auspicious day, the king bathed, made offerings to the fire, gave complimentary presents to Brāhmins, and ascended a chariot to which the horses were yoked, subdued in spirit and wearing the dress of an ascetic,¹ and started on his pilgrimage. With difficulty did he induce the feudal chiefs, the Rājapūts, the citizens and the country people, who followed him as far as the frontier, to return, much against their will; and so, throwing the burden of his realm upon his ministers, King Chandraprabha set out in the company of his private chaplain, attended by Brāhmins in chariots. He was diverted by beholding various garbs, and hearing various languages, and by the other distractions of travel; and so, seeing on his way all kinds of countries, in course of time he reached the Ganges. And he gazed upon that river, which seemed with the ridges of its waves to be making a ladder for mortals to ascend into heaven by; and which might be said to imitate Ambikā, since it sprang from the mountain

¹ I read with the Sanskrit College MS. *prayataḥ* for *prayātaḥ*. The latter reading, however, gives a fair sense. In *sl.* 67 I read *tishṭhāt*.

Himavat, and playfully pulled in its course the hair of Śiva, and was worshipped by the divine Ṛishis and the Gaṇas. So he descended from his chariot, and bathed in that river, and threw into it, in accordance with pious custom, the bones of King Sūryaprabha.

And after he had given gifts, and performed the *śrāddha*,¹ he ascended the chariot, and set out, and in course of time reached Prayāga,² celebrated by Ṛishis, where the meeting streams of the Ganges and Yamunā gleam for the welfare of men, like the line of flame and the line of smoke of the sacrificial butter blending together. There King Chandraprabha fasted, and performed, with various pious actions, such as bathing, distribution of wealth, and so on, the solemn ceremony of the *śrāddha*, and then he went on to Vārāṇasī, which seemed by the silken banners of its temples, tossed up and down by gusts of wind, to cry out from afar: "Come and attain salvation."

In that city he fasted for three days, and then worshipped Śiva with various meat-offerings, as became his own rank, and then set out for Gayā. As he travelled through the woods, the trees, which were bent down by the weight of their fruit, and in which the birds were sweetly singing, seemed at every step to be bowing before him and praising him at the same time; and the winds, throwing about the woodland flowers, seemed to honour him with posies. And so he crossed the forest districts and reached the sacred hill of Gayā.³ And there he duly performed a *śrāddha*, in which he

¹ See Vol. I, p. 56n¹.—N.M.P.

² The modern Allahabad. See Vol. II, p. 110n¹, and Vol. IV, p. 166n¹.—N.M.P.

³ Literally, "head of Gayā." When Gayāsura was engaged in devotion on the hill Kolāhal, about thirty miles from Gayā, Brahmā and the other gods came to him, and asked him what object he had in view. He said that his wish was that his body might become the holiest thing in the world, so that all who touched it might at once obtain salvation. The request was granted. But Yama complained to Brahmā that no one now came to hell, so that his position had become a sinecure. Thereupon Brahmā, after taking counsel with the other gods, went to Gayāsura, and asked him to give his body for a place on which to perform a sacrifice. He consented. Then Brahmā performed his sacrifice on the body of Gayāsura, placed several gods on it, and made it immovable. His body now lies with its head towards the north and

bestowed many gifts on Brāhmans, and then he entered the Holy Wood. And while he was offering the sacrificial cake to his father in the well of Gayā there rose out of it three human hands to take the cake. When the king saw this, he was bewildered, and said to his own Brāhmans : “ What does this mean ? Into which hand am I to put the cake ? ” They said to him : “ King, this hand, in which an iron spike is seen, is certainly the hand of a thief ; and this second hand, which holds a colander,¹ is the hand of a Brāhman ; and this third hand, which has a ring and the auspicious marks, is the hand of a king. So we do not know into which hand the sacrificial cake is to be put, or what it all means.” When the Brāhmans said this to the king, he was unable to arrive at any certain decision.

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

When the Vetāla, on the shoulder of the king, had told this wonderful tale, he said to King Trivikramasena : “ Now into whose hand should the cake have been put ? Let your

its feet towards the south. It is therefore called Gayākshetra. The area of Gayākshetra is ten square miles. The interior part of Gayākshetra, about two square miles in extent, is called Gayāsīrah, or the head of Gayā. A more usual form appears to be Gayaśīrah, the head of the Asura Gaya. It is a little south-west of Bishṇu Pad. The pilgrims offer *piṇḍas* there. The principal part of Gayāsīrah is called Gayāmukha. *Śrāddhas* are performed there. Dharmāranya, which I have translated “ Holy Wood,” is a place in the east of Bodh Gayā, where Dharmarāja performed a sacrifice. Gayākūpa, or the well of Gayā, is in the south-west of Gayāsīrah. Here *piṇḍas* are offered to ancestors who have been great sinners. The above note is summarised from some remarks by Babu Sheo Narain Trivedi, Deputy Inspector of Schools, made for my information, at the request of W. Kemble, Esq., C.S., Magistrate of Gayā. Pandit Maheśa Chandra Nyāyaratna has pointed out to me that there is an account of the glories of Gayā in the *Vāyu Purāṇa*, and another in the *Padma Purāṇa*. [These agree pretty nearly with that given above.] See also Barth’s *Religions of India*, p. 278, note 2.—It would be hard to overestimate the sacredness of the little village of Gayā in the eyes of Buddhists. It “ is now,” says Sir George Grierson (in a most interesting article, “ Gayā,” *Hastings’ Ency. Rel. Eth.*, vol. vi, p. 182), “ the most holy spot on the earth to something like a hundred and forty millions of people.” The whole article should be read.—N.M.P.

¹ Used for filtering the soma-juice, see Böttlingk and Roth, *s.v.*

Highness tell me that ; and remember the previous condition is still binding on you."

When King Trivikramasena, who was well versed in law, heard this from the Vetāla, he broke silence, and answered him : " The sacrificial cake should have been placed in the hand of the thief, for King Chandraprabha was his son, raised up to him by his appointment, and he was not the son of either of the other two. For though the Brāhman begot him, he cannot be considered his father, as he sold himself for money for that one night. However, he might have been considered the son of King Sūryaprabha, because he had the sacraments performed for him, and brought him up, if the king had not received his wealth for this purpose. For the gold which was placed at the head of the child in the cradle was the price paid to King Sūryaprabha for bringing him up, and other services. Accordingly King Chandraprabha was the son, begotten by another man, of that thief, who received his mother with the pouring of water over the hands, who gave the order for his being begotten, and to whom all that wealth belonged ; and he ought to have placed the sacrificial cake in the thief's hand ; this is my opinion."

When the king said this, the Vetāla left his shoulder, and went to his own place, and King Trivikramasena again went after him to bring him back.

CHAPTER XCIV

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

THEN King Trivikramasena went and took down that Vetāla from the *śiṃśapā* tree, and, putting him on his shoulder, started off with him again. And when he had set out in silence, the Vetāla spake to him from his shoulder: "King, what is the meaning of this persistency of yours? Go, enjoy the good of the night; it is not fitting that you should carry me to that wicked mendicant. However, if you are obstinately bent on it, so be it; but listen to this one story.

163G (20). *The Brāhman Boy who offered himself up to save the Life of the King*¹

There is a city called Chitrakūṭa,² rightly so named, where the established divisions of the castes never step across the strict line of demarcation. In it there lived a king, named Chandrāvaloka, the crest-jewel of kings, who rained showers of nectar into the eyes of those devoted to him. Wise men praised him as the binding-post of the elephant of valour, the fountain-head of generosity and the pleasure-pavilion of beauty. There was one supreme sorrow in the heart of that young prince, that, though he enjoyed all kinds of prosperity, he could not obtain a suitable wife.

Now, one day, the king, accompanied by mounted attendants, went out to a great forest to hunt, in order to dispel that sorrow. There he cleft with continual shafts the herds of wild swine, as the sun, shining in the dun sky,³ disperses the darkness with his rays. Surpassing Arjuna in strength,

¹ See Appendix, pp. 250-256.—N.M.P.

² *I.e.* wonderful peak.

³ Here there is probably a pun. The phrase may mean that the king delighted in the dark grey skins of the pigs.

he made the lions, impetuous in fight, and terrible with their yellow manes, repose upon beds of arrows. Like Indra in might, he stripped of their wings¹ the mountain-like Śarabhas, and laid them low with the blows of his darts hard as the thunderbolt. In the ardour of the chase he felt a longing to penetrate into the centre of the wood alone, so he urged on his horse with a smart blow of his heel. The horse, being exceedingly excited by that blow of his heel, and by a stroke of the whip, cared neither for rough nor smooth, but darting on with a speed exceeding that of the wind, in a moment traversed ten *yojanas*, and carried the king, the functions of whose senses were quite paralysed, to another forest.

There the horse stopped, and the king, having lost his bearings, roamed about wearied, until he saw near him a broad lake, which seemed to make signs to him to approach with its lotuses, that, bent down towards him and then raised again by the wind, seemed like beckoning hands.² So he went up to it, and relieved his horse by taking off its saddle and letting it roll, and bathed and watered it, and then tied it up in the shade of a tree, and gave it a heap of grass. Then he bathed himself, and drank water, and so he dispelled his fatigue, and then he let his eye wander hither and thither in the delightful environs of the lake. And in one part he saw, at the foot of an *āsoka* tree, a wonderfully beautiful hermit's daughter, accompanied by her friend. She wore garlands of flowers, and a dress of bark, which became her well. And she looked exceedingly charming on account of the elegant way in which her hair was plaited together after the hermit fashion. And the king, who had now fallen within the range of the arrows of love, said to himself: "Who can this be? Can it be Sāvitrī come to bathe in the lake? Or can it be Gaurī, who has slipped away from the arms of Śiva, and again betaken herself to asceticism?"

¹ This alludes to Indra's clipping with his bolts the wings of the mountains. The Śarabha is a fabulous eight-legged animal. See Vol. VI, p. 3n¹.
—N.M.P.

² The natives in India beckon in this way.—This is the general practice not only in India but throughout the East. Our form of beckoning means "Go away!" to the Eastern. See Burton, *Nights*, vol. vi, p. 109n².—N.M.P.

Or can it be the beauty of the moon that has taken upon herself a vow, as the moon has set, now that it is day? So I had better approach her quietly and find out." Having thus reflected, the king approached that maiden.

But when she saw him coming, her eyes were bewildered by his beauty, and her hand relaxed its grasp on the garland of flowers, which she had before begun to weave, and she said to herself: "Who is this that has found his way into such a wood as this? Is he a Siddha or a Vidyādhara? In truth his beauty might satisfy the eyes of the whole world." When these thoughts had passed through her mind she rose up, and modestly looking askance at him she proceeded to go away, though her legs seemed to want all power of movement,

Then the polite and dexterous monarch approached her and said: "Fair one, I do not ask you to welcome and entertain a person seen for the first time, who has come from a distance, and desires no fruit other than that of beholding you; but how is your running away from him to be reconciled with the obligations of hermit life?" When the king said this, the lady's attendant, who was equally dexterous, sat down there, and entertained the king.

Then the eager king said to her, with an affectionate manner: "Worthy lady, what auspicious family is adorned by this friend of yours? What are the car-nectar-distilling syllables of her name? And why does she torture in this wilderness, with the discipline appropriate to ascetics, her body, which is soft as a flower?" When her friend heard this speech of the king's she answered: "This is the maiden daughter of the great hermit Kaṇva, borne to him by Menakā; she has been brought up in the hermitage, and her name is Indīvaraprabhā. She has come here to bathe in this lake by permission of her father, and her father's hermitage is at no great distance from this place."

When she said this to the king he was delighted, and he mounted his horse, and set out for the hermitage of the hermit Kaṇva, with the intention of asking him for that daughter of his. He left his horse outside the hermitage, and then he entered with modest humility its enclosure, which was full of

hermits with matted hair, and coats of bark, thus resembling in appearance its trees. And in the middle of it he saw the hermit Kaṇva surrounded with hermits, delighting the eye with his brightness, like the moon surrounded with planets. So he went up to him, and worshipped him, embracing his feet. The wise hermit entertained him and dispelled his fatigue, and then lost no time in saying to him : “ My son Chandrāvaloka, listen to the good advice which I am about to give you. You know how all living creatures in the world fear death : so why do you slay without cause these poor deer ? The Disposer appointed the weapon of the warrior for the protection of the terrified. So rule your subjects righteously, root up your enemies, and secure fleeting Fortune and her gifts by the warlike training of horse, and elephant, and so on. Enjoy the delights of rule, give gifts, diffuse your fame through the world ; but abandon the vice of hunting, the cruel sport of death. What is the profit of that mischievous hunting, in which slayer, victim and horse ¹ are all equally beside themselves ? Have you not heard what happened to Pāṇḍu ? ”

The intelligent King Chandrāvaloka heard and accepted cheerfully this advice of the hermit Kaṇva, and then answered him : “ Reverend sir, I have been instructed by you ; you have done me a great favour ; I renounce hunting, let living creatures be henceforth free from alarm.” When the hermit heard that, he said : “ I am pleased with you for thus granting security to living creatures ; so choose whatever boon you desire.” When the hermit said this, the king, who knew his time, said to him : “ If you are satisfied with me, then give your daughter Indīvarāprabhā.” When the king made this request, the hermit bestowed on him his daughter, who had just returned from bathing, born from an Apsaras, a wife meet for him. Then the wives of the hermits adorned her, and the marriage was solemnised, and King Chandrāvaloka mounted his horse and set out thence quickly, taking with him his wife, whom the ascetics followed as far as the limits of the hermitage with gushing tears. And as he went along, the sun, seeing that the action of that day had been pro-

¹ The Sanskrit College MS. reads *vāhyasya*, which I have followed.

longed,¹ sat down, as if wearied, on the peak of the mountain of setting. And in course of time appeared the gazelle-eyed nymph of night, overflowing with love, veiling her shape in a violet robe of darkness.

Just at that moment the king found on the road an *aśvattha* tree, on the bank of a lake, the water of which was transparent as a good man's heart. And seeing that that spot was overshadowed with dense boughs and leaves, and was shady and grassy, he made up his mind that he would pass the night there. Then he dismounted from his horse, and gave it grass and water, and rested on the sandy bank of the lake, and drank water, and cooled himself in the breeze; and then he lay down with that hermit's daughter, under that tree on a bed of flowers. And at that time the moon arose, and removing the mantle of darkness, seized and kissed the glowing face of the East. And all the quarters of the heaven were free from darkness, and gleamed, embraced and illuminated by the rays of the moon, so that there was no room for pride.² And so the beams of the moon entered the interstices in the bower of creepers, and lit up the space round the foot of the tree like jewel-lamps.

And the next morning the king left his bed, and, after the morning prayer, he made ready to set out with his wife to rejoin his army. And then the moon, that had in the night robbed the cheeks of the lotuses of their beauty, lost its brightness, and slunk, as if in fear, to the hollows of the western mountain; for the sun, fiery red with anger, as if desirous to slay it, lifted his curved sword in his outstretched fingers.³ At that moment there suddenly came there a Brāhman demon, black as soot, with hair yellow as the lightning, looking like a thunder-cloud. He had made himself a wreath of entrails; he wore a sacrificial cord of hair; he was gnawing the flesh of a man's head, and drinking blood out of a skull. The monster, terrible with projecting

¹ The Sanskrit College MS. gives *dūrādhva-gamana-klāntaṃ vikshya taṃ nripatim tadā*: "having seen that the king was wearied with his long journey."

² The passage is full of puns: "darkness" means the quality of darkness in the mind; and "illuminated" means also "calmed."

³ There is also an allusion to the circle of the sun's rays.

tusks, uttered a horrible loud laugh, and vomiting fire with rage,¹ menaced the king in the following words: "Villain! know that I am a Brāhman demon, Jvālāmukha by name, and this *aśvattha* tree my dwelling is not trespassed upon even by gods, but thou hast presumed to occupy and enjoy it with thy wife. So receive from me, returned from my nightly wanderings, the fruit of thy presumption. I, even I, O wicked one, will tear out and devour the heart of thee, whose mind love has overpowered, aye, and I will drink thy blood."

When the king heard this dreadful threat, and saw that his wife was terrified, knowing that the monster was invulnerable, he humbly said to him in his terror: "Pardon the sin which I have ignorantly committed against you, for I am a guest come to this your hermitage, imploring your protection. And I will give you what you desire, by bringing a human victim, whose flesh will glut your appetite; so be appeased, and dismiss your anger." When the Brāhman demon heard this speech of the king's he was pacified, and said to himself: "So be it! That will do." Then he said to the king: "I will overlook the insult you have offered me on the following conditions. You must find a Brāhman boy, who, though seven years old and intelligent, is of so noble a character that he is ready to offer himself for your sake. And his mother and father must place him on the earth, and hold him firmly by the hands and feet, while he is being sacrificed. And when you have found such a human victim you must yourself slay him with a sword-stroke, and so offer him up to me, on the seventh day from this. If you comply with these conditions, well and good; but if not, King,

¹ This is another example of the "unintentional injuries" *motif*, which we have already had in No. 27A, Vol. II, p. 147. To the references given in the note on that page I would add an ancient Egyptian story of the twelfth dynasty, called by Maspero (*Popular Stories of the Ancient Egypt*, p. 101), "The Shipwrecked Sailor." After the hero has satisfied his hunger on the island he makes a fire-lighter, lights a fire, and offers a burnt-offering to the gods. Immediately a voice like thunder is heard, the earth trembles, and an enormous serpent appears. It commands him to say who has brought him to the island. In a note, Maspero suggests that among the plants collected for the fire there may have been some that acted as a summons to the *genius loci*, while he himself had no intention of performing a magic rite.—N.M.P.

I will in a moment destroy you and all your court." When the king heard this, in his terror he agreed at once to the conditions proposed, and the Brāhman demon immediately disappeared.

Then King Chandrāvaloka mounted his horse, and set out with Indivaraprabhā in quest of his army, in a state of the utmost despondency. He said to himself: "Alas, I, bewildered by hunting and love, have suddenly incurred destruction like Pāṇḍu¹; fool that I am! For whence can I obtain for this Rākshasa a victim such as he has described? So I will go in the meantime to my own town, and see what will happen." While thus reflecting, he met his own army, that had come in search of him, and with that and his wife he entered his city of Chitrakūṭa. Then the whole kingdom rejoiced, when they saw that he had obtained a suitable wife, but the king passed the rest of the day in suppressed sorrow.

The next day he communicated to his ministers in secret all that had taken place, and a discreet minister among them said to him: "Do not be downcast, King, for I will search for and bring you such a victim, for the earth contains many marvels."

When the minister had consoled the king in these words, he had made with the utmost rapidity a golden image of a seven-years-old child, and he adorned its ears with jewels, and placed it on a chariot,² and had it carried about in the towns, villages and stations of herdsmen. And while that image of a child was being carried about, the minister had the following proclamation continually made in front of it, with beat of drum: "If a Brāhman boy of seven years old will willingly offer himself to a Brāhman demon for the good of the community, and if his mother and father will permit the brave boy to offer himself, and will hold his hands and feet while he is being slain, the king will give to that boy, who is so eager to benefit his parents as to comply with

¹ See Vol. II, pp. 126, 127.

² The B. text has a corrupted reading. For *karṇe rathārpitām* it has *karṇā-rathārpitām*; thus we must translate ". . . and dressed it with ornaments, then he placed it in a palanquin . . ." See Speyer, *op. cit.*, pp. 136, 137.—N.M.P.

these conditions, this image of gold and gems, together with a hundred villages."

Now it happened that a certain seven-years-old Brāhman boy, living on a royal grant to Brāhmins, who was of great courage and admirable character, heard this proclamation. Even in his childhood this boy had always taken pleasure in benefiting his fellow-men, as he had practised that virtue in a former life ; in fact, he seemed like the ripe result of the merits of the king's subjects incarnate in bodily form. So he came and said to the men who were making this proclamation : " I will offer myself up for your good ; but first, I will go and inform my parents ; then I will return to you." When he said this to them they were delighted, and they let him go. So he went home, and folding his hands in an attitude of supplication, he said to his parents : " I wish to offer for the good of the community this perishable body of mine ; so permit me to do so, and put an end to your poverty. For if I do so, the king will give me this image of myself, made of gold and gems, together with a hundred villages, and on receiving them I will make them over to you. In this way I shall pay my debt to you, and at the same time benefit my fellow-men ; and your poverty will be at an end and you will have many sons to replace me."

As soon as he had said this, his parents answered him : " What is this that you say, son ? Are you distracted with wind ? Or are you planet-struck ? Unless you are one of these, how could you talk in this wild way ? Who would cause his son's death for the sake of wealth ? What child would sacrifice its body ? " When the boy heard this speech of his parents he rejoined : " I do not speak from a disordered intellect ; hear my speech, which is full of sense. This body, which is full of indescribable impurities, which is loathsome by its very birth, and the abode of pain, will soon perish¹ anyhow. So wise men say that the only solid and permanent thing in a fleeting universe is that merit which is acquired by means of this very frail and perishable body.² And what greater merit can there be than the benefiting of

¹ *Vināśyaiva* should be *vināśyaeva*.

² I follow the Sanskrit College MS., which reads *etenātyasāreṇa*.

all creatures ? So, if I do not show devotion to my parents, what fruit shall I reap from my body ?” By this speech, and others of the same kind, the resolute boy induced his weeping parents to consent to his wish. And he went to the king’s servants, and obtained from them that golden image, together with a grant of a hundred villages, and gave them to his parents. Then he made the king’s servants precede him, and went quickly, accompanied by his parents, to the king in Chitrakūta.

Then King Chandrāvaloka, beholding arrived the boy, whose courage¹ was so perfect, and who thus resembled a bright protecting talisman, was exceedingly delighted. So he had him adorned with garlands, and anointed with unguents, and, putting him on the back of an elephant, he took him with his parents to the abode of the Brāhman demon.

Then the chaplain drew a circle² near the *aśvattha* tree, and performed the requisite rites, and made an oblation to the fire. And then the Brāhman demon, Jvālāmukha, appeared, uttering a loud laugh, and reciting the Vedas. His appearance was very terrible ; he was drunk with a full draught of blood, yawning, and panting frequently ; his eyes blazed, and he darkened the whole horizon with the shadow of his body. Then King Chandrāvaloka, beholding him, bent before him, and said : “ Adorable one, I have brought you this human sacrifice, and it is now the seventh day, gentle sir, since I promised it you ; so be propitious, receive this sacrifice, as is due.” When the king made this request, the Brāhman demon looked at the Brāhman boy, licking the corners of his mouth with his tongue.³

At that moment the noble boy, in his joy, said to himself : “ Let not the merit which I acquire by this sacrifice of my body gain for me heaven, or even a salvation which involves no benefits to others, but may I be privileged to offer up my body for the benefit of others in birth after birth ! ” While he was forming this aspiration, the heaven was suddenly filled with the chariots of the heavenly host, who rained flowers.

¹ *Tejas* means “ courage,” and also “ brightness.”

² See Vol. II, p. 98n⁴ and Vol. III, p. 201 *et. seq.*—N.M.P.

³ *Asrikkaṇṇim* is probably a misprint for *sikkhaṇṇim*.

Then the boy was placed in front of the Brāhman demon, and his mother took hold of his hands and his father of his feet. Then the king drew his sword, and prepared to slay him ; but at that moment the child laughed so loudly that all there, the Brāhman demon included, abandoned the occupation in which they were engaged, and in their astonishment put their palms together and, bowing, looked at his face.

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

When the Vetāla had told this entertaining and romantic tale, he once more put a question to King Trivikramasena : “ So tell me, King, what was the reason that the boy laughed in such an awful moment as that of his own death ? I feel great curiosity to know it ; so, if you know, and do not tell me, your head shall split into a hundred pieces.”

When the king heard this from the Vetāla, he answered him : “ Hear what was the meaning of that child’s laugh. It is well known that a weak creature, when danger comes upon it, calls upon its father or mother to save its life. And if its father and mother be gone, it invokes the protection of the king, who is appointed to succour the afflicted, and if it cannot obtain the aid of the king, it calls upon the deity under whose special protection it is. Now, in the case of that child, all those were present, and all behaved in exactly the opposite manner to what might have been expected of them. The child’s parents held its hands and feet out of greed of gain, and the king was eager to slay it to save his own life, and the Brāhman demon, its protecting deity, was ready to devour it. The child said to itself : ‘ To think that these should be thus deluded, being led so much astray for the sake of the body, which is perishable, loathsome within, and full of pain and disease ! Why should they have such a strange longing for the continuance of the body, in a world in which Brahmā, Indra, Viṣṇu, Śiva, and the other gods, must certainly perish.’ Accordingly the Brāhman boy laughed out of joy and wonder, joy at feeling that he had accomplished his object, and wonder at beholding the marvellous strangeness of their delusion.”

When the king had said this he ceased, and the Vetāla immediately left his shoulder and went back to his own place, disappearing by his magic power. But the king, without hesitating a moment, rapidly pursued him : the hearts of great men, as of great seas, are firm and unshaken.

CHAPTER XCV

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

THEN King Trivikramasena again went and took the Vetāla from the *śiṃśapā* tree, and carried him along on his shoulder. And as he was going along, the Vetāla again said to the king: "Listen, King, I will tell you a story of violent attachment.

163G (21). *Anangamanjarī, her Husband Maṇivarman and the Brāhman Kamalākara*¹

There is a city called Viśālā, which is like a second city of Indra, made by the Creator on earth, for the sake of virtuous people who have fallen from heaven. In it there lived a fortunate king, named Padmanābha, who was a source to good men, and excelled King Bali.² In the reign of that king there lived in that city a great merchant, named Arthadatta, who surpassed in opulence the God of Wealth. And to him there was born a daughter named Anangamanjarī, who was exhibited on earth by the Creator as a likeness of a heavenly nymph. And that merchant gave her to the son of a distinguished merchant dwelling in Tāmraliptī, and named Maṇivarman. But as he was very fond of his daughter Anangamanjarī, because she was his only child, he would not let her leave his house, but kept her there with her husband. But Anangamanjarī's husband Maṇivarman was as distasteful to her as a biting bitter medicine to a sick man. But that lovely one was dearer than life to her husband, as wealth hardly won and long hoarded is to a miser.

Now once on a time that Maṇivarman, longing to see his

¹ See Appendix, pp. 256-258.—N.M.P.

² Tawney seems not to have appreciated the punning comparison to Viṣṇu, his weapons and defeat of Bali, that runs through this sentence. See further Speyer, *op. cit.*, p. 137.—N.M.P.

parents, went to his home in Tāmralipti to visit them. After some days had passed, the hot season descended upon the land, impeding the journey of men absent from home with the sharp shafts of the sun's rays. The winds blew laden with the fragrance of the jasmine and trumpet-flower, and seemed like the hot ¹ sighs of the cardinal points on account of the departure of spring. Lines of dust raised by the wind flew up to heaven, like messengers sent by the heated earth to hasten the approach of the clouds. The days passed slowly, like travellers exhausted by the severe heat, and longing for the shade of the trees. The nights, pale-gleaming with moonbeams, became exceedingly ² reduced owing to the loss of the spring with all its happy meetings.

One day in that season, that merchant's daughter Anangamanjarī was sitting with her intimate friend in a lofty window of her house, white with sandalwood ointment,³ and elegantly dressed in a thin garment of silk. While there, she saw a young Brāhman, named Kamalākara, the son of the king's chaplain, passing by, and he looked like the God of Love, risen from his ashes, going to find Rati. And when Kamalākara saw that lovely one overhead, like the orb of the moon,⁴ he was full of joy, and became like a cluster of *kumuda* flowers. The sight of those two young persons became to one another, by the mighty command of Kāma, a priceless ⁵ fascination of the mind. And the two were overcome by passion, which rooted up their modesty, and carried away by a storm of love-frenzy, which flung their minds to a distance. And Kamalākara's companion, as soon as he saw that his friend was love-smitten, dragged him off, though with difficulty, to his own house.

As for Anangamanjarī, she inquired what his name was, and, having no will of her own, slowly entered the house with that confidante of hers. There she was grievously afflicted with the fever of love, and thinking on her beloved, she

¹ *Ushmā* should probably be *ushnā*.

² In the Sanskrit College MS. *ati* is inserted before *durbalatām*.

³ See note at the end of the chapter.—N.M.P.

⁴ The moon is the patron of the *kumuda*; the sun of the *kamala*, or lotus. *Kamalākara* means a collection of *kamalas*.

⁵ The Sanskrit College MS. reads *achūrṇam*—"without powder."

rolled on the bed, and neither saw nor heard anything. After two or three days had passed, being ashamed and afraid, unable to bear the misery of separation, thin and pale, and despairing of union with her beloved, which seemed a thing impossible, she determined on suicide. So one night, when her attendants were asleep, she went out, drawn, as it were, by the moon, which sent its rays through the window like fingers, and made for a tank at the foot of a tree in her own garden. There she approached an image of the goddess Chāṇḍī, her family deity, that had been set up with much magnificence by her father, and she bowed before the goddess, and praised her, and said : " Though I have not obtained Kamalākara for a husband in this life, let him be my husband in a future birth ! " When the impassioned woman had uttered these words in front of the goddess, she made a noose with her upper garment, and fastened it to an *aśoka* tree.

In the meanwhile it happened that her confidante, who was sleeping in the same room, woke up, and not seeing her there, went to the garden to look for her. And seeing her there engaged in fastening a noose round her neck, she cried out, " Stop ! stop ! " and running up, she cut that noose which she had made. Anangamanjarī, when she saw that her confidante had come and cut the noose, fell on the ground in a state of great affliction. Her confidante comforted her, and asked her the cause of her grief, and she at once told her, and went on to say to her : " So you see, friend Mālatikā, as I am under the authority of my parents and so on, and have little chance of being united to my beloved, death is my highest happiness." While Anangamanjarī was saying these words she was exceedingly tortured with the fire of Love's arrows, and being overpowered with despair, she fainted away.

Her friend Mālatikā exclaimed : " Alas, the command of Kāma is hard to resist, since it has reduced to this state this friend of mine, who was always laughing at other misguided women who showed a want of self-restraint.¹ " Lamenting in these words, she slowly brought Anangamanjarī round with cold water, fanning, and so on ; and, in

¹ I take *anyāvinītavanitāhāsini* as one word, and read *vilapanṭi* instead of *vilapanṭim*.

order to allay her heat, she made her a bed of lotus leaves, and placed on her heart a necklace cool as snow. Then Anangamanjarī, with her eyes gushing with tears, said to her friend : " Friend, the necklace and the other applications do not allay my internal heat. But do you by your cleverness accomplish something which will really allay it. Unite me to my beloved, if you wish to preserve my life." When she said this, Mālatikā lovingly answered her : " My friend, the night is now almost at an end, but to-morrow I will make an arrangement with your beloved, and bring him to this very place. So in the meanwhile control yourself, and enter your house." When she said this, Anangamanjarī was pleased, and drawing the necklace from her neck, she gave it to her as a present. And she said to her : " Now go to your house, and early to-morrow go thence to the house of my beloved ; and may you prosper ! " Having dismissed her confidante in these words, she entered her own apartments.

And early next morning her friend Mālatikā went, without being seen by anyone, to the house of Kamalākara, and searching about in the garden, she saw him at the foot of a tree. He was rolling about, burning with the fire of love, on a bed of lotus leaves moistened with sandalwood juice,¹ and a confidential friend of his was trying to give him relief by fanning him with a plantain leaf. She said to herself : " Is it possible that he has been reduced to this stage of love's malady by separation from her ? " So she remained there in concealment, to find out the truth about it.

In the meanwhile that friend of Kamalākara's said to him : " Cast your eye, my friend, for a moment round this delightful garden, and cheer up your heart. Do not give way to despondency." When the young Brāhman heard this, he answered his friend : " My friend, my heart has been taken from me by Anangamanjarī, the merchant's daughter, and my breast left empty ; so how can I cheer up my heart ? Moreover, Love, finding me robbed of my heart, has made me a quiver for his arrows ; so enable me to get hold of that girl, who stole it."

When the young Brāhman said that, Mālatikā's doubts

¹ See note at the end of the chapter.—N.M.P.

were removed, and she was delighted, and showed herself, and went up to him, and said : “ Happy man, Anangaman-jarī has sent me to you, and I hereby give you her message, the meaning of which is clear : ‘ What sort of conduct is this for a virtuous man, to enter a fair one’s bosom by force, and after stealing away her heart, to go off without showing himself ? ’ It is strange too that though you have stolen the lady’s heart, she now wishes to surrender to you herself and her life. For day and night she furnaces forth hot sighs, which appear like smoke rising from the fire of love in her burning heart. And her teardrops, black as collyrium, fall frequently, looking like bees attracted by the fragrance of her lotus-like face. So if you like, I will say what will be for the good of both of you.”

When Mālatikā said this, Kamalākara answered her : “ My good lady, this speech of yours, though it comforts me by showing that my beloved loves me, terrifies me, as it tells that the fair one is in a state of unhappiness. So you are our only refuge in this matter ; do as you think best.” When Kamalākara said this, Mālatikā answered : “ I will to-night bring Anangamanjarī secretly into the garden belonging to her house, and you must take care to be outside. Then I will manage by some device of mine to let you in, and so you will be able to see one another in accordance with your wishes.” When Mālatikā had by these words delighted the young Brāhman, she went away, having accomplished her object, and delighted Anangamanjarī also.

Then the sun, in love with the twilight, departed somewhere or other, together with the day, and the heaven adorned itself, placing the moon on its western quarter like a patch on the forehead. And the pure white *kumuda* cluster laughed joyously with the cheerful faces of its opened flowers, as if to say : “ Fortune has left the lotus cluster and come to me.” Thereupon the lover Kamalākara also adorned himself, and, full of impatience, slowly approached the outside of the door that led into the garden of Anangamanjarī’s house. Then Mālatikā managed to bring into that garden Anangamanjarī, who had with difficulty got through the day. And she made her sit in the middle of it, in a bower

of mango-trees, and went out and brought in Kamalākara also. And when he entered he beheld Anangamanjarī in the midst of dense-foliaged trees, as gladly as the traveller beholds the shade.

While he was advancing towards her she saw him, and as the violence of her passion robbed her of shame, she eagerly ran forward and threw her arms round his neck. She faltered out, "Where are you going? I have caught you," and immediately her breath was stopped by the weight of excessive joy, and she died. And she fell on the ground, like a creeper broken by the wind. Alas! strange is the course of love, that is terrible in its consequences. When Kamalākara beheld that misfortune, which was terrible as a thunderstroke, he said, "Alas! what is this?" and fell senseless on the ground. In a moment he recovered consciousness; and then he took his beloved up in his arms and embraced and kissed her, and lamented much. And then he was so violently oppressed by excessive weight of sorrow that his heart burst asunder at once, with a crack. And when Mālatikā was lamenting over their corpses, the night, seeing that both these lovers had met their end, came to an end, as if out of grief. And the next day the relations of both, hearing from the gardeners what had happened, came there distracted with shame, wonder, grief and bewilderment. And they remained for a long time doubtful what to do, with faces downcast from distress: bad women are a grievous affliction, and a source of calamity to their family.

At this moment Maṇivarman, the husband of Anangamanjarī, came, full of longing to see her, from his father's house in Tāmraliptī. When he reached his father-in-law's house, and heard what had taken place, he came running to that garden, his eyes blinded with tears. There, beholding his wife lying dead beside another man, the passionate man at once yielded up his breath, that was heated with the fire of grief. Then the people there began to cry out, and to make an uproar, and all the citizens heard what had taken place, and came there in a state of astonishment.

Then the goddess Chāṇḍī, who was close at hand, having

been called down into that garden long ago by the father of Anangamanjarī, was thus supplicated by her Gaṇas : “ Goddess, this merchant Arthadatta, who has established an image of thee in his garden, has always been devoted to thee, so have mercy upon him in this his affliction.” When the beloved of Śiva, the refuge of the distressed, heard this prayer of her Gaṇas, she gave command that the three should return to life, free from passion. So they all, by her favour, immediately arose, as if awaking from sleep, free from the passion of love. Then all the people were full of joy, beholding that marvel ; and Kamalākara went home, with his face downcast from shame ; and Arthadatta, having recovered his daughter¹ Anangamanjarī, who looked thoroughly ashamed of herself, together with her husband, returned to his house in high spirits.

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

When the Vetāla had told this story that night on the way, he again put a question to King Trivikramasena. He said : “ King, tell me, which of those three, who were blinded by passion, was the most infatuated ? And remember, the curse before-mentioned will take effect if you know and do not say.”

When the king heard this question of the Vetāla’s he answered him : “ It seems to me that Maṇivarman was the most infatuated with passion of the three. For one can understand those two dying, as they were desperately in love with one another, and their amorous condition had been fully developed by lapse of time. But Maṇivarman was terribly infatuated, for when he saw his wife dead of love for another man, and the occasion called for indignation, he was so far from being angry that, in his great love, he died of grief.”

When the king had said this, the mighty Vetāla again left his shoulder, and departed to his own place, and the king again went in pursuit of him.

¹ I insert *sulām* at the beginning of the line. The *su* is clear enough in the Sanskrit College MS., but the rest of the word is illegible.

NOTE ON SANDALWOOD

On p. 99 of this chapter we read of the fair Anangamanjari being "white with sandalwood ointment." Then again on p. 101 the love-sick Kamalākara vainly tries to quench the fire of love by lying on "a bed composed of lotus leaves moistened with sandalwood juice." So too in the eleventh Vetāla one of the princesses has "sandalwood lotion applied to her body" (p. 11), while the third unfortunate lady "had sandalwood unguent and other remedies applied to her hands, in order to allay the pain" (p. 12). See also the references on pp. 30, 43, 53 and 72. We thus see that there appears to be two distinct uses to which sandalwood was put: as a face-cream for cooling and perfuming the skin, and as a medicinal application to relieve pain, burns, fever, etc.

It will be interesting to see how far this is confirmed by the historical evidence that exists with reference to sandalwood. All forms of the word as found in English (*Sandal*, *Sandle*, *Sanders*, *Sandalwood*) are derived from the Sanskrit *chandana*, "refreshing," through the Persian *sandal*, *chandal*, the Arabic *ṣandal*, *sandali-aswad*, the Greek *σάνταλον*, *σάνδαλον*, Low Latin *santalum*, and French *sandal*, *santal*.

Sandalwood is the wood of the *Santalum album*, Linn., order Santalaceae, which is a small evergreen tree native in the dry regions of South India (e.g. Western Ghats, Mysore and Coimbatore), while in Bombay, Poona, Gujarat, and several localities in Northern India it is chiefly a cultivated plant. The fragrance for which the wood is so prized depends on the presence of essential oil, situated chiefly in the dark central wood of the tree. It is the roots which yield the largest quantity and finest quality oil. It is pale yellow in colour, transparent, with a resinous taste and a peculiarly fragrant and penetrating odour. The outer parts of old trunks and young trees are almost entirely without scent, hence the sandal-cutters carefully remove the outer and generally lighter portion of the wood, which they term the "sap." The heartwood is cut into small chips, and distillation is slowly carried on for ten days, at the end of which period the whole of the oil is extracted.

According to one authority 100 parts of sandalwood yield, upon distillation with steam, 1·25 to 2·8 parts of the essential oil (Watt, *Economic Products of India*, vol. vi, pt. ii, p. 464). Another author (Seemann, *Intellectual Observer*, vol. iv, p. 74) states that a pound of wood yields about two drachms of oil. In Hindu medical works sandalwood is described as bitter, cooling, astringent, and useful in biliousness, vomiting, fever, thirst and heat of the body (Dutt, *Materia Medica of the Hindus*, p. 225 of the 1877 edition). The wood ground up with water to the consistence of paste is a common application among the natives to erysipulous and local inflammations, to the temples in fevers, and to allay heat in cutaneous diseases. In remittent fevers it acts as a diaphoretic (Drury, *Useful Plants of India*, p. 383). The paste is also used for painting the body after bathing, and is employed for making the *Shardana*, or caste-marks, especially in Southern India. Sandalwood powder mixed with coconut-water is used in bathing to cool the body, and is especially efficient in the

case of headache, prickly heat, etc. Watt (*op. cit.*, p. 465) gives several references to accounts of the effective use of the oil in venereal diseases.

We pass on to the value of the wood for other domestic and religious purposes. In these cases it is the perfume of the distilled oil which is so important. As mentioned above, the oil from the roots is the finest, although an oil is expressed from the seeds, but this is a thick, viscid oil used only by the poorer classes in lamps. The essential oil constitutes the basis of the majority of attars distilled in India, and, mixed with pure alcohol, forms the perfumer's *Extrait de bois de Santal*. In order to sweeten it for use on the handkerchief a slight addition of rose is required. It mixes well with soap. With charcoal and a little nitre it forms sandal pastilles for perfuming apartments, but much of the odour is lost in the preparation (Seemann, *op. cit.*, p. 74).

The wood is used chiefly in the carving industry—boxes, cabinets, work-tables, walking-sticks, fans, picture-frames, etc., being some of the more usual articles so made. The Kanara district is the chief home of the sandalwood-carving industry. For the possible identification of the *Algum* or *Almug* trees of 1 Kings x, 11, 12, and 2 Chronicles ii, 8; ix, 10, 11, see the article by G. E. Post in Hastings' *Dictionary of the Bible*, vol. i, p. 63, and W. H. Schoff, *The Ship "Tyre,"* 1920, pp. 27, 28.

Turning to its sacred uses, we find that idols are carved from the wood. It is interesting to notice that among the treasures brought from India by Hiuen Tsiang were two sandalwood figures of Buddha, the larger of which was modelled on one made by the desire of Udāyana, King of Kausāmbī (see Beal, *Life of Hiuen Tsiang*, pp. 213, 214). An emulsion of the wood is given as an offering to the gods, and an incense made of it is burned before them. A considerable export for making incense followed in the wake of Buddhism, and the amount used in this fashion by China was, and still is, particularly large. The Parsis consume large quantities, usually of an inferior variety, in their fire-temples. The relatives of the deceased who can afford to buy the wood, do so for cremation purposes, while all Hindus add at least one piece of it to the funeral pyre.

Although sandalwood was used in India from at least the fifth century B.C., it was almost entirely confined to Buddhist and Hindu peoples. In the West it appears not to have been known until the beginning of the Christian era, the earliest Roman reference being in the famous *Periplus of the Erythræan Sea* (circa A.D. 80). Here we read (36) of two market-towns on the Persian Gulf called Apologus [Obollah of Saracen times], and Ommana [Oman]:

"To both of these market-towns large vessels are regularly sent from Barygaza, loaded with copper and sandalwood and timbers of teakwood and logs of blackwood and ebony" (see Schoff's edition, 1912, pp. 36, 152, and further, Lassen, *Indische Alterthumskunde*, vol. i, p. 287).

Barygaza is the modern Broach in the Gulf of Cambay, the Greek name being from the Prakrit Bharukachchha, a corruption of the Sanskrit Bhṛigukachchha.

The wood is mentioned by Cosmas Indicopleustes (sixth century A.D.) under the name *Tzandāna*, and frequently by the early Arab traders who

visited India and China. Both Cosmas and the Arabs attributed the wood to China, the mistake arising from the fact that the Chinese vessels trading with the merchants of Bagdad had picked up cargoes of the wood at Ceylon and such Indian ports as Broach. (See M'Crindle's edition, Hakluyt Soc., 1897, p. 366.) As was only to be expected with a people so fond of perfumes as the Mohammedans, sandalwood became a great favourite with them, and caused a considerable spread of its use in the Middle and Near East.

For early European references see Yule and Burnell, *Hobson Jobson*, under "Sandal." (The article in the 1903 edition adds nothing to that of 1886.)

With regard to the modern sandalwood trade of both India and the various islands of the Malay Archipelago and the Pacific we are not concerned, but a good idea of this may be got from the following:—

Watt, *op. cit.*, vol. iv, pt. ii, pp. 466, 467; Seemann, *op. cit.*, p. 78 *et seq.*; "C.B.," *Leisure Hour*, 1869, pp. 598-600; and the anonymous articles in *The Practical Magazine*, vol. vii, 1877, pp. 373, 374, and in *Scientific American*, vol. cviii, 1913, p. 558, which deals largely with the need for great and more careful cultivation of the tree, and finally in the *Annual Statement of the Seaborne Trade of British India*, the most recent copies of which show that the export trade has steadily increased since 1921, and now stands at about eight hundred tons per annum.

So far, we have spoken only of the *Santalum album*, which is the one referred to in the *Ocean*. Mention, however, should also be made of the Red Sanders Tree, *Pterocarpus santalinus*, which is used chiefly as a dye. Owing, however, to the modern introduction of aniline dyes, its use in this capacity has been very considerably curtailed. See further, Watt, *op. cit.*, vol. vi, pt. i, p. 359 *et seq.*; and D. Hooper, "Calature Wood," *Nature*, vol. lxxxvi, 1911, pp. 311, 312.—N.M.P.

CHAPTER XCVI

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

THEN King Trivikramasena again fetched the Vetāla from the top of the *śimśapā* tree, and put him on his shoulder, and as he was going along, the Vetāla said to him on the way : “ King, you are good and brave, so hear this matchless tale.

163G (22). *The Four Brāhman Brothers who resuscitated the Lion*¹

There lived once on the earth a king, named Dharanī-varāha, who was lord of the town of Pāṭaliputra.² In his realm, which abounded in Brāhmins, there was a royal grant to Brāhmins named Brahmasthala ; and on it there lived a Brāhman of the name of Viṣṇusvāmin. He had a wife that was as well suited to him as the oblation to the fire. And in course of time he had four sons by her. And when they had learned the Vedas, and passed their childhood, Viṣṇusvāmin went to heaven, and his wife followed him.

Then all his sons there, being in a miserable state, as they had no protectors, and having had all their property taken from them by their relations, deliberated together, and said : “ We have no means of support here, so why should we not go hence to the house of our maternal grandfather in the village named Yajnasthala ? ” Having determined on this, they set out, living on alms, and after many days they reached the house of their maternal grandfather. Their grandfather was dead, but their mother’s brothers gave them shelter and food, and they lived in their house, engaged in

¹ See Appendix, pp. 258-260.—N.M.P.

² I read with the Sanskrit College MS. *Kusumapurāḥkhyānagareśvaraḥ*. But *Kusumapurāḥkhye nagare svarāḥ*, the reading of Professor Brockhaus’ text, would mean “an independent monarch in the city of Pāṭaliputra,” and would give almost as good a sense.

reading the Vedas. But after a time, as they were paupers, their uncles came to despise them, and neglected to supply them with food, clothes and other necessities.

Then their hearts were wounded by the manifest contempt shown for them by their relations, and they brooded over it in secret, and then the eldest brother said to the rest : “ Well ! brothers, what are we to do ? Destiny performs everything ; no man can do anything in this world at any place or time. For to-day, as I was wandering about in a state of distraction, I reached a cemetery ; and in it I saw a man lying dead on the ground, with all his limbs relaxed. And when I saw him I envied his state, and I said to myself : ‘ Fortunate is this man, who is thus at rest, having got rid of his burden of grief.’ Such was the reflection that then occurred to me. So I determined to die, and I tried to hang myself by means of a rope fastened to the branch of a tree. I became unconscious, but my breath did not leave my body ; and while I was in this state the rope broke, and I fell to the earth. And as soon as I recovered consciousness I saw that some compassionate man was fanning me with his garment. He said to me : ‘ Friend, say, why do you allow yourself to be thus afflicted, though you are wise ? For joy springs from good deeds, and pain from evil deeds ; these are their only sources. If your agitation is due to pain, then perform good deeds. How can you be so foolish as to desire to incur the pains of hell by suicide ? ’ With these words that man consoled me, and then departed somewhere or other ; but I have come here, having abandoned my design of committing suicide. So you see that, if Destiny is adverse, it is not even possible to die. Now I intend to go to some holy water, and there consume my body with austerities, in order that I may never again endure the misery of poverty.”

When the eldest brother said this, his younger brothers said to him : “ Sir, why are you, though wise, afflicted with pain merely because you are poor ? Do you not know that riches pass away like an autumn cloud. Who can ever count on retaining fortune or a fickle woman, though he carry them off and guard them carefully, for both are

insincere in their affection and secretly hostile to their possessor? So a wise man must acquire by vigorous exertion some eminent accomplishment, which will enable him frequently to bind¹ and lead home by force riches, which are like bounding deer." When the eldest brother was addressed in this language by his brothers, he at once recovered his self-control, and said: "What accomplishment of this kind should we acquire?" Then they all considered and said to one another: "We will search through the earth and acquire some magic power." So having adopted this resolution, and fixed upon a trysting-place at which to meet, the four separated, going east, west, north and south.

And in course of time they met again at the appointed spot, and asked one another what each had learned. Then one of them said: "I have learned this magic secret: if I find a bit of a bone of any animal, I can immediately produce on it the flesh of that animal." When the second heard this speech of his brother's, he said: "When the flesh of any animal has been superinduced upon a piece of bone, I know how to produce the skin and hair appropriate to that animal." Then the third said: "And when the hair and flesh and skin have been produced, I am able to create the limbs of the animal to which the bone belonged." And the fourth said: "When the animal has its limbs properly developed, I know how to endow it with life."

When they had said this to one another, the four brothers went into the forest to find a piece of bone on which to display their skill. There it happened that they found a piece of a lion's bone, and they took it up without knowing to what animal it belonged. Then the first covered it with the appropriate flesh, and the second in the same way produced on it all the requisite skin and hair, and the third completed the animal by giving it all its appropriate limbs and it became a lion, and then the fourth endowed it with life. Then it rose up a very terrible lion, furnished with a dense shaggy mane, having a mouth formidable with teeth,² and with hooked claws

¹ I follow the Sanskrit College MS., which reads *baddhvā* for *buddhyā*.

² The Sanskrit College MS. gives the reading *sadamśhīrāsankaṣamukhaḥ*, which I follow.

at the end of its paws. And charging the four authors of its being, it slew them on the spot, and then retired gluttoned to the forest. So those Brāhmanas perished by making the fatal mistake of creating a lion ; for who can give joy to his own soul by raising up a noisome beast ?

So, if Fate be not propitious, an accomplishment, though painfully acquired, not only does not bring prosperity, but actually brings destruction. For the tree of valour only bears fruit, as a general rule, when the root, being uninjured,¹ is watered with the water of wisdom, and when it is surrounded with the trench of policy.

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When the Vetāla, sitting on the shoulder of the king, had told this tale on the way, that night, to King Trivikramasena, he went on to say to him : “ King, which of these four was guilty in respect of the production of the lion, that slew them all ? Tell me quickly, and remember that the old condition is still binding on you.”

When the king heard the Vetāla say this, he said to himself : “ This demon wishes me to break silence, and so to escape from me. Never mind, I will go and fetch him again.” Having formed this resolution in his heart, he answered that Vetāla : “ That one among them who gave life to the lion is the guilty one. For they produced the flesh, the skin, the hair and the limbs by magic power, without knowing what kind of animal they were making ; and therefore no guilt attaches to them on account of their ignorance. But the man who, when he saw that the animal had a lion’s shape, gave life to it, in order to display his skill, was guilty of the death of those Brāhmanas.”

When the mighty Vetāla heard this speech of the king’s, he again left his shoulder by magic power and went back to his own place, and the king again went in pursuit of him.

¹ I read *avikṛite*, with the Sanskrit College MS.

CHAPTER XCVII

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

THEN the noble King Trivikramasena went back, and again took down that Vetāla from the *śiṃśapā* tree, and though the Vetāla transformed himself in all possible ways, he put him on his shoulder and started off with him in silence, and then the Vetāla said to him : “ King, though the business in which you are engaged is not becoming to you, you exhibit in it undaunted perseverance ; so listen, I will tell you a tale to dispel your fatigue.

163G (23). *The Hermit who first Wept and then Danced*¹

There is in the land of Kalinga a city named Śobhāvati, like the city of Indra in heaven, the abode of those that act aright. It was ruled by a king named Pradyumna, whose sway was mighty, and who, like the god Pradyumna, was celebrated for his exceeding power and valour. The only detraction heard in his realm was that of the string from the bow, the only pressure that of the fingers on the cymbal ; vice was only known in the name of the age,² and keenness only in the pursuit of knowledge.

In a certain part of that town there was a grant named Yajñasthala, given by that king, on which many Brāhman were settled. There lived on it a very wealthy Brāhman who had mastered the Vedas, whose name was Yajñasoma. He maintained a sacrificial fire, and honoured guests and the gods. After his youth was past, there was born to him by his wife, who was in every way a suitable match for him, an only son, the child of a hundred wishes. And that promising

¹ See Appendix, pp. 260, 261.—N.M.P.

² *Guṇa* means “ virtue ” and also “ string ” ; *kara*, “ finger ” and “ tribute ” ; the *kaliyuga*, or “ age of vice,” is the last and worst. *Vaikṛitam* in *śl.* 2 may perhaps mean “ anger,” as in 79 *śl.* 2 : see Böhtlingk and Roth s.v.

boy grew up in his father's house, and the Brāhmans duly called him Devasoma. And when he had attained the age of sixteen years, that boy, who captivated all by his knowledge, modesty and other good qualities, suddenly died of a fever. Then Yajnasoma, together with his wife, remained lovingly embracing that dead boy, and lamenting over him, and refused for a long time to let him be taken away to be burnt.

Then the old men assembled and reproved that Brāhman in the following words: "Brāhman, are you not aware, though you know what is near and far, that the condition of this *Fata Morgana* of a world is frail as a bubble on water? Look at those kings who filled the earth with their armies, and enjoyed themselves in this world, deeming themselves immortal, lying on jewelled couches on the delightful summits of palaces, that resounded with the warbling of music, having their bodies anointed with sandalwood ointment and other fragrant unguents, and begirt with beautiful women. Even these no one could save from being consumed by flesh-devouring flames, lying alone on the funeral pyre in the cemetery, whither the dead are followed by weeping friends, and when their extremities had been shrivelled, from being at last devoured by the jackals: much less can any others escape this fate. So tell us, wise man, what mean you by embracing that corpse?" Many other speeches of this kind did they address to him.

At last, with difficulty, his relations got him to stop clinging to his dead son; and then, after the body had been laid out, they put it on a bier, and with loud lamentations carried it to the burning-place, accompanied by many people, who shed tears on account of the calamity.

Now at that time there was dwelling in that cemetery an old Pāśupata ascetic possessing supernatural power, who lived in a hut. His name was Vāmaśiva. His body was emaciated with age and excessive asceticism, and bound round with veins, as if with fear that it would break. He was covered all over with hair white with ashes, his matted locks were yellow as lightning, and he looked like a second Śiva. When that hermit heard in the distance the lamentation of

those people outside his hut, he said to the pupil that lived with him : " Rise up ! go and find out the meaning of this confused noise outside in the cemetery, such as I never heard before, and come back quickly and tell me."

Now this pupil was one who had taken a vow of living on the products of begging ; he was a fool, and a rogue, and an egoist, puffed up with contemplation, magical powers and other things of the kind, and at this time he was annoyed because his teacher had rebuked him. So, when his teacher gave him this order, he answered him : " I will not go ! Go yourself, for my time for begging is fast slipping away." When the teacher heard that, he said : " Out on you, fool, devoted to your belly ! Only half one watch of the day has passed ; how can it be your time for begging now ?" When the wicked pupil heard that he was angry, and said to his teacher : " Out on you, you decrepit old creature ! I am no longer your pupil, and you are no longer my teacher. I will go elsewhere : carry this vessel yourself." When he had said this, he put down in front of him his stick and water-vessel, and got up and went away.

Then the hermit left his hut, laughing as he went, and came to the place where the young Brāhman had been brought to be buried. And when the hermit saw him with the people lamenting for the flower of his youth, being afflicted with old age, and possessed of magical powers, he determined to enter his body. So he quickly went aside, and first wept aloud, and immediately afterwards he danced with appropriate gesticulations. Then the ascetic, longing to be young again, abandoned his own body, and at once entered by magic power that young Brāhman's body. And immediately the young Brāhman on the pyre, which was ready prepared, returned to life, and rose up with a yawn. When his relations and all the people saw that, they raised a loud shout of " Hurrah ! he is alive ! he is alive !"

Then that ascetic, who was a mighty sorcerer, and had thus entered the young Brāhman's body, not intending to abandon his vow, told them all the following falsehood : " Just now, when I went to the other world, Śiva himself restored my life to me, telling me that I must take upon me

the vow of a Pāśupata ascetic. And I must this moment go into a solitary place and support this vow, otherwise I cannot live; so depart you, and I also will depart." Saying this to all those present, the resolute votary, bewildered with mixed feelings of joy and grief, dismissed them to their own homes. And he himself went and threw that former body of his into a ravine; and so that great magician, who had taken the vow, having become young, went away to another place.

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

When the Vetāla had told this story that night on the way, he again said to King Trivikramasena: "Tell me, King, why did that mighty magician, when entering another body, first weep, and then dance? I have a great desire to know this."

When that king, who was a chief of sages, heard this question of the Vetāla's, fearing the curse, he broke silence, and gave him this answer: "Hear what the feelings of that ascetic were. He was grieved because he thought that he was just going to abandon that body, which had grown up with him through many years, by living in which he had acquired magic power, and which his parents had fondled when he was a child, so he wept violently, for affection for one's body is a deeply rooted feeling. But he danced for joy because he thought that he was about to enter a new body, and that by means of that he would acquire greater magic power; for to whom is not youth pleasing?"

When the Vetāla, who was inside that corpse, heard this speech of the king's, he left his shoulder and went back to that *śiṃśapā* tree; but that exceedingly undaunted monarch again ran after him to recover him, for the resolution of determined men surpasses in firmness the mighty mountains, and remains unshaken even at the end of a *kalpa*.

CHAPTER XCVIII

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

THEN the brave King Trivikramasena, disregarding the awful night, which in that terrible cemetery assumed the appearance of a Rākshasī, being black with darkness, and having the flames of the funeral pyres for fiery eyes, again went to the *śimśapā* tree, and took from it the Vetāla, and put him on his shoulder.

And while he was going along with him, as before, the Vetāla again said to that king : “ O King, I am tired out with going backwards and forwards, though you are not ; so I will put to you one difficult question, and mind you listen to me.

163G (24). *The Father that married the Daughter and the Son that married the Mother*¹

There was in the Deccan a king of a small province, who was named Dharma ; he was the chief of virtuous men, but he had many relations who aspired to supplant him. He had a wife named Chandravatī, who came from the land of Mālava ; she was of high lineage, and the most virtuous of women. And that king had born to him by that wife one daughter, who was not without cause named Lāvanyavatī.²

And when that daughter had attained a marriageable age, King Dharma was ejected from his throne by his relations, who banded together and divided his realm. Then he fled from his kingdom at night with his wife and that daughter, taking with him a large number of valuable jewels, and he deliberately set out for Mālava, the dwelling-place of his father-in-law. And in the course of that same night he reached the Vindhya forest with his wife and daughter. And when he entered it, the night, that had escorted him thus

¹ See Appendix, p. 262.—N.M.P.

² *I.e.* possessed of beauty.

far, took leave of him with drops of dew by way of tears. And the sun ascended the eastern mountain, stretching forth its first rays, like a warning hand, to dissuade him from entering that brigand-haunted wood. Then he travelled through it with his wife and daughter, having his feet wounded with sharp points of *kuśa* grass, and he reached a village of the Bhillas. It was full of men who robbed their neighbours of life and property, and shunned by the virtuous, like the strong city of Death.

Then beholding the king from a distance with his dress and ornaments, many Śavaras, armed with various weapons, ran to plunder him. When King Dharma saw that, he said to his daughter and wife : "The barbarians will seize on you first, so enter the wood in this direction." When the king said this to them, Queen Chandravatī and her daughter Lāvanyavatī, in their terror, plunged into the middle of the wood. And the brave king, armed with sword and shield, killed many of the Śavaras, who came towards him, raining arrows. Then the chief summoned the whole village, and falling on the king, who stood there alone, they slashed his shield to pieces and killed him ; and then the host of bandits departed with his ornaments. And Queen Chandravatī, concealed in a thicket of the wood, saw from a distance her husband slain ; so in her bewilderment she fled with her daughter, and they entered another dense forest a long distance off. There they found that the shadows of the trees, afflicted by the heat of midday, had laid themselves at their cool roots, imitating travellers. So, tired and sad, the queen sat down weeping with her daughter, in a spot on the bank of a lotus-lake, under the shade of an *aśoka* tree.

In the meanwhile a chief, who lived near, came to that forest on horseback, with his son, to hunt. He was named Chanḍasimha, and when he saw their footsteps imprinted in the dust, he said to his son Sinhaparākrama : "We will follow up these lovely and auspicious tracks, and if we find the ladies to whom they belong, you shall choose whichever you please of them." When Chanḍasimha said this, his son Sinhaparākrama said to him : "I should like to have for a wife the one that has these small feet, for I know that she

will be young and suited to me. But this one with large feet, being older than the other, will just suit you." When Chāṇḍasiṃha heard this speech of his son's, he said to him : " What is this that you say ? Your mother has only recently gone to heaven, and now that I have lost so good a wife, how can I desire another ? " When Chāṇḍasiṃha's son heard that, he said to him : " Father, do not say so, for the home of a householder is empty without a wife. Moreover, have you not heard the stanza composed by Mūladeva ? ' Who that is not a fool enters that house in which there is no shapely love eagerly awaiting his return, which, though called a house, is really a prison without chains.' So, father, my death will lie at your door if you do not take as your wife that companion of the lady whom I have chosen."

When Chāṇḍasiṃha heard this speech of his son's, he approved it, and went on slowly with him, tracking up their footsteps. And he reached that spot near the lake, and saw that dark Queen Chandravatī, adorned with many strings of pearls,¹ sitting in the shade of a tree. She looked like the midnight sky in the middle of the day, and her daughter, Lāvāṇyavatī, like the pure white moonlight, seemed to illumine her. And he and his son eagerly approached her, and she, when she saw him, rose up terrified, thinking that he was a bandit.

But the queen's daughter said to her : " Mother, do not be afraid ; these are not bandits ; these two gentle-looking, well-dressed persons are certainly some nobles come here to hunt." However, the queen still continued to hesitate ; and then Chāṇḍasiṃha got down from his horse and said to the two ladies : " Do not be alarmed : we have come here to see you out of love ; so take confidence² and tell us fearlessly who you are, since you seem like Rati and Priti fled to this wood in sorrow at Kāma's having been consumed by the flames of Śiva's fiery eye. And how did you two come to

¹ By reading *muktātāraughamaṇḍitām*, with the D. text, we see it was rather the great splendour of the orients (pearls of the finest water) that attracted Chāṇḍasiṃha.—N.M.P.

² I read *vibhāṣya*, with the Sanskrit College MS., in place of *viśramya*, which means "having rested."

enter this unpeopled wood ? For these forms of yours are fitted to dwell in a gem-adorned palace. And our minds are tortured to think how your feet, that deserve to be supported by the lap of beautiful women, can have traversed this ground full of thorns. And, strange to say, the dust raised by the wind, falling on your faces, makes our faces lose their brightness from despondency.¹ And the furious heat of the beams of the fierce-rayed sun, as it plays on your flower-soft bodies, burns us. So tell us your story ; for our hearts are afflicted : we cannot bear to see you thus abiding in a forest full of wild beasts.”

When Chaṇḍasiṃha said this, the queen sighed, and, full of shame and grief, slowly told him her story. Then Chaṇḍasiṃha, seeing that she had no protector, comforted her and her daughter, and coaxed them with kind words into becoming members of his family. And he and his son put the queen and her daughter on their horses, and conducted them to their rich palace in Vittapapurī. And the queen, being helpless, submitted to his will, as if she had been born again in a second life. What is an unprotected woman, fallen into calamity in a foreign land, to do ? Then Sinhaparākrama, the son of Chaṇḍasiṃha, made Chandravatī his wife, on account of the smallness of her feet. And Chaṇḍasiṃha made her daughter, the Princess Lāvaṇyavatī, his wife, on account of the largeness of her feet. For they made this agreement originally, when they saw the two tracks of the small footsteps ; and who ever swerves from his plighted word ?

So, from the mistake about the feet, the daughter became the wife of the father, and the mother the wife of the son ; and so the daughter became the mother-in-law of her own mother, and the mother became the daughter-in-law of her own daughter. And in course of time both of them had by those husbands sons and daughters, and they also had sons and daughters in due course of time. So Chaṇḍasiṃha and Sinhaparākrama lived in their city, having obtained as wives Lāvaṇyavatī and Chandravatī.”

¹ I adopt Dr Kern's conjecture of *hata* for *ahata*.

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When the Vetāla had told this story on the way at night, he again put a question to King Trivikramasena : “ Now, King, about the children who were in course of time born to the mother and daughter by the son and the father in those two lines—what relationship did they bear to one another ? Tell me if you know. And the curse before threatened will descend on you if you know and do not tell.”

When the king heard this question of the Vetāla’s, he turned the matter over and over again in his mind, but he could not find out, so he went on his way in silence. Then the Vetāla in the dead man’s body, perched on the top of his shoulder, laughed to himself, and reflected : “ Ha ! ha ! the king does not know how to answer this puzzling question, so he is glad, and silently goes on his way with very nimble feet. Now I cannot manage to deceive this treasure-house of valour any further,¹ and this is not enough to make that mendicant stop playing tricks with me, so I will now deceive that villain, and by an artifice bestow the success, which he has earned, upon this king, whom a glorious future awaits.”

When the Vetāla had gone through these reflections, he said to the king : “ King, though you have been worried with so many journeys to and fro in this cemetery terrible with black night, you seem quite happy, and you do not show the least irresolution. I am pleased with this wonderful courage that you show.² So now carry off this body, for I am going out of it ; and listen to this advice which I give you for your welfare, and act on it. That wicked mendicant, for whom you have fetched this human corpse, will immediately summon me into it, and honour me. And wishing to offer you up as a victim, the rascal will say to you : ‘ King, prostrate yourself on the ground in such a way that eight

¹ I read *param*, with the MS. in the Sanskrit College.

² This idea is found also in European story-books. See Kuhn’s *Sagen aus Westfalen*, p. 277 : “ *Diese Unerschrockenheit gefiel dem Teufel so sehr, dass sich sein Zorn nicht nur legte, sondern,*” etc. See also Grimm’s *Irische Elfenmärchen* (which is based on Croker’s *Tales*), p. 8.

limbs will touch it.' Then, great King, you must say to that ascetic ¹: 'Show me first how to do it, and then I will do exactly as you do.' Then he will fling himself on the ground, and show you how to perform the prostration, and that moment you must cut off his head with the sword. Then you will obtain that prize which he desires, the sovereignty of the Vidyādhara. Enjoy this earth by sacrificing him! But otherwise that mendicant will offer you up as a victim. It was to prevent this that I threw obstacles in your way for such a long time here. So depart; may you prosper!" When the Vetāla had said this, he went out of that human corpse that was on the king's shoulder.

Then the king was led by the speech of the Vetāla, who was pleased with him, to look upon the ascetic Kshāntiśīla as his enemy, but he went to him in high spirits, where he sat under the banyan-tree, and took with him that human corpse.

¹ *Śramaṇa*.

CHAPTER XCIX

163G (25). *Conclusion of King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant* ¹

THEN King Trivikramasena came up to that mendicant Kshāntisīla, carrying that corpse on his shoulder. And he saw that ascetic, alone at the foot of a tree, in the cemetery that was terrible with a night of the black fortnight, eagerly awaiting his arrival. He was in a circle made with the yellow powder of bones, the ground within which was smeared with blood, and which had pitchers full of blood placed in the direction of the cardinal points.² It was richly illuminated with candles of human fat,³ and near it was a fire fed with oblations ; it was full of all the necessary preparations for a sacrifice, and in it the ascetic was engaged in worshipping his favourite deity.

So the king went up to him, and the mendicant, seeing that he had brought the corpse, rose up delighted, and said, praising him : “ Great King, you have conferred on me a favour difficult to accomplish. To think that one like you should undertake this enterprise in such a place and at such a time ! Indeed they say with truth that you are the best of all noble kings, being a man of unbending courage,⁴ since you forward the interests of another with such utter disregard of self. And wise men say that the greatness of great ones consists in this very thing, that they swerve not from what they have engaged to do, even though their lives are in danger.”

With these words the mendicant, thinking he had gained

¹ See Appendix, p. 263.—N.M.P.

² I read, with the MS. in the Sanskrit College, *dipta* for *kleipta*, and *pūrṇa* for *pūrva*.

³ See Vol. III, pp. 150-154.—N.M.P.

⁴ The Sanskrit College MS. reads *nishkampam*. But perhaps we ought to read *nishkampā*, “ O fearless one.” *Saiyam* must be used adverbially. *Kulabhūbhṛitām* also means “ of great mountains.”

his end, took the corpse down from the shoulder of that king. And he bathed it, and anointed it, and threw a garland round it, and placed it within that circle. And he smeared his limbs with ashes, and put on a sacrificial thread of hair, and clothed himself in the garments of the dead, and thus equipped he continued for a time in meditation. Then the mendicant summoned that mighty Vetāla by the power of spells, and made him enter the corpse, and proceeded to worship him. He offered to him an *argha*¹ of white human teeth in a skull by way of an *argha* vessel; and he presented to him flowers and fragrant unguents; and he gratified him with the savoury reek of human eyes,² and made an offering to him of human flesh. And when he had finished his worship, he said to the king, who was at his side: "King, fall on the ground, and do obeisance with all your eight limbs to this high sovereign of spells who has appeared here, in order that this bestower of boons may grant you the accomplishment of your heart's desire."

When the king heard that, he called to mind the words of the Vetāla, and said to the mendicant: "I do not know how to do it, reverend sir; do you show me first, and then I will do exactly as you." Then the mendicant threw himself on the ground, to show the king what he was to do, and then the king cut off his head with a stroke of his sword. And he tore and dragged³ the lotus of his heart out of his inside, and offered his heart and head as two lotuses to that Vetāla.

Then the delighted hosts of goblins uttered shouts of applause on every side, and the Vetāla said to the king from inside the corpse: "King, the sovereignty of the Vidyā-dharas, which this mendicant was aiming at, shall fall to your lot after you have finished the enjoyment of your earthly sway. Since I have given you much annoyance, choose whatever boon you desire." When the Vetāla said this, the king said to him: "Since you are pleased with me, every

¹ In the D. text "very pure human blood" (*sunirmalaiḥ nararaktaiḥ*) is offered as an *argha*, an oblation to gods and venerable men, generally consisting of water, rice and *dūrva* grass.—N.M.P.

² I read *netraiśeḥa* for *netre cha*, with the Sanskrit College MS.

³ Perhaps *pāṣitāt* would give a better sense.

boon that I could desire is obtained ; nevertheless, as your words cannot be uttered in vain, I crave this boon of you : may these first twenty-four questions and answers, charming with their various tales, and this conclusion, the twenty-fifth of the series, be all famous and honoured on the earth ! ” When the king made this request to the Vetāla, the latter replied : “ So be it ! And now listen, King ; I am going to mention a peculiar excellence which it shall possess. This string of tales, consisting of the twenty-four first, and this final concluding tale, shall become, under the title of ‘ The Twenty-five Tales of a Vampire,’ famous and honoured on the earth, as conducing to prosperity ! Whosoever shall read respectfully even a *śloka* of it, or whosoever shall hear it read, even they two shall immediately be freed from their curse. And Yakshas, and Vetālas, and Kushmāṇḍas, and witches, and Rākshasas, and other creatures of the kind shall have no power where this shall be recited.” When the Vetāla had said this, he left that human corpse, and went by his supernatural deluding power to the habitation he desired.

Then Śiva, being pleased, appeared, accompanied by all the gods, to that king, visibly manifest, and said to him, as he bowed before him : “ Bravo, my son, for that thou hast to-day slain this hypocritical ascetic, who was so ardently in love with the imperial sovereignty over the Vidyādharaś ! I originally created thee out of a portion of myself, as Vikramāditya, in order that thou mightest destroy the Asuras, that had become incarnate in the form of Mlechchhas. And now thou hast again been created by me as an heroic king of the name of Trivikramasena, in order that thou mightest overcome an audacious evildoer. So thou shalt bring under thy sway the earth with the islands and the realms below, and shalt soon become supreme ruler over the Vidyādharaś. And after thou hast long enjoyed heavenly pleasures, thou shalt become melancholy, and shalt of thy own will abandon them, and shalt at last without fail be united with me. Now receive from me this sword named Invincible, by means of which thou shalt duly obtain all this.” When the god Śiva had said this to the king, he gave him that splendid

sword, and disappeared after he had been worshipped by him with devout speeches and flowers.

Then King Trivikramasena, seeing that the whole business was finished, and as the night had come to an end, entered his own city Pratiṣṭhāna. There he was honoured by his rejoicing subjects, who in course of time came to hear of his exploits during the night, and he spent the whole of that day in bathing, giving gifts, in worshipping Śiva, in dancing, singing, music and other enjoyments of the kind. And in a few days that king, by the power of the sword of Śiva, came to enjoy the earth, that was cleared of all enemies, together with the islands and the lower regions; and then by the appointment of Śiva he obtained the high imperial sovereignty over the Vidyādharas, and after enjoying it long, at last became united with the blessed one, so attaining all his ends.¹

163. Story of *Mṛigāṅkadatta*

When that minister Vikramakeśarin, meeting in the way the successful ² Prince *Mṛigāṅkadatta*, after he had been long separated from him by a curse, had told him all this, he went on to say to him: "So, Prince, after that old Brāhman had told me in that village this story, called 'The Twenty-five Tales of a Vampire,' he went on to say to me: 'Well, my son, did not that heroic King Trivikramasena obtain from the favour of a Vetāla the thing that he desired? So do you also receive from me this spell, and laying aside your state of despondency win over a chief among the Vetālas, in order that you may obtain reunion with Prince *Mṛigāṅkadatta*. For nothing is unattainable by those who possess endurance: who, my son, will not fail, if he allows his endurance to break down? So do what I recommend you

¹ Here ends the *Vetālapañcaviṃśati*, which began in Vol. VI, p. 165.—N.M.P.

² The Sanskrit College MS. reads *sa kṛitārtham*.—But surely *Mṛigāṅkadatta* could hardly be described as "successful" before he had obtained *Śaśāṅkavatī*. The difficulty, however, vanishes if instead of B.'s *svakṛitārtham nijagāda rājaputram* we read *prakṛitārtham nijagāda rājaputram* with D. The translation then would be "spoke to the prince (again) of the present subject." See Speyer, *op. cit.*, p. 138.—N.M.P.

to do out of affection ; for you kindly delivered me from the pain of the bite of a poisonous serpent.'¹ When the Brāhmaṇ said this, I received from him the spell with the practice to be employed with it, and then, King, I took leave of him, and went to Ujjayinī. There I got hold of a corpse in the cemetery at night, and I washed it and performed all the necessary processes with regard to it, and I summoned a Vetāla into it by means of that spell, and duly worshipped him. And to satisfy his hunger, I gave him human flesh to eat ; and being greedy for the flesh of men, he ate that up quickly, and then said to me : ' I am not satisfied with this ; give me some more.' And as he would not wait any time, I cut off my own flesh,² and gave it to him to please him ; and that made that prince of magicians exceedingly pleased with me. Then he said to me : ' My friend, I am much pleased now with this intrepid valour of thine, so become whole in thy limbs as thou wast before, and crave from me whatever boon thou desirest.' When the Vetāla said this to me, I answered him then and there : ' Convey me, god, to that place where my master Mrigāṅkadatta is ; there is no other boon which I desire more than this.' Then the mighty Vetāla said to me : ' Then quickly get up on my shoulder, that I may carry thee rapidly to that master of thine.' When the Vetāla said this, I consented, and eagerly climbed up on his shoulder, and then the Vetāla, that was inside that human corpse, rapidly set out through the air, carrying me with him. And he has brought me here to-day, King ; and when that mighty Vetāla saw you on the way, he brought me down from the air, and thus I have

¹ The B. text is corrupt here. Read with the D. text *tvam me bandhukḥ sarpadaṃśārtihartā*, " I hold you for my kinsman, since you have rescued me of the pain of a serpent's bite." See Speyer, *op. cit.*, p. 138.—N.M.P.

² See Vol. I, pp. 84, 84n¹, 85, and also Vol. VI, pp. 122, 122n², 123n. To the references given in Vol. I, I would add F. Panzer, *Beowulf*, 1910, p. 191 ; and to those in Vol. VI, the tale of " La Montagne Noire," *Méhusine*, vol. ii, p. 447. Here the hero rides on the back of a crow, to whom he has to give flesh as often as he says "*couac*." At last he has to give him flesh from his own thighs. The wounds are healed instantaneously by means of a "*fiote de graisse*" which he carries with him. Cf. also No. 61 of Gonzenbach's *Sicilianische Märchen* with Dr Köhler's notes.—N.M.P.

been made to reach the sole of your foot. And I have to-day been reunited with my master, and the Vetāla has departed, having accomplished what was required of him. This, O bestower of honour,¹ is my great adventure, since I was separated from you by the curse of the Nāga."

When Mṛigānkadatta, as he was going to Ujjayinī to win his beloved, had heard, on the way, from his minister, Vikramakeśarin, this account of his adventures since he had been separated from him, that prince rejoiced, as he had in course of time found some of his ministers, who were separated from him by the curse of Pārāvatāksha, and as he augured therefrom success in all that he had in hand.

¹ The Sanskrit College MS. reads *kopita* for *mānada*—i.e. "Since I was separated from you by the curse of the enraged Nāga."

CHAPTER C

INVOCATION

HONOUR to the vanquisher of obstacles,¹ round whose knees, when he is dancing at night, there winds a garland of stars, which appears as if it had fallen from the globes on his forehead !

163. *Story of Mrigānkadatta*

Then, the story being ended, the delighted Mrigānkadatta rose up from the middle of the path and set out again for Ujjayinī, for which he had long ago started in order to find Śaśānkavati, with a party of eight, including himself, having recovered Vikramakeśarin, accompanied by Guṇākara, and Vimalabuddhi, and Vichitrakatha, and Bhīmaparākrama, and Prachandaśakti, and the Brāhman Śrutadhi, and he kept looking out for those of his companions separated from him by the curse of the Nāga whom he had not yet recovered.

And in course of time he reached a treeless desert, all the water in which had been dried up by the heat, and which was full of sand heated by the fierce blaze of the sun. And as the prince was traversing it, he said to his ministers : “ Observe how long, terrible and difficult to cross is this great desert ; for it has in it no refuge : it is pathless and abandoned by men, and the blaze of its fire of grief seems to ascend in these sandy mirages ; its rough and dishevelled locks are represented by the dry, rustling blades of grass, and its thorns make it appear to have its hair standing on end through fear of the lions, tigers and other noisome beasts ; and it laments in the cries of its deer exhausted by the heat and longing for water. So we must cross this terrible desert as quickly as we can.”

When Mrigānkādatta had said this, he quickly crossed that desert with his ministers, who were afflicted with

¹ Gaṇeśa, who is represented with the head of an elephant. In *sl.* 8 I read, with the Sanskrit College MS., *viḥhrashtapaṭhā*.

hunger and thirst. And he beheld in front of him a great lake filled with pellucid and cold water, looking like streams that had flowed down from the moon after it had been melted with the heat of the sun. It was so broad that it filled the whole horizon, and it looked like a jewel-mirror made by the Fortune of the three worlds, in order to behold in it the reflection of herself. That lake resembled the Mahābhārata, for in it the Dhārtarāshṭras¹ were making a disturbance, and many Arjuna-trees were reflected²; and it was refreshing and sweet to the taste; it was like the churned sea of doom, for its precious fluid was drunk by the blue-necked jays that assembled near it,³ and Vishṇu might have resorted to it to find the Goddess of Beauty⁴: it resembled an earthly Pātāla, for its profound cool depths were never reached by the rays of the sun, and it was an unfailing receptacle of lotuses.⁵

And on the western shore of that lake the prince and his ministers saw a great and wonderful tree. Its numerous far-reaching boughs, agitated by the wind, appeared like arms, and the cloud-stream that clung to its head was like the Ganges, so that it resembled Śiva dancing. With its lofty top, that pierced the sky, it seemed to be standing erect out of curiosity to see the beauty of the garden of Nandana. It was adorned with fruit of heavenly flavour, that clung to its branches, and so it looked like the wishing-tree of heaven, with goblets of nectar suspended on it by the gods. It waved its shoots like finger-tips, and seemed with the voices of its birds to say again and again: "Let no one question me in any way!"⁶

¹ This word means "the sons of Dhṛitarāshṭra," and also "geese with black legs and bills."

² This also means "in which Arjuna was displaying great activity."

³ There is also an allusion to Śiva's having drunk the poison that was produced by the Churning of the Ocean.

⁴ There is an allusion to Vishṇu's having obtained Lakshmi from the ocean when churned. The passage may also mean that the beauty of the lake was permanent.

⁵ This expression also means that "it rested on the head of the serpent Ananta": which was true of Pātāla or Hades.

⁶ Instead of B's *prākṣhid* *iti* read *prākṣhid*, with the D. text, "Let no one touch me in any way!" See Speyer, *op. cit.*, p. 138.—N.M.P.

While Prince Mrigānkadatta was looking at that tree, his ministers, worn out with hunger and thirst, ran towards it, and the moment they saw those fruits on it, they climbed up to eat them, and immediately they lost their human form, and were all six suddenly turned into fruits. Then Mrigānkadatta was bewildered at not seeing those friends of his, and he called on every one of them there by name. But when they gave no answer, and could not be seen anywhere, the prince exclaimed in a voice agonised with despair: "Alas! I am undone!" and fell on the ground in a swoon. And the Brāhman Śrutadhi, who had not climbed up the tree, was the only one left at his side.

So the Brāhman Śrutadhi at once said to him by way of consolation: "Why, my sovereign, do you lose your firmness, and despair, though you have learned wisdom? For it is the man who is not distracted in calamity that obtains prosperity. Did you not find those ministers, after they had been separated from you by the curse of the Nāga? In like manner shall you again recover them, and get back the others also, and moreover you shall soon be united with Śaśānkavatī." When Śrutadhi said this to the prince, he answered him: "How can this be? The truth is that all this train of events was arranged for our ruin by the Disposer. If it was not so arranged, how came the Vetāla to appear in the night and Bhīmaparākrama to do as he did, and how came it to pass that I heard about Śaśānkavatī through the conversation that took place between them, and that I set out from Ayodhyā to fetch her? How came it to pass also that we were all separated from one another in the Vindhya forest by the curse of the Nāga, and that some of us were in course of time reunited, and that this second separation has now taken place and with that the ruin of all my plans? It all tallies together, my friend. The fact is they have been devoured in that tree by a demon, and without them what is Śaśānkavatī to me, or what is my life worth to me? So away with delusions!" When Mrigānkadatta had said this, he rose up to throw himself into the lake out of sorrow, although Śrutadhi tried to prevent him.

At that moment a bodiless voice came from the air : “ My son, do not act rashly, for all will end well for thee. The god Gaṇeśa himself dwells in this tree, and he has been to-day insulted by thy ministers unwittingly.¹ For they, King, being pinched with hunger, climbed up into the tree in which he dwells, to pick its fruits, in a state of impurity, having neither rinsed their mouths nor washed their hands and feet ; so the moment that they touched the fruits they became fruits themselves. For Gaṇeśa inflicted on them this curse : ‘ Let them become that on which their minds are fixed ! ’ Moreover, thy four other ministers, who, the moment they arrived here, climbed up the tree in the same way, were turned into fruits by the god. Therefore do you propitiate Gaṇeśa with ascetic practices, and by his favour thou shalt attain all thy objects.”

When Mṛigānkadatta had been thus addressed by the voice from the air, that seemed to rain nectar into his ears, hope again sprang up in his bosom, and he gave up all idea of suicide. So he bathed in the lake, and worshipped Gaṇeśa, who dwelt in that tree, without taking food, and joining his palms in an attitude of supplication praised him in the following words : “ Hail, thou elephant-faced lord, who art, as it were, worshipped by the earth, that with its plains, rocks and woods bows under the crushing weight of thy tumultuous dance ! Hail, thou that hast the twin lotuses of thy feet worshipped by the three worlds, with the gods, Asuras and men that dwell in them ; thou whose body is in shape like a pitcher for the abundant storing of various splendid successes ! Hail, thou, the flame of whose might blazes forth like twelve fierce suns rising at once ; thou that wast a premature day of doom to the race of the Daityas, whom Śiva, Viṣṇu, and Indra found hard to conquer ! Hail, thou that warddest off calamity from thy votaries ! Hail, thou that diffusest a blaze of flame with thy hand, while it glitters with thy mighty axe, that seems anxious to illuminate thee in sport ! I fly for refuge to thee, Gaṇeśa, that wast worshipped even by Gaurī, in order that her husband might successfully accomplish his undertaking in the conquest of Tripura ; honour

¹ Another unintentional injury. See p. 92ⁿ¹, and Vol. II, p. 147ⁿ¹.—N.M.P.

to thee ! ” When Mṛigāṅkadatta had in these words praised Gaṇeśa, he spent that night fasting, on a bed of *kuśa* grass under that tree. In the same way that prince spent eleven nights, being engaged in propitiating Gaṇeśa, the king of impediments ; and Śrutadhi remained in attendance on him.

And on the night of the twelfth day Gaṇeśa said to him in a dream : “ My son, I am pleased with thee ; thy ministers shall be released from their curse, and thou shalt recover them ; and with them thou shalt go and win Śaśāṅkavatī in due course ; and thou shalt return to thy own city, and rule the whole earth.” After Mṛigāṅkadatta had been thus informed in a dream by the god Gaṇeśa, he woke up, when the night came to an end, and told Śrutadhi the vision that he had seen. Śrutadhi congratulated him on it ; and then, in the morning, the prince bathed and worshipped Gaṇeśa, and proceeded to walk round the tree in which the god dwelt, with his right hand towards it,¹ and while he was thus engaged all his ten ministers came down from the tree, having been released from the form of fruits, and fell at his feet. Besides the six who were mentioned before, there were Vyāghrasena and Sthūlabāhu, and Meghabala, and the fourth, Dṛiḍhamuṣṭi.

Then the prince, having recovered all those ministers at the same instance, with eye, with gestures,² and with voice agitated by the workings of joy, looked at his ministers, one by one, again and again, exceedingly lovingly, and embraced them, and then spoke to them ; having successfully attained his object. And they, beholding with tears in their eyes their master, who, after the asceticism which he had gone through, was slender as a new moon, and having been told

¹ See Vol. I, pp. 190-193.—N.M.P.

² The Petersburg lexicographers read *kalanayā* for *kalatuyā*. The three verbs correspond to the three nouns.—Speyer (*op. cit.*, p. 139), however, considers *pramadamanthanārambha* also corrupt. He would translate the passage as follows : “ Then the prince, having recovered all those ministers at the same instance, looked at them with his eyes, embraced them with impetuosity and then spoke to them with a faltering voice, owing to the emotion of his exceeding love ; so he saluted them one by one, again and again, happy by his success.”—N.M.P.

the true explanation of the whole by Śrutadhi, felicitated themselves on having truly a protecting lord.

Then Mṛigāṅkadatta, having attained good hope of accomplishing his enterprise, joyfully broke his fast with those ministers, who had performed all necessary ablutions in the tank.

CHAPTER CI

163. *Story of Mṛigānkadatta*

THEN Mṛigānkadatta, refreshed by breaking his fast, sat down with those ministers of his on the bank of that lake. Then he courteously asked those four ministers, whom he had recovered that day, for an account of their adventures during the time that he was separated from them. Thereupon that one of them who was called Vyāghrasena said to him: "Listen, Prince, I now proceed to relate our adventures. When I was carried to a distance from you by the curse of the Nāga Pārāvataḥksha, I lost my senses, and in that state I wandered through the forest by night. At last I recovered consciousness, but the darkness, which enveloped me, prevented me from seeing where the cardinal points lay, and what path I ought to take. At last the night, that grief made long,¹ came to an end; and in course of time the sun arose, that mighty god, and revealed all the quarters of the heaven. Then I said to myself: 'Alas! Where can that master of mine be gone? And how will he manage to exist here alone separated from us? And how am I to recover him? Where shall I look for him? What course shall I adopt? I had better go to Ujjayinī; for I may perhaps find him there; for he must go there, to find Śaśānkavati.' With such hopes I set out slowly for Ujjayinī, threading that difficult forest that resembled calamity, scorched by the rays of the sun, that resembled showers of fiery powder.

"And at last, somehow or other, I reached a lake, with full-blown lotuses for expanded eyes, that seemed to hold converse with me by means of the sweet cries of its swans and other water-birds; it stretched forth its ripples like hands;

¹ The Sanskrit College MS. reads *dānāyām* for *dārgḥāyām*.

its surface was calm and broad¹; the very sight of it took away all grief; and so in all points it resembled a good man. I bathed in it, and ate lotus-fibres, and drank water; and while I was lingering on its bank I saw these three arrive there, Dṛiḍhamusṭi, and Sthūlabāhu and Meghabala. And when we met, we asked one another for tidings of you. And as none of us knew anything about you, and we suspected the worst, we made up our minds to abandon the body, being unable to endure separation from you.

“And at that moment a hermit-boy came to bathe in that lake; his name was Mahātapas, and he was the son of Dīrgha-tapas. He had matted hair, he diffused a brightness of his own, and he seemed like the God of Fire, blazing with mighty flame, become incarnate in the body of a Brāhman, in order to consume once more the Khāṇḍava forest²; he was clothed in the skin of a black antelope, he had an ascetic's water-vessel in his left hand, and on his right wrist he bore a rosary of Aksha seeds by way of a bracelet; the perfumed earth that he used in bathing was stuck on the horns of the deer that came with him, and he was accompanied by some other hermit-boys like himself. The moment he saw us about to throw ourselves into the lake he came towards us—for the good are easily melted with compassion, and show causeless friendship to all. And he said to us: ‘You ought not to commit a crime characteristic of cowards, for poltroons, with their minds blinded with grief, fall into the gulfs of calamity, but resolute men, having eyes enlightened by discernment, behold the right path, and do not fall into the pit, but assuredly attain their goal. And you, being men of auspicious appearance, will no doubt attain prosperity; so tell me what is your grief? For it grieves my heart to see you thus.’

“When the hermit-boy had said this, I at once told him the whole of our adventure from the beginning; then that boy, who could read the future,³ and his companions exhorted us with various speeches, and diverted our minds

¹ When applied to the good man, it means “his heart was benevolent and large.”

² See Vol. III, p. 228, 228n².

³ I follow the reading of the Sanskrit College MS.—*āyati-darśinā*.

from suicide. Then the hermit-boy, after he had bathed, took us to his father's hermitage, which was at no great distance, to entertain us.

"There that hermit's son bestowed on us the *arghya*, and made us sit down in a place in which even the trees seemed to have entered on a course of penance, for they stood aloft on platforms of earth, and lifted on high their branches like arms, and drank in the rays of the sun. And then he went and asked all the trees in the hermitage, one after another, for alms. And in a moment his alms-vessel was filled with fruits that of themselves dropped from the trees; and he came back with it to us. And he gave us those fruits of heavenly flavour, and when we had eaten them, we became, as it were, satisfied with nectar.

"And when the day came to an end, and the sun descended into the sea, and the sky was filled with stars—as if with spray flung up by his fall—and the moon, having put on a white bark-robe of moonlight, had gone to the ascetic grove on the top of the eastern mountain¹—as if desiring to withdraw from the world on account of the fall of the sun—we went to see the hermits, who had finished all their duties and were sitting together in a certain part of the hermitage. We bowed before them, and sat down, and those great sages welcomed us, and with kindly words at once asked us whence we came. Then that hermit-boy told them our history until the time of our entering the hermitage. Then a wise hermit there, of the name of Kaṇva, said to us: 'Come, why have you allowed yourselves to become so dispirited, being as you are, men of valour? For it is the part of a brave man to display unbroken firmness in calamity, and freedom from arrogance in success, and never to abandon fortitude. And great men attain the title of great by struggling through great difficulties by the aid of resolution, and accomplishing great things. In illustration of this, listen to this story of Sundarasena, and hear how he endured hardship for the sake of Mandāravatī.' When the hermit Kaṇva had said this, he began, in the hearing of us and of all the hermits, to tell the following tale.

¹ The Sanskrit College MS. gives *prāchyāṃ śūla-sṛṅgu-tapovanam*.

163H. *Sundarasena and Mandāravatī*¹

There is a country named Nishadha, that adorns the face of the northern quarter ; in it there was of old a city of the name of Alakā. In this city the people were always happy in abundance of all things,² and the only things that never enjoyed repose were the jewel-lamps. In it there lived a king of the name of Mahāsena, and not without reason was he so named, for his enemies were all consumed by the wonderful and terrible fire of his valour, which resembled that of the God of War. That king had a prime minister named Guṇapālita, who was like a second Śeṣha, for he was a mine of valour, and could bear up, like that serpent, the weight of the earth. The king, having destroyed his enemies, laid upon him the weight of his kingdom and devoted himself to pleasure ; and then he had a son born to him by his Queen Śaśiprabhā, named Sundarasena. Even when he was a child, he was no child in good qualities, and the goddesses of Valour and Beauty chose him for their self-elected husband.

That prince had five heroic ministers, equal in age and accomplishments, who had grown up with him from their childhood, Chaṇḍaprabha, and Bhīmabhuja, and Vyāghraparākrama, and the heroic Vikramaśakti, and the fifth was Dṛḍhabuddhi. And they were all men of great courage, endowed with strength and wisdom, well born, and devoted to their master, and they even understood the cries of birds.³ And the prince lived with them in his father's house without a suitable wife, being unmarried, though he was grown up. And that heroic Sundarasena and his ministers reflected : "Courage invincible in assault, and wealth won by his own arm, and a wife equal to him in beauty, become a hero on this earth. Otherwise, what is the use of this beauty ? "

And one day the prince went out of the town to hunt, accompanied by his soldiers, and by those five companions ;

¹ In his *Golden Town*, I. D. Barnett treats this as a separate story. See pp. 37-56.—N.M.P.

² The Sanskrit College MS. reads *sukhite jana*. The sense is the same.

³ See Vol. II, pp. 107n¹, 108n; Vol. IV, p. 145n¹, and Grohmann, *Sagen aus Böhmen*, p. 242.

and as he was going out, a certain famous female mendicant named Kātyāyanī, bold from the maturity of her age, who had just returned from a distant foreign country, saw him, and said to herself, when she beheld his superhuman beauty : “ Is this the moon without Rohiṇī or the God of Love without Rati ? ” But when she asked his attendants, and found out that it was the prince, she was astonished, and praised the marvellousness of the creation of the Disposer.¹ Then she cried out to the prince from a distance with a shrill and far-reaching voice : “ Be victorious, O Prince ! ” and so saying she bowed before him. But at that moment the mind of the prince was wholly occupied by a conversation which he had begun with his ministers, and he went on without hearing the female ascetic. But she was angry, and called out to him in such a loud voice that he could not help hearing her : “ Ho ! Prince ! Why do you not listen to the blessing of such a one as I am ? What king or prince is there on the earth that does not honour me ?² But if your youth and other advantages render you so proud now, it is certain that, if you obtain for a wife the maiden Mandāravatī, the daughter of the King of Hansadvīpa, you will be too much puffed up with arrogance to listen to the speech of Śiva,³ the great Indra, and other gods, much less to the words of wretched men.”

When the ascetic had said this, Sundarasena, being full of curiosity, called her to him, and bent before her and propitiated her. And being anxious to question her, he sent her under the care of his servants to rest in the house of his minister Vikramaśakti. Then the prince went off, and after he had enjoyed the sport of hunting, he returned to his palace, and said his daily prayers, and took his food, and then he sent for the ascetic, and put the following question to her : “ Reverend mother, who is this maiden named Mandāravatī, that you spoke of to-day ? Tell me, for I feel great curiosity about her.”

When the ascetic heard this, she said to him : “ Listen, I will tell you the whole story. I am in the habit of wandering

¹ The Sanskrit College MS. reads *dhātuh sāmāgryya*—(sic) *vaichitryam*.

² See Vol. III, p. 259.—N.M.P.

³ The Sanskrit College MS. reads *manye* (I think) for *Hara*.

about the whole of this earth and the islands, for the sake of visiting sacred bathing-places and other holy spots. And in the course of my travels I happened to visit Hansadvīpa. There I saw the daughter of King Mandāradeva, a suitable match for the sons of gods, not to be beheld by those who have done evil works; she bears the name of Mandāravatī, and has a form as charming as the presiding goddess of the garden of the gods; the sight of her kindles love, and she seems like another moon all composed of nectar, created by the Disposer. There is no other beauty on the earth equal to hers¹; only you, Prince, I think, emulate her wealth of loveliness. As for those who have not seen her, their eyes are useless, and they have been born in vain."

When the prince heard this from the mouth of the female ascetic, he said: "Mother, how are we to get a sight of her beauty, which is so surpassing?" When the female ascetic heard this speech of his, she said: "I took such interest in her on that occasion that I painted a picture of her on canvas, and I have it with me in a bag; if you feel any curiosity about it, look at it." When she had said this, she took the picture out of her bag, and showed it to the gratified prince. And Sundarasena, when he beheld that maiden, who, though she was present there only in a picture, seemed to be of romantic beauty, and like a flowing forth of joy, immediately felt his limbs covered all over with hairs erect from horripilation, as if he had been pierced with the dense arrows of the god of the flowery bow.² He remained motionless, hearing nothing, speaking nothing, seeing nothing; and, with his whole heart fixed on her, was for a long time as if painted in a picture.

When the prince's ministers saw that, they said to that female ascetic: "Reverend mother, paint Prince Sundarasena on this piece of canvas, and let us have a specimen of your skill in catching likenesses." The moment she heard that, she painted the prince on canvas. And when they saw

¹ The Sanskrit College MS. reads *sadrīṣī* and *anyatra*.

² For falling in love with a picture see Vol. IV, p. 132n¹. For the conventional signs of love in the Greek romances see Rohde, *Der Griechische Roman*, p. 157 *et seq.*

that it was a striking likeness, all who were present there, said : “ The reverend lady’s likenesses exactly resemble the originals, for when one looks at this picture, one thinks that one sees the prince himself ; so the beauty of the Princess Mandāravatī is sure to be such as it is represented in the picture.”

When the ministers had said this, Prince Sundarasena took the two pictures, and being pleased, honoured that female ascetic. Leaving her befittingly dwelling in a separate place, he entered the inner chamber, carrying the portrait of his beloved. “ Can it be a face,” [he mused] “ or the moon with the blackness of its markings purged by loveliness ? Are these the two pitchers of Kāma’s regal coronation, or a pair of breasts ? Are these waves of the ocean of beauty,” [or] “ a triple belly-dimple like creeping plants ? Is this a hip, or Rati’s litter of sport ? ” In this way studying Mandāravatī, limb by limb, though he had only her painted form before him, he remained fallen upon his couch ; and in this state he continued day after day, abstaining from meat and drink ; and so in the course of a few days he was completely exhausted by the pain of love’s fever.¹

When his parents, Śaśiprabhā and Mahāsena, found that out, they came of their own accord and asked his friends the cause of his indisposition. And his companions told them the whole story, as it had happened, how the daughter of the King of Hansadvīpa had come to be the cause of his complaint. Then Mahāsena said to Sundarasena : “ My son, why do you so improperly conceal this attachment of yours ? For Mandāravatī is a pearl of maidens, and she will be a good match for you. Besides, her father, Mandāradeva, is a great friend of mine. So why do you torment yourself about a matter of this kind, which is quite becoming, and can be easily arranged by an ambassador ? ” When King Mahāsena had said this, he deliberated, and sent off an ambassador named Surathadeva to Hansadvīpa, to ask for the daughter of King Mandāradeva. And he put into his

¹ Tawney has merely made a paraphrase of this passage describing Mandāravatī’s beauty, and with the kind help of Dr Barnett I have made an entirely new and complete translation.—N.M.P.

hand the portrait of Sundarasena, executed on canvas by that female ascetic, which showed how wonderfully handsome he was.

The ambassador travelled quickly, and reached the city of King Mahendrāditya on the shore of the sea, named Śaśāṅkapura. There he embarked on a ship, and after some days he reached the palace of King Mandāradeva in Hansadvīpa. He was announced by the warders and entered the palace, and saw that king, and after he had in due form delivered to him the present, he said to him : "Great monarch, King Mahāsena sends you this message : 'Give your daughter to my son Sundarasena ; for a female ascetic, of the name of Kātyāyanī, made a portrait of her, and brought it here, and showed it to my son, as the picture of a pearl of maidens. And as Sundarasena's beauty so nearly resembles hers, I felt a desire to have his form painted on canvas also, and herewith I send the picture. Look at it. Moreover, my son, who is of such astonishing beauty, does not wish to be married, unless he can find a wife that resembles him, and nobody but your daughter is a match for him in appearance.' This is the message the king entrusted to me, when he put this portrait into my hand. Look at it, King ; let the spring-flower be united to the spring."

When the king heard this speech of the ambassador's, he was delighted, and he sent for his daughter Mandāravatī and the queen her mother. And in their company he opened and looked at that portrait, and immediately he ceased to cherish the proud thought that there was no fitting match for his daughter on the earth. And he said : "My daughter's beauty will not have been created in vain, if she is united to this prince. She does not look her best without him, nor is he complete without her ; what is the lotus-bed without the swan, and what is the swan without the lotus-bed ? "

When the king said this, and the queen expressed her complete approbation of it, Mandāravatī suddenly became bewildered with love. She remained with her wide-expanded eyes immovably fixed on the picture, as if possessed, as if asleep (though she was wide awake), as if herself a painting. Then Mandāradeva, seeing his daughter in that state,

consented to give her in marriage, and he honoured that ambassador.

And on the next day the king sent off his counter-ambassador, who was a Brāhman named Kumāradatta, to King Mahāsenā. And he said to the two ambassadors: "Go quickly to that King Mahāsenā, the lord of Alakā, and say to him from me: 'I give you my daughter out of friendship; so tell me, will your son come here, or shall I send my daughter to you?'" When the two ambassadors had received this message from the king, they immediately started off together on the sea in a ship; and they reached Śaśāṅkapura, and thence they travelled by land, and reached that opulent city of Alakā, which seemed like the original Alakā.¹ They went to the king's palace and entered with the usual courtesies, and saw King Mahāsenā, who welcomed them. And they told that king the answer which Mandāradeva entrusted to them; and when the king heard it, he was pleased, and showed both of them great honour.

Then the king found out the star under which the princess was born, from her father's ambassador; and he asked his astrologers when a favourable time would arrive for the marriage of his son. And they answered that an auspicious time would present itself in three months for bridegroom and bride, on the fifth day of the white fortnight of the month Kārtika. And so the King of Alakā informed Mandāradeva that the marriage ought to take place on that day, and that he would send his son, and this he wrote in a letter, and committed it to the care of the ambassador Kumāradatta, and another ambassador of his own named Chandrasvāmin. So the ambassadors departed, and gave the letter as they were directed, and told the King of Hansadvīpa all that had taken place. The king approved, and after honouring Chandrasvāmin, the ambassador of Mahāsenā, he sent him back to his master. And he returned to Alakā, and reported that the business was satisfactorily settled; and then all on both sides remained eagerly expecting the auspicious day.

And in the meanwhile Mandāravatī, in Hansadvīpa, who

¹ The capital of the God of Wealth.

had long ago fallen in love with the prince from seeing his picture, thought that the auspicious day for the marriage was a long way off, and felt unable to endure so much delay; and being affectionate, she became desperately enamoured, and was grievously tormented with the fire of love. And in the eager longing of her heart for Sundarasena, even the anointing with sandalwood ointment became a shower of hot coals on her body, and a bed of lotus leaves was to her a bed of hot sand, and the rays of the moon seemed like the scorching points of flame of a forest conflagration. She remained silent, avoiding food, adopting a vow of loneliness; and when her confidante questioned her in her anxiety, she was at last, with difficulty, induced to make the following avowal: "My friend, my marriage is far off, and I cannot bear to wait for the time, separated from my intended husband, the son of the King of Alakā. Distant is the time, and the place, and various is the course of fate; so who knows what will happen to any one here in the meantime? So I had better die." Saying this, Mandāravatī, being sick with separation, passed immediately into a miserable state.

When her father and mother heard that from the mouth of her confidante, and saw her in such a condition, they deliberated with the ministers, and came to the following conclusion: "That King Mahāsena, the sovereign of Alakā, is on good terms with us, and the Princess Mandāravatī is unable to endure the delay here, so why should we feel any delicacy about it? Happen what will, let us send her to Alakā, for when she is near her beloved, she will be able patiently to endure the delay." When King Mandāradeva had gone through these deliberations, he comforted his daughter Mandāravatī, and made her embark on a ship with wealth and attendants, and after her mother had recited a prayer for her good fortune he sent her off from Hansadvīpa by sea on an auspicious day, to travel to Alakā, in order that she might be married there; and he sent with her a minister of his own, named Vinītamati.

And after the princess, travelling in a ship on the ocean, had left Hansadvīpa some days' sail behind her, there suddenly rose up against her a roaring cloud, as it were a bandit,

showering raindrops like arrows, that sang terribly in the whistling wind. And the gale, like mighty fate, in a moment dragged her ship to a distance, and smote it, and broke it in pieces. And those attendants were drowned, and among them Vinitamati; and all her treasure was whelmed in the ocean.

But the sea lifted up the princess with a wave, as it were with an arm, and flung her up alive in a forest on the shore, near the scene of the shipwreck. To think that she should have fallen into the sea, and that a towering wave should have landed her in a forest! Behold now, how nothing is impossible to Destiny! Then she, in such a situation, terrified and confused, seeing that she was alone in a solitary wood, was again plunged in a sea, but this time it was the sea of grief. She exclaimed: "Where have I arrived? Surely it is a very different place from that for which I set out! Where, too, are those attendants of mine? Where is Vinitamati? Why has this suddenly happened to me? Where shall I go, ill-starred as I am? Alas! I am undone! What shall I do? Cursed Fate, why did you rescue me from the sea? Ah, father! Ah, mother! Ah, husband, son of the King of Alakā! Look; I am perishing before I reach you; why do you not deliver me?" While uttering these and similar exclamations, Mandāravatī wept copiously with tears that resembled the pearls of a broken necklace.

And at that very time a hermit named Matanga came there from his hermitage, which was not far off, to bathe in the sea. That sage, who was accompanied by his daughter named Yamunā, who had observed a vow of virginity from her childhood, heard the sound of Mandāravatī's weeping. And with his daughter he approached her kindly, and he saw her, looking like a doe separated from a herd of deer, casting her sorrowing eyes in every direction. And the great sage said to her with an affectionate voice: "Who are you, and how did you get into this wood, and why do you weep?" Then Mandāravatī, seeing that he was a compassionate man, slowly recovered herself, and told him her story, with face dejected with shame.

Then the hermit Matanga, after meditating, said to her :

“Princess, cease to despair; recover your composure! Though you are delicate of body as a *śirīsha* flower, the calamity of sorrow afflicts you: do misfortunes ever consider whether their victim is tender or not? But you shall soon obtain the husband you desire; so come to this hermitage of mine, which is at no great distance from this place, and remain there with this daughter of mine as in your own house.” When the great hermit had comforted her with these words, he bathed, and, accompanied by his daughter, led Mandāravatī to his hermitage. There she remained leading an ascetic life, longing to meet her husband, delighting herself with waiting upon that sage, accompanied by his daughter.

And in the meanwhile Sundarasena, who was emaciated with long expectation, remained killing the time in Alakā, continually counting the days, eager for his marriage with Mandāravatī, and his friend Chaṇḍaprabha and the rest were trying to console him. And in course of time, as the auspicious day drew nigh, his father, the king, made preparations for his journey to Hansadvīpa. And after prayers had been offered for a prosperous journey, Prince Sundarasena started from his home on an auspicious day, shaking the earth with his armies.

And as he was marching along with his ministers he reached in course of time, to his delight, that city Śaśāṅkapura, which adorned the shore of the sea. There King Mahendrāditya, hearing of his approach, came to meet him, bowing humbly; and the prince entered the city with his followers, and, mounted on an elephant, he reached the palace of the king.

And as he went along, the splendour of his beauty fluttered the hearts of the ladies of the city, as the hurricane flutters the lotus-bed. In the palace King Mahendrāditya showed him every attention, and promised to accompany him; and so he rested there that day. And he spent the night in such thoughts as these: “Shall I ever get across the sea, and win that blushing bride?”

And next morning he left his army in that very city, and went with King Mahendrāditya to the shore of the

sea. There he and his ministers, together with that king, embarked on a large ship, that was well supplied with food and water. And the prince made the small retinue, that he could not help taking, embark on a second ship. Then the ship was let go, and its flag fluttered in the wind, and those two kings, who were in it, shaped their course towards the south-western quarter.

And after two or three days had passed, as they were sailing on the sea, there suddenly arose a great hurricane. And the ranges of forest on the shores of the sea shook to and fro, as if in astonishment at the unprecedented character of the gale. And the waters of the sea, inverted by the wind, were turned upside down, again and again, as affections are by lapse of time. And an offering of jewels was made to the sea,¹ accompanied by a loud cry of woe; and the pilots let loose the sail and relaxed their efforts at the same time, and all excitedly flung out very heavy stones on all sides, fastened by chains, and flung away their hopes of life at the same time; and the two vessels, driven to and fro by the waves, as elephants by elephant-drivers,² wandered about in the sea, as if in the *mêlée* of a battle.

Then Sundarasena, beholding that, was moved from his seat, as if from his self-command,³ and said to King

* ¹ Offerings to the sea are still common among tribes on the coast. In parts of Kāthiāwār a fire is lighted on the seashore, butter is thrown into it, and milk and sugar are poured into the sea. The fishing caste, particularly at the end of the monsoon, when fishing craft put out to sea, pour milk, spirits, flowers and coco-nuts into the sea. Their festival at the close of the stormy weather is generally known as the Nārālī-purnima, or coco-nut festival, held at the full moon of Sāvan or August, when people go to the shore, offer coco-nuts, and have their foreheads marked with red by a Brāhman. Koli women on the Bombay coast wear glass bangles only on the left wrist, because on their wedding-day the right-arm bangles are taken off and thrown into the sea to win its favour for their husbands. W. Crooke, *Religion and Folklore of Northern India*, 1926, pp. 55, 56. See also the same author, "Water, Water-Gods (Indian)," Hastings' *Ency. Rel. Eth.*, vol. xii, p. 717.—N.M.P.

² Böhtlingk and Roth give *nāgabandha* in this passage as "*eine Schlange als Fessel*." I do not quite see how to bring in this translation, though I fear that my own is not correct.

³ I read *dhairyād* for *adhairyād*.

Mahendrāditya : “ It is through my demerits in former births that this day of doom has suddenly come upon you. So I cannot endure to witness it ; I will fling myself into the sea.” When the prince had said this, he quickly girt his upper garment round his loins, and flung himself then and there into the sea. And when his five friends, Chaṇḍaprabha and the others, saw that, they too flung themselves in, and Mahendrāditya did the same. And while, having recovered their presence of mind, they were swimming across the ocean, they all went in different directions, being separated by the force of the waves. And immediately the wind fell, and the sea became hushed and calm, and bore the semblance of a good man whose wrath is appeased.¹

And in the meanwhile Sundarasena, with whom was Dṛiḍhabuddhi, found a ship that had been driven from somewhere or other by the wind, and with that minister of his as his only companion he climbed up on it, as it were on a second swing of incertitude oscillating between rescue and destruction. Then, having lost all courage, he drifted, not knowing his bearings, looking on the whole world as made of water, confiding in his god ; and the ship, which was wafted along by a gentle and favourable breeze, as if by a deity, carried him to the shore in three days. There it stuck fast, and he and his companion sprang to shore and to a hope of life at the same moment.

And when there, he recovered breath, and said to Dṛiḍhabuddhi : “ I have escaped even from the sea, from the infernal regions, though I went below ; but since I have not been able to do so without causing the death of my ministers Vikramaśakti, and Vyāghraparākrama, and Chaṇḍaprabha, and Bhīmaḥhuja, such fine fellows as they were, and also of King Mahendrāditya, who became without cause so good a friend to me—of all these—how can I now live with honour ? ” When he said this, his minister Dṛiḍhabuddhi said to him : “ Prince, recover your composure ; I am persuaded that we shall have good fortune, for they may perhaps make their way across the

¹ Storms play an important part in Greek [and Arabian] romances. See Rohde, *Der Griechische Roman*, pp. 428-468.

sea, as we have done. Who can discern the mysterious way of Destiny ? ”

While Dṛiḍhabuddhi was saying this, and other things of the same kind, two hermits came there to bathe. The good men, seeing that the prince was despondent, came up to him and asked him his story, and said kindly to him : “ Wise sir, even the gods are not able to alter the mighty influence of actions in a previous state of existence, that bestow joy and sorrow. So a resolute man, who wishes to take leave of sorrow, should practise right-doing ; for right-doing is the true remedy for it, not regrets, nor emaciation of the body. So abandon despondency, and preserve your body by resolute endurance : as long as the body is preserved, what object of human endeavour cannot be attained ? Moreover, you possess auspicious marks ; you are certain to enjoy prosperity.” Saying this the hermits consoled him, and took him to their hermitage.

And Prince Sundarasena remained waiting there for some days, accompanied by Dṛiḍhabuddhi.

And in the meanwhile his ministers Bhīmabhuja and Vikramaśakti, having swam across the sea, reached the shore in a separate place. And hoping that perhaps the prince might have escaped from the sea like themselves, they entered that great forest and searched for him bewildered with grief. And his other two ministers, Chaṇḍaprabha and Vyāghraparākrama, and King Mahendrāditya, in the same way escaped from the sea, and sorrowfully sought for Sundarasena, and when they did not find him were afflicted ; and at last they found their ship unharmed and went to Śaśāṅkapura. Then those two ministers, and the army that had been left in that city, hearing what had happened,¹ went weeping to their own city Alakā. And when they arrived without the prince, lamenting their loss, the citizens wept, and one universal wail was heard in the city. When King Mahāsena and his queen heard that news of their son, they were in such a state that they would have died, if it were not that their allotted term of life had not yet expired. And when the king and the queen were bent on suicide, the ministers

¹ The Sanskrit College MS. has *jnāta-vṛttāntā*.

dissuaded them with various speeches, which gave them reasons for entertaining hope. Then the king remained in a temple of Svayambhū,¹ outside the town, engaged in asceticism with his attendants, inquiring for news of his son.

And in the meanwhile King Mandāradeva, in Hansadvīpa, heard the news of the shipwreck of his daughter, and of that of his proposed son-in-law. And he also came to know that his son-in-law's two ministers had arrived in Alakā, and that King Mahāsenā there was keeping himself alive by hope, being engaged in practising austerities. Then that king also, who was afflicted by grief for the loss of his daughter, and was only prevented by his ministers from committing suicide, entrusted to them the care of his kingdom, and with his Queen Kandarpasenā went to the city of Alakā to visit King Mahāsenā, who was his partner in misfortune. And he made up his mind that he would do whatever that king did as soon as he had trustworthy intelligence with regard to the fate of his son. And so he came to King Mahāsenā, who was still more grieved when he heard of the fate of Mandāravatī, and sorrowed in sympathy with him. Then that King of Hansadvīpa remained practising austerities with the King of Alakā, restraining his senses, eating little, sleeping on *darbha* grass.

When they had been all scattered in this way in different directions by the Disposer, as leaves by a wind, it happened that Sundarasena set forth from the hermitage in which he was, and reached that hermitage of Matanga, in which Mandāravatī was staying. There he beheld a lake of clear water, the bank of which was thickly planted with trees bent down with the weight of many ripe fruits of various flavours. As he was weary, he bathed in that lake, and ate sweet fruits, and then walked on with Dṛḍhabuddhi, and reached a forest stream. And going along its bank, he saw some hermit maidens engaged in gathering flowers near a temple containing a *liṅga*. And in the midst of them he beheld one hermit maiden, who seemed to be the peerless beauty of the world, illuminating the whole wood with her loveliness, as if with moonlight, making all the regions full of blown blue lilies

¹ "The self-existent," a name of Śiva, Viṣṇu and Buddha.

with her glance, and sowing with her footfalls a thicket of lotuses in the forest.

Then the prince said to Dṛiḍhabuddhi : “ Who can this be ? Can she be a nymph of heaven worthy of being gazed upon by the hundred-eyed Indra ; or is she the presiding goddess of the forest, with her shoot-like fingers clinging to the flowers ? Surely the Creator framed this very wonderful form of hers after he had perfected his skill by continual practice in creating many nymphs of heaven. And lo ! she exactly resembles in appearance my beloved Mandāravatī, whose beauty I beheld in a picture. Why should she not be the lady herself ? But how can this be ? She is in Hansadvīpa, far away from this heart of the forest. So I cannot ¹ conceive who this fair one is, and whence she comes, and how she comes to be here.” And Dṛiḍhabuddhi, when he saw that fair maid, said to the prince : “ She must be whom you suppose her to be, otherwise how could her ornaments, though made of forest flowers, thus resemble a necklace, a zone, a string of bells, and the other ornaments usually worn ? Moreover, this beauty and delicacy are not produced in a forest ; so you may be certain that she is some heavenly nymph, or some princess, not the daughter of a hermit. Let us rise up and stand here ² a moment to find out.” When Dṛiḍhabuddhi had said this, they both of them stood there concealed by a tree.

And in the meanwhile those hermit maidens, having gathered their flowers, went down into that river with that lovely girl to bathe. And while they were amusing themselves by splashing about in it, it happened that a crocodile came and seized that lovely girl. When those maidens saw that, they were bewildered, and they cried out in their sorrow : “ Help, help, ye woodland deities ! For here is Mandāravatī, while bathing in the river, suddenly and unexpectedly seized by a crocodile, and perishing.” When Sundarasena heard that, he thought to himself, “ Can this really be that beloved of mine ? ” and rushing forward he quickly killed that crocodile with his dagger. And when she fell from the monster’s

¹ I read *tanna*, which I find in the Sanskrit College MS., for *tatra*.

² The Sanskrit College MS. has *ehi* for *iha*.

mouth, as it were from the mouth of Death, he carried her up on the bank and comforted her.

And she, for her part, having got over her fear, and seeing that he was a charming person, said to herself: "Who is this great-hearted one that my good fortune has brought here to save my life? Wonderful to say, he bears a close resemblance to that lover of mine whom I saw in a picture, the high-born son of the King of Alakā. Can he possibly be that very man? But out on my evil thought! Heaven forbend! May such a man never be an exile from his native land! So it is not fitting for me now to remain in the society of a strange man. Accordingly I will leave this place: may prosperity be the lot of this great-souled one!" After going through these reflections, Mandāravatī said to those companions of hers: "First take a respectful leave of this noble gentleman, and then come with me; we will now depart."

When Prince Sundarasena, whose doubts were before unsatisfied, heard this, he conceived great confidence from merely hearing his own name, and he questioned one of her companions, saying to her: "Auspicious one, whose daughter and of what condition is this friend of yours? Tell me, for I feel a great desire to know." When he questioned the hermit maiden in these words she said to him: "This is the Princess Mandāravatī, the daughter of the King Mandāradeva, the sovereign of Hansadvīpa. She was being conducted to the city of Alakā to be married to Prince Sundarasena, when her ship was wrecked in the sea, and the waves flung her up upon the shore; and the hermit Matanga found her there and brought her to his hermitage."

When she said this, Sundarasena's friend Dṛiḍhabuddhi, dancing like one bewildered with joy and despondency, said to the prince: "I congratulate you on having now been successful in obtaining the Princess Mandāravatī, for is not this the very lady of whom we were thinking?" When he had said this, her companions, the hermit maidens, questioned him, and he told them his story; and they gladdened with it that friend of theirs. Then Mandāravatī exclaimed, "Ah, my husband!" and fell weeping at the feet of that Sundarasena. He, for his part, embraced her and wept, and while

they were weeping there, even stocks and herbs wept, melted with compassion.

Then the hermit Matanga, having been informed of all this by those hermit maidens, came there quickly, accompanied by Yamunā. He comforted that Sundarasena, who prostrated himself at his feet, and took him with Mandāravatī to his own hermitage. And that day he refreshed him by entertaining him, and made him feel happy; and the next day the great hermit said to that prince: "My son, I must to-day go for a certain affair to Śvetadvīpa, so you must go with Mandāravatī to Alakā; there you must marry this princess and cherish her, for I have adopted her as my daughter, and I give her to you. And you shall rule the earth for a long time with her; and you shall soon recover all those ministers of yours." When the hermit had said this to the prince and his betrothed, he took leave of them, and went away through the air with his daughter Yamunā, who was equal to himself in power.

Then Sundarasena, with Mandāravatī, and accompanied by Dṛiḍhabuddhi, set out from that hermitage. And when he reached the shore of the sea, he saw coming near him a lightship under the command of a young merchant. And in order to accomplish his journey more easily he asked the young merchant, who was the owner of that ship, through Dṛiḍhabuddhi hailing him from a distance, to give him a passage in it. The wicked merchant, who beheld Mandāravatī, and was at once distracted with love, consented, and brought his ship near the shore. Then Sundarasena first placed his beloved on board the ship, and was preparing to get on board himself from the bank where he stood, when the wicked merchant, coveting his neighbour's wife, made a sign to the steersman, and so set the ship in motion. And the ship, on board of which the princess was crying piteously, rapidly disappeared from the view of Sundarasena, who stood gazing at it.

And he fell on the ground crying out, "Alas, I am robbed by thieves!" and wept for a long time; and then Dṛiḍhabuddhi said to him: "Rise up! Abandon despondency! This is not a course befitting a hero. Come along!

Let us go in that direction to look for that thief: for even in the most grievous hour of calamity the wise do not take leave of their fortitude." When Sundarasena had been thus exhorted by Dṛiḍhabuddhi, he was at last induced to rise up from the shore of the sea and set out.

And he went on his way weeping, and crying out, "Alas, Queen! Alas, Mandāravatī!" continually scorched by the fire of separation, fasting, accompanied only by the weeping Dṛiḍhabuddhi; and almost beside himself with distraction he entered a great wood. And when in it he paid no attention to the wise counsels of his friend, but ran hither and thither, thinking only of his beloved. When he saw the creepers in full bloom, he said: "Can this be my beloved come here, adorned with blown flowers, having escaped from that merchant-robber?" When he saw the beautiful lotuses,¹ he said: "Can she have dived into a tank in her fear, and is she lifting up her face with long-lashed eyes and looking at me?" And when he heard the cuckoos singing, concealed by the leafy creepers, he said: "Is the sweet-voiced fair one here addressing me?" Thus raving at every step, he wandered about for a long time, scorched by the moon, as if it were the sun; and so to him the night was the same as the day.

And at last the prince, with Dṛiḍhabuddhi, emerged from that wood, though with difficulty, and, having lost his way, reached a great wilderness. It was perilous with fierce rhinoceroses, dangerous as being inhabited by lions, and so was as formidable² as an army, and moreover it was beset by a host of bandits. When the prince entered this wilderness, which was refugeless, and full of many misfortunes, like misery, he was set upon with uplifted weapons by some Pulindas, who happened to be on the look-out for human victims to offer to Durgā, by order of Vindhyaketu, the king

¹ Instead of B.'s *abjeshu śālīshu* read with the D. text *abjeshu sālīshu*, "the lotuses with their bees." See Speyer, *op. cit.*, pp. 139, 140.—N.M.P.

² I read *sudurdharshām*; the Sanskrit College MS. reads *senanīm* (sic) *iva durdharshām*; the word translated "rhinoceros" can also mean "sword"; the adjective before it may mean "uplifted," and the word translated "inhabited by lions" may perhaps mean "commanded by a king."

of the Pulindas, who lived in that region. When the prince was tormented with five fires—of misfortune, exile, the grief of separation, that affront from a base man, fasting, and the fatigue of the journey—alas! Fate created a sixth fire in the form of an attack of bandits, as if in order to exhaust his self-command.

And when many of the bandits rushed towards him to seize him, showering arrows, he, with only one companion to help him, killed them with his dagger. When King Vindhya-*ketu* discovered that, he sent forward another force, and *Sundarasena*, being skilled in fighting, killed a great many bandits belonging to that force also. At last he and his companion fainted from the exhaustion of their wounds; and then those *Savaras* bound them, and took them and threw them into prison. The prison was full of multitudes of vermin, filthy with cobwebs, and it was evident that snakes frequented it, as they had dropped there the skins that clung to their throats.¹ The dust in it rose as high as the ankle,² it was honeycombed with the holes and galleries of mice, and full of many terrified and miserable men that had been thrown into it. In that place, which seemed the very birth-place of hells, they saw those two ministers *Bhimabhujā* and *Vikramasakti*, who, like themselves, had entered that wilderness after escaping from the sea, in order to look for their master, and had been already bound and thrown into prison. They recognised the prince and fell weeping at his feet, and he recognised them, and embraced them, bathed in tears.

Then their woes were increased a hundredfold by seeing one another; but the other prisoners there said to them, in order to console them: "Enough of grief! Can we avoid the effect of acts done in a previous state of existence? Do you not see that the death of all of us together is imminent? For we have been collected here by this king of the Pulindas in order that he may offer us up to *Durgā* on the coming

¹ This seems practically nonsense. For *galalambibhiḥ* we should read *gartalambibhiḥ*, which would mean that the snake-skins clung to the holes in the prison-walls.—N.M.P.

² I follow the reading of the Sanskrit College MS., which gives *daghna* instead of *lagna*.

fourteenth day of the month. So why should you grieve ? The way of Fate, that sports with living beings, is strange ; as she has given you misfortune, she may in the same way give you prosperity." When the other prisoners had said this to them, they remained there bound with them : it is terrible to see how little respect calamities show even for the great.

And when the fourteenth day arrived, they were all taken thence, by the orders of the king, to the temple of Durgā to be sacrificed. It seemed like the mouth of Death, the flame of the lamp being its lolling tongue, the range of bells being its row of teeth, to which the heads of men clung.¹ Then Sundarasena, when he saw that goddess, bowed before her, and praised her with mind humbled by devotion, and uttered this prayer : " O thou goddess that didst quell the oppression of the Asuras with thy blood-streaming trident, which mangled haughty Daityas, thou that givest security to thy votaries, look upon me, goddess, that am burned up with the forest-fire of grief, with a favourable nectar-shedding eye, and refresh me. Honour to thee ! "

While the prince was saying this, Vindhyaketu, that king of the Pulindas, came there to worship the goddess Durgā. The moment the prince saw the king of the Bhillas he recognised him, and, being bowed down with shame, said of his own accord to his friends : " Ha ! this is that very Vindhyaketu, the chief of the Pulindas, who comes to my father's court to pay him homage, and is the lord of this vast wilderness. Whatever may happen, we must not say anything here, for it is better for a man of honour to die than to make known who he is under such circumstances."

While the prince was saying this to his ministers, King Vindhyaketu said to his servants : " Come now, show me this heroic human victim who killed so many of my warriors when he was being captured." As soon as his servants heard this, they brought Sundarasena, smeared with clotted blood and defiled with wounds, into the presence of that king. When the king of the Bhillas saw him, he half recognised him, and, being terrified, said to him : " Tell me, who are you, and whence do you come ? " Sundarasena answered

¹ The Sanskrit College MS. reads *vyāśaktavīraśīrasaṃ*.

the king of the Bhillas : “ What does it matter who I am, or whence I come ? Do what you are about to do.”

Then Vindhyaketu recognised him completely by his voice, and exclaiming excitedly, “ Alas ! alas ! ” fell on the ground. Then he embraced the prince, and said : “ Alas, great King Mahāsenā, see what a fitting return I, villain that I am, have now made for your numerous benefits, in that I have here reduced to such a state your son, whom you value as your life, Prince Sundarasena, who has come here from somewhere or other ! ” This and many other such laments he uttered in such a way that all there began to shed tears. But the delighted companions of Sundarasena comforted the Bhilla king, saying to him : “ Is not this much, that you recognised the prince before any misfortune had happened ? What could you have done after the event had taken place ? So why do you despond in the midst of this joy ? ”

Then the king fell at the feet of Sundarasena and lovingly honoured him, and Sundarasena got him to set all the human victims free. And after he had shown him all due respect he took him to his village, and his friends with him, and proceeded to bandage his wounds and administer medicines to him ; and he said to him : “ Tell me, Prince, what brought you to this place, for I have a great desire to know.” Then Sundarasena related to him all his adventures. And that prince of the Śavaras, being astonished, said to him : “ What a wonderful chain of events ! That you should have set out to marry Mandāravatī, and that you should then have been wrecked¹ in the sea, and that this should have led to your reaching the hermitage of Matanga and to your meeting your beloved there, and that this merchant, in whom you confided, should have carried her off from you, and that you should have entered the wilderness and have been imprisoned for sacrifice, and recognised by me and delivered from death—how strangely does all this hang together ! Therefore honour, by all means, to mysteriously working Destiny ! And you must not feel anxious about your beloved, for, as Destiny has done all this, she will also do you that other service soon.”

¹ I read, with the Sanskrit College MS., *pātaḥ* for *prāptiḥ*.

While the king of the Pulindas was saying this, his commander-in-chief came quickly in a state of high delight, and entering, said to him : “ King, a certain merchant entered this wilderness with his followers, and he had with him much wealth and a very beautiful lady, a very gem of women ; and when I heard of this, I went with an army and seized him and his followers, with the wealth and the lady, and I have them here outside.” When Sundarasena and Vindhya-
ketu heard this, they said to themselves : “ Can these be that merchant and Mandāravatī ? ” And they said : “ Let the merchant and the lady be brought in here at once.” And thereupon the commander-in-chief brought in that merchant and that lady. When Dṛiḍhabuddhi saw them, he exclaimed : “ Here is that very Princess Mandāravatī, and here is that villain of a merchant ! Alas, Princess, how came you to be reduced to this state, like a creeper scorched by the heat, with your bud-lip dried up, and with your flower-ornaments stripped off ? ” While Dṛiḍhabuddhi was uttering this exclamation, Sundarasena rushed forward and eagerly threw his arms round the neck of his beloved. Then the two lovers wept for a long time, as if to wash off from one another, by the water of a shower of tears, the defilement of separation.

Then Vindhya-
ketu, having consoled them both, said to that merchant : “ How came you to carry off the wife of one who confided in you ? ” Then the merchant said, with a voice trembling with fear : “ I have fruitlessly done this, to my own destruction, but this holy saint was preserved by her own unapproachable splendour. I was no more able to touch her than if she had been a flame of fire ; and I did intend, villain that I was, to take her to my own country, and after her anger had been allayed, and she had been reconciled with me, to marry her.” When the merchant had said this, the king ordered him to be put to death on the spot ; but Sundarasena saved him from execution. However, he had his abundant wealth confiscated—a heavier loss than that of life ; for those that have lost their wealth die daily, not so those that have lost their breath.

So Sundarasena had that merchant set at liberty, and the

wretched creature went where he would, pleased at having escaped with life ; and King Vindhyaketu took Mandāravatī, and went with her and Sundarasena to the palace of his own queen. There he gave orders to his queen, and had Mandāravatī honoured with a bath, with clothes and with unguents ; and after Sundarasena had been in the same way bathed and adorned, he made him sit down on a splendid throne, and honoured him with gifts, pearls, musk, and so on. And on account of the reunion of that couple, the king made a great feast, at which all the Śavara women danced delighted.

Then the next day Sundarasena said to the king : “ My wounds are healed and my object is attained, so I will now go hence to my own city ; and, please, send off at once to my father a messenger with a letter, to tell the whole story and announce my arrival.”¹ When the Śavara chief heard this, he sent off a messenger with a letter, and gave him the message which the prince suggested.

And just as the letter-carrier was reaching the city of Alakā, it happened that King Mahāsenā and his queen, afflicted because they heard no tidings of Sundarasena, were preparing to enter the fire in front of a temple of Śiva, surrounded by all the citizens, who were lamenting their approaching loss. Then the Śavara who was bearing the letter, beholding King Mahāsenā, came running up, proclaiming who he was, stained with dust, bow in hand, with his hair tied up in a knot behind with a creeper, black himself, and wearing a loin-cincture of *vilva* leaves. That letter-carrier of the Bhillas said : “ King, you are blessed with good fortune to-day, as your son Sundarasena has come with Mandāravatī, having escaped from the sea ; for he has arrived at the court of my master Vindhyaketu, and is on his way to this place with him, and has sent me on before.” Having said this, and thus discharged his confidential²

¹ *Vṛttāntaṃ* should probably be *vṛttānta*, and should be joined with the words that follow.

² If *confidential*, how was it that “ all the people there ” knew all about it at once ? The B. text reads *rarah-śuciḥ*, which obviously troubled Tawney, as he omitted the second word entirely. But if we read *haraṇ cuśam*, with the D. text, all becomes plain, as the messenger speaks his words aloud before the whole court. See further Speyer, *op. cit.*, p. 140.—N.M.P.

commission, the letter-carrier of the Bhilla king laid the letter at the monarch's feet. Then all the people there, being delighted, raised a shout of joy; and the letter was read out, and the whole of the wonderful circumstances became known. And King Mahāsena recompensed the letter-carrier, and abandoned his grief, and made great rejoicings, and entered his palace with all his retainers. And the next day, being impatient, he set out to meet his son, whose arrival he expected, accompanied by the King of Hansadvīpa. And his force of four arms marched along with him, innumerable, so that the earth trembled, dreading insupportable weight.

In the meanwhile Sundarasena set out from that village of the Bhillas for his own home, with Mandāravatī. And he was accompanied by his friends Vikramaśakti and Bhīma-bhuja, whom he found in the prison, and Dṛiḍhabuddhi too was with him. He himself rode on a horse swift as the wind, by the side of Vindhyaketu, and seemed by the hosts of Pulindas that followed him to be exhibiting the earth as belonging to that race. And as he was marching along, in a few days he beheld on the road his father coming to meet him, with his retinue and his connections. Then he got down from his horse, and the people beheld him with joy, and he and his friends went up and fell at the feet of his father. His father, when he beheld his son looking like the full moon, felt like the sea, which surges with throbbings of joy and overflows its bounds, and could not contain himself for happiness.¹ And when he saw Mandāravatī, his daughter-in-law, bowing at his feet, he considered himself and his family prosperous, and rejoiced. And the king welcomed Dṛiḍhabuddhi and the other two ministers of his son, who bowed at his feet, and he received Vindhyaketu with still warmer welcome.

Then Sundarasena bowed before his father-in-law Mandāradeva, whom his father introduced to him, and rejoiced exceedingly; and beholding his ministers Chaṇḍaprabha and Vyāghraparākrama, who had arrived before, clinging to his feet, he considered that all his wishes were accomplished. And immediately King Mahendrāditya, who was delighted

¹ An allusion to the phenomenon of the tides.

at hearing what had happened, came there from Śaśāṅkapura out of affection. Then Prince Sundarasena, mounted on a splendid horse, escorting his beloved, as Naḍakūvara did Rambhā, went with all those to his own home, the city of Alakā, the dwelling-place of all felicities, abounding in virtuous men. And accompanied by his beloved he entered the palace of his father, being sprinkled, as he passed through the city, by the wives of the citizens, who were all crowding to the windows, with the blue lotuses of their eyes. And in the palace he bowed at the feet of his mother, whose eyes were full of tears of joy, and then spent that day in rejoicings, in which all his relations and servants took part.

And the next day, in the long-desired hour fixed by the astrologers, the prince received the hand of Mandāravatī, who was bestowed on him by her father. And his father-in-law, King Mandāradeva, as he had no son, bestowed on him many priceless jewels, in his joy, and the reversion of his kingdom after his own death. And his father, King Mahāsenā, without exhausting the earth, made a great feast, in a style suitable to his desires and means, in which all prisoners were released,¹ and a rain of gold was seen.² And having beheld Sundarasena prosperous by his union with Mandāravatī, and having taken part in his wedding festivities, in which all the women danced to song, and having been honoured by King Mahāsenā, King Mandāradeva returned to his own territory, and the King of Śaśāṅkapura returned to that city, and Vindhyaḥetu, the lord of the great wilderness, returned to his domain.

And after some days had elapsed, King Mahāsenā, perceiving that his son Sundarasena was virtuous and beloved by the subjects, established him in his throne, and went himself to the forest. And Prince Sundarasena, having thus obtained the kingdom, and having conquered all his enemies by the might of his arm, ruled with those ministers the whole earth, and found his joy in the possession of Mandāravatī ever increasing.

¹ For references to this custom, both in Eastern and European tales, see Chauvin, *op. cit.* vi, p. 101n².—N.M.P.

² The Sanskrit College MS. gives *vrishṭa-hiranya-vastram*—in which gold and garments were showered on the people.

163. *Story of Mṛigāṅkadatta*

When the minister Vyāghrasena had told this story on the bank of the lake to Mṛigāṅkadatta, he went on to say to him : “ This wonderful tale, Prince, did the hermit Kaṇva relate to us in the hermitage, and at the end of the tale the compassionate man said to us, to comfort us : ‘ So, my sons, those who endure with resolute hearts terrible misfortunes hard to struggle through, attain in this way the objects they most desire ; but those others whose energies are paralysed by loss of courage, fail. Therefore abandon this despondency, and go on your way. Your master also, Prince Mṛigāṅkadatta, shall recover all his ministers, and shall long rule the earth, after having been united with Śaśāṅkavatī.’ When that great hermit had said this to us, we plucked up courage and spent the night there, and then set out from that hermitage, and in course of time reached this wood, travel-worn. And while here, being tortured with excessive thirst and hunger, we climbed up this tree sacred to Gaṇeśa to get fruits, and we were ourselves turned into fruits ; and we have now, Prince, been released from our fruit-transformation by your austerities. Such have been the adventures of us four during our separation from you,¹ brought about by the curse of the Nāga ; and now that our curse is expired, advance, united with us all, towards the attainment of your object.”

When Mṛigāṅkadatta had heard all this from his minister Vyāghrasena, he conceived hopes of obtaining Śaśāṅkavatī, and so passed that night there.

¹ I read *śāpopanīte*, with the Sanskrit College MS.

CHAPTER CII

163. *Story of Mṛigāṅkadatta*

THEN, the next morning, Mṛigāṅkadatta rose up from the shore of that beautiful lake, together with all his ministers, who had rejoined him, and in company with them, and the Brāhman Śrutadhi, set out for Ujjayinī, to win Śaśāṅkavatī, after he had paid his orisons to that tree of Gaṇeśa.¹

Then the heroic prince, accompanied by his ministers, again crossed various stretches of woodland which contained many hundreds of lakes and were black with *tamāla* trees² throughout their whole expanse, looking like nights in the rainy season when the clouds collect; and others which had their canes broken by terrible infuriated elephants roaming through them, in which the *arjuna* trees formed a strong contrast to the *tamāla* trees,³ and which thus resembled so many cities of King Virāṭa; and ravines of mighty mountains, which were pure, though strewn with flowers, and though frequented by subdued hermits were haunted by fierce beasts; and at last came near the city of Ujjayinī.

Then he reached the River Gandhavatī, and dispelled his fatigue by bathing in it; and after crossing it, he arrived with his companions in that cemetery of Mahākāla. There he beheld the image of mighty Bhairava, black with the

¹ See the *Dummedha Jātaka*, Cambridge edition, No. 50, vol. i, p. 126 *et seq.*; Burton's translation of the *Pentamerone* of Basile, vol. i, p. 59, and Vol. II of this translation, pp. 96, 96ⁿ1, 97; also Ralston's *Tibetan Tales*, Introduction, p. lii.

² Or "black as *tamāla*."

³ Or "which were of opposite appearance, being white." The word *arjuna* (white) also refers to the hero Arjuna, one of the Pāṇḍavas, who lived disguised as a eunuch in the city of King Virāṭa. Kīchaka (cane) was the leader of the host of King Virāṭa, and was conquered by Bhīma (terrible). The passage contains another pun which will be obvious to those acquainted with Hindu customs.

smoke from neighbouring pyres, surrounded with many fragments of bones and skulls, terrible with the skeletons of men which it held in its grasp, worshipped by heroes, frequented by many troops of demons, dear to sporting witches.

And after crossing the cemetery, he beheld the city of Ujjayinī, a *yuga* old, ruled by King Karmasena. Its streets were watched by guards with various weapons, who were themselves begirt by many brave high-born Rājputs; it was surrounded with ramparts resembling the peaks of mighty mountains; it was crowded with elephants, horses and chariots, and hard for strangers to enter.

When Mrigānkadatta beheld that city, which was thus inaccessible on every side, he turned his face away in despondency, and said to his ministers: "Alas, ill-starred man that I am! though it has cost me hundreds of hardships to reach this city, I cannot even enter it: what chance then have I of obtaining my beloved?" When they heard this, they said to him: "What! Do you suppose, Prince, that this great city could ever be stormed by us, who are so few in number? We must think of some expedient to serve in this emergency, and an expedient will certainly be found: how comes it that you have forgotten that this expedition has frequently been enjoined by the gods?"

When Mrigānkadatta had been thus addressed by his ministers, he remained for some days roaming about outside the city.

Then his minister Vikramakeśarin called to mind that Vetāla which he had long ago won over, intending to employ him to fetch the prince's love from her dwelling-house. And the Vetāla came, black in hue, tall, with a neck like a camel, elephant-faced, with legs like a bull, eyes like an owl, and the ears of an ass. But finding that he could not enter the city, he departed: the favour of Śiva secures that city against being invaded by such creatures.

Then the Brāhman Śrutadhi, who was versed in policy, said to Mrigānkadatta, as he was sitting in gloom, surrounded by his ministers, longing in his heart to enter the city: "Why, Prince, though you know the true principles

of policy, do you remain bewildered, like one ignorant of them? Who will ever be victorious in this world by disregarding the difference between himself and his foe? For at every one of the four gates of this city two thousand elephants, twenty-five thousand horses, ten thousand chariots and a hundred thousand footmen remain harnessed and ready, day and night, to guard it; and they are hard to conquer, being commanded by horses. So, as for a handful of men, like ourselves, entering it by force, that is a mere chimerical fancy,¹ not a measure calculated to ensure success. Moreover, this city cannot be overthrown by a small force; and a contest with an overwhelming force is like fighting on foot against an elephant. So join with your friend Māyāvaṭu, the king of the Pulindas, whom you delivered from the terrible danger of the water-monsters in the Narmadā, and with his friend Durgapiśācha, the very powerful king of the Mātangas, who is attached to you on account of his alliance with him,² and with that king of the Kirātas, named Śaktirakshita, who is famous for his valour and has observed a vow of strict chastity³ from his youth upwards, and let them all bring their forces, and then do you, thus strengthened by allies, fill every quarter with your hosts, and so accomplish the object you have in view. Moreover, the king of the Kirātas is awaiting your coming from a distance in accordance with your agreement; how have you come to forget this? And no doubt Māyāvaṭu is ready awaiting

¹ I.e. *palangavṛitti*. The word seems to mean "subsistence of birds." Cf. *Macbeth*, iv, 2, 33. Paṇḍit Rāma Chandra of Alwar points out that the reference in *palangavṛitti* is to the "rushing of a moth into a candle." In the text, therefore, "would be a mere reckless rushing on destruction" should be substituted for "is a mere chimerical fancy."—Cf. *Jātaka*, 544, and Bloomfield, "Art of Stealing," *Amer. Journ. Phil.*, vol. xlv, 1923, p. 117.—N.M.P.

² I find *tat-sambandhānurāginā* in three India Office MSS. kindly lent me by Dr Rost.—The incident of Māyāvaṭu's deliverance appeared in Vol. VI, p. 36.—N.M.P.

³ The D. text reads *balasabrahmacāriṇā* instead of *bālīśa-brahmacāriṇā*. That this is the more correct reading is clear from the previous mention of Śaktirakshita (Vol. VI, p. 25), where he is described as "a student in the sciences, observing a vow of chastity, . . . a friend of mine from childhood." Here the B. text has *bāla-suhṛid*, etc.—N.M.P.

your arrival, in the territory of¹ the king of the Mātangas, for you made this agreement with him. So let us go to the castle named Karabhagrīva, on the southern slope of the Vindhyas, in which that chief of the Mātangas dwells. And let us summon there Śaktirakshita, the king of the Kirātas, and united with them all make a fortunate expedition with every chance of success."

When Mṛigānkadatta and his ministers heard this speech of Śrutadhi's, which was full of sense and such as the wise would approve, they eagerly accepted it, saying: "So be it." And the next day the prince adored that unresting traveller of the sky, the sun, the friend of the virtuous, that had just arisen, revealing every quarter of the world,² and set out for the abode of Durgapiśācha, king of the Mātangas, on the southern slope of the Vindhya range. And his ministers Bhīmaparākrama, and Vyāghrasena, and Guṇākara and Meghabala with Vimalabuddhi, and Sthūlabāhu with Vichitrakatha, and Vikramakeśarin, and Prachanḍaśakti, and Śrutadhi and Dṛiḍhamusṭi followed him. With them he successively crossed forests wide-ranging as his own undertakings, and stretches of woodland profound as his own schemes, with no better refuge at night than the root of a tree³ on the shore of a lake, and reached and ascended the Vindhya mountain lofty as his own soul.

Then the prince went from the summit of the mountain down its southern slope, and beholding afar off the villages of the Bhīllas, full of elephants' tusks and deer-skins, he said to himself: "How am I to know where the dwelling of that king of the Mātangas is?" While engaged in such reflections, he and his ministers saw a hermit-boy come towards them, and after doing obeisance to him, they said: "Fair sir, do you know in what part of this region the palace of

¹ I read *Mātangarājadeśāgato*; the reading of the India Office MS., No. 1882, is *rājādeśāgato*, which would mean: "by the invitation of the king of the Mātangas." For *dūrāgamana*, in *sl.* 31, No. 2166 reads *dūtāgamana*—i.e. "the coming of your messenger." This makes better sense.

² A pun! It also means "holding prosperity, and holding out hopes to the world."

³ All the three India Office MSS., which Dr Rost has kindly lent me, read *niśārayaḥ*.

Durgapiśācha, the king of the Mātangas, is ? For we wish to see him."

When that good young ascetic heard this, he said : " Only a *kos* distant from this place is a spot called Panchavatī, and not far from it was the hermitage of the hermit Agastya, who with small effort cast down from heaven the haughty King Nahusha ; where Rāma, who by command of his father took up his dwelling in a forest, accompanied by Lakshmaṇa and his wife Sītā, long waited on that hermit ; where Kabandha,¹ who guided Rāma to the slaughter of the Rākshasas, proceeded to attack Rāma and Lakshmaṇa, as Rāhu does the sun and moon, whose arm, a *yojana* in length, Rāma felled, so that it resembled Nahusha in his serpent form come to supplicate Agastya ; where even now the Rākshasas hearing the roaring of the clouds at the beginning of the rainy season call to mind the twanging of the bow of Rāma ; where the aged deer, that were fed by Sītā, beholding the regions deserted in every direction, with eyes filling with tears, reject the mouthful of grass ; where Mārīcha, who brought about Sītā's separation from her husband, assumed the form of a golden deer and enticed away Rāma, as if to save from slaughter those deer that were still left alive ; where, in many a great lake full of the water of the Kāverī, it appears as if Agastya had vomited up in dribblets the sea that he swallowed.² Nor far from that hermitage, on a tableland of the Vindhya, is a stronghold tangled and inaccessible, named Karabhagrīva. In it dwells that mighty Durgapiśācha of terrible valour, chief of the Mātangas, whom kings cannot conquer. And he commands a hundred thousand bowmen of that tribe, every one of whom is followed by five hundred warriors. With the aid of those brigands he robs caravans, destroys his enemies, and enjoys this great forest, caring nought for this or that king."³

When Mṛigāṅkadatta had heard this from the young hermit, he took leave of him, and went quickly, with his

¹ Professor Monier Williams refers us to *Rāmāyaṇa*, iii, 75.

² See Vol. VI, pp. 43n¹, 44n.—N.M.P.

³ So, in the eighty-ninth chapter of the "Wilkins Saga," Heime goes off to join the robber chief Ingram (Hagen's *Helden-Sagen*, vol. i, p. 242).

companions, in the direction indicated by him, and in course of time he arrived in the environs of Karabhagrīva, that stronghold of the king of the Mātangas, which were crowded with Bhilla villages. And within them he beheld near at hand on every side crowds of Śavaras, adorned with peacocks' feathers and elephants' teeth, clothed in tigers' skins, and living on the flesh of deer. When Mṛigāṅkadatta saw those Bhillas, he said to his ministers: "See! These men live a wild forest life like animals, and yet, strange to say, they recognise Durgapiśācha as their king. There is no race in the world without a king; I do believe the gods introduced this magical name among men in their alarm, fearing that otherwise the strong would devour the weak, as great fishes eat the little."¹ And while he was saying this, and trying to find the path that led to the stronghold Karabhagrīva, the scouts of Māyāvaṭu, the king of the Śavaras, who had already arrived there, recognised him, having seen him before. They immediately went and told that Māyāvaṭu of his arrival, and he with his army went to meet him.

And when that king of the Pulindas came near, *Mṛigāṅkadatta arrives at the Camp of the King of the Pulindas* and saw the prince, he alighted from his horse, and ran forward and fell at his feet. And he embraced the prince, who asked after his health, and then mounted him and his ministers on horses, and brought them to his own camp. And that king of the Śavaras sent his own warder to inform the king of the Mātangas of the prince's arrival.

And Durgapiśācha, the king of the Mātangas, quickly came there from his own place, and his appearance justified his name.² He seemed like a second Vindhya range, for his body was firm as a rocky peak, his hue was black as *tamāla*, and Pulindas lay at his foot. His face was rendered terrible by a natural three-furrowed frown, and so he appeared as if Durgā, the dweller in the Vindhya range, had

¹ The India Office MS., No. 2166, reads *mātsyanyāyabhayodayāt*.—The B. text was hopelessly corrupt. D. reads *mātsyanyāyabhayād ayam* (viz. *rājaś-abdāk*).—N.M.P.

² His name means "Wild Man of the Stronghold" or "Demon of the Stronghold."

marked him with the trident, to claim him as her own. Though young, he had seen the death of many "secular birds"; though black, he was not comely; and he crouched to none, though he hugged the foot of a mountain.¹ Like a fresh cloud, he displayed the peacock-tail and the gay-coloured bow; like Hiranyāksha,² his body was scarred by the furious boar; like Ghaṭotkacha, he was mighty and possessed a haughty and terrible shape³; like the Kali age, he allowed those born under his sway to take pleasure in wickedness and break through the bonds of rule. And the mass of his host came filling the earth, like the stream of the Narmadā when let loose from the embrace of Arjuna.⁴ And so the aggregated army of the Chaṇḍālas moved on, blackening all the horizon with a dark hue, making those who beheld it say in perplexity to themselves: "Can this be a mass of rock rolling down from the Anjana mountain,⁵ or is it a premature bank of the clouds of the day of doom that has descended upon the earth?"

And their chief, Durgapīśācha, came up to Mṛigān-kadatta, placing his head upon the ground even when at a distance, and bowed before him, and said: "To-day the goddess Durgā is pleased with me, in that your Highness, of such a noble race, has come to my house. On that account I consider myself fortunate and successful." When the king of the Mātangas had said this, he gave him a present of pearls, musk and other rarities. And the prince kindly accepted it with the usual courtesies. Then they all encamped there. That great forest was covered all over with elephants fastened to posts, with horses in stables, and tented footmen; and was scarcely able to contain itself, being confused with its good fortune in thus being assimilated to a city, which was unprecedented in the course of its existence.

¹ The passage is full of puns: *vayas* means "age" and "bird"; *kṛishṇa* "black" and also the god of that name; *bhūbhṛit* "king" and also "mountain."

² Killed by Viṣṇu in the form of a boar.

³ Another play on words. It may mean "was the son of the Pāṇḍava Bhīma."

⁴ See note at the end of the chapter.—N.M.P.

⁵ *Anjana* is a black pigment applied to the eyes.—See Vol. I, p. 211 *et seq.*—N.M.P.

Then in that wood, when Mṛigāṅkadatta had bathed in the river for good fortune, and had taken food, and was sitting at his ease in a secluded spot, surrounded by his ministers, Māyāvaṭu also being present, Durgapiśācha said to Mṛigāṅkadatta, in the course of conversation, speaking in a tone softened by affection and regard : “ This King Māyāvaṭu came here a long time ago, and has been remaining here with me, my lord, awaiting your orders. So where, my Prince, have you all remained so long ? And what have you done ? Tell me, now, the business that detained you ? ”

When the prince heard this speech of his, he said : “ After I had left the palace of our friend here, Māyāvaṭu, with Vimalabuddhi and Guṇākara, and Śrutadhi, and Bhīmaparākrama, whom I had also recovered, I found on my way this Prachāṇḍasakti and Vichitrakatha, and in course of time also this Vikramakeśarin. Then these men here found on the border of a beautiful lake a tree sacred to Gaṇeśa, and climbed up it to pick its fruit, and so were turned into fruits themselves by the curse of the god. Then I propitiated Gaṇeśa, and not without difficulty set them free, and at the same time I delivered these four other ministers of mine, Dṛiḍhamusṭhi and Vyāghrasena and Meghabala and Sthūlabāhu, who had previously suffered the same transformation. With all these thus recovered, I went to Ujjayinī ; but the gates were guarded, and we could not even enter the town, much less could we think of any device for carrying off Śaśāṅkavatī. And as I had no army with me, I had no *locus standi* for sending an ambassador. So we deliberated together, and came here to you. Now, my friend, you and your allies have to decide whether we shall attain our end or no.”

When Mṛigāṅkadatta had related his adventures in these words, Durgapiśācha and Māyāvaṭu said : “ Be of good courage ; this is but a little matter for us to accomplish at once ; our lives were originally created for your sake. We will bring here that King Karmasena in chains, and we will carry off his daughter Śaśāṅkavatī by force.”

When the king of the Mātangas and Māyāvaṭu said this, Mṛigāṅkadatta said lovingly and very respectfully : “ What

will you not be able to accomplish, for this resolute courage of yours is a sufficient guarantee that you will carry out that furtherance of your friend's interests which you have undertaken. When the Creator made you here, he infused into your composition qualities borrowed from your surroundings, the firmness of the Vindhya hills, the courage of the tigers, and the warm attachment to friends of the forest¹ lotuses. So deliberate, and do what is fitting." While Mrigāṅkadatta was saying this, the sun retired to rest on the summit of the mountain of setting. Then they also rested that night in the royal camp, as was meet, sleeping in booths made by the workmen.

And the next morning Mrigāṅkadatta sent off Guṇākara to bring his friend Śaktirakshita, the king of the Kirātas. He went and communicated the state of affairs to that sovereign; and in a very few days the king of the Kirātas returned with him, bringing a very large force. Ten hundred thousand footmen, and two hundred thousand horses, and a myriad of furious elephants on which heroes were mounted, and eighty-eight thousand chariots followed that king, who darkened the heaven with his banners and his umbrella. And Mrigāṅkadatta, with his friends and ministers, went to meet him in high spirits, and honoured him, and conducted him into the camp. And in the meanwhile other friends and relations of the king of the Mātangas, and all those of King Māyāvaṭu, having been summoned by messengers, came in.² And the camp swelled like an ocean, giving joy to the heart of Mrigāṅkadatta, with shouts rising up like the roar of the waves, and hundreds of battalions pouring in like rivers. And Durgapīśācha honoured³ those assembled kings⁴ with musk, and garments, and pieces of flesh, and spirits

¹ *Vana* might mean "water."

² Two of the India Office MSS. read *cha te datta dūtāḥ*, the other reads *cha taddattadūtāḥ*. I think these readings give a better sense. The king of the Mātangas is here Durgapīśācha.

³ I read *samamānayai*, the conjecture of Dr Kern. I find it in MSS. Nos. 1882 and 2166.

⁴ Speyer (*op. cit.*, p. 141) suspects a misreading in the B. text. For *yuktān*, etc., the D. text has *muktā*, etc. Thus, instead of "... those assembled kings with musk . . .," we should read "... those kings with pearls, musk . . ."—N.M.P.

distilled from fruits. And Māyāvaṭu, the king of the Śavaras, gave them all splendid baths, unguents, food, drink and beds. And Mṛigāṅkadatta sat down to eat with all those kings who were seated in their proper places.¹ He even went as far as to make the king of the Mātangas eat in his presence, though at a little distance from him: the fact is, it is necessity and place and time that take precedence, not one man of another.

And the next day, when the newly arrived force of Kirātas and others had rested, Mṛigāṅkadatta, sitting on a throne of ivory in the assembly of the kings, where he had been duly honoured, after he had had the place cleared of attendants, said to his friends, the king of the Mātangas, and the others: "Why do we now delay? Why do we not quickly march towards Ujjayinī with the whole of this force?"

When the Brāhman Śrutadhi heard this, he said to that prince: "Listen, Prince, I now speak according to the opinion of those who know policy. A king who wishes to be victorious must first see the distinction between what is practicable and what is not practicable. What cannot be accomplished by an expedient, he should reject as impracticable. That is practicable which can be accomplished by an expedient. Now expedients in this matter are of four kinds, and are enumerated as conciliation, gifts, division and force. This order represents their comparative advantages, the first being better than the second, and so on. So, my prince, you ought first to make use of conciliation in this business. For, as King Karmasena is not greedy of gain, gifts are not likely to succeed; nor is division likely to be of any use, for none of his servants is angry or covetous, or indignant with him on account of having been treated with neglect. As for force, its employment is risky; as that king lives in a difficult country, he has a very formidable army, and has never been conquered by any king before. Moreover, even mighty ones cannot always be assured of having the fortune of victory on their side in battles; besides, it is not becoming in one who is a suitor for a maiden's hand to slaughter her relations. So let us send an ambassador to that monarch, adopting the

¹ Being a man of high caste, he ate with men that had none, or next to none. Dr Kern wishes to read *kārye*, but all the MSS. have *kāryaṃ*.

method of conciliation. If that does not succeed, the method of force shall be employed as being unavoidable." All there, when they heard this speech of Śrutadhi's, approved it, and praised his statesmanship.

Then Mṛigāṅkadatta deliberated with them all, and sent a servant of the king of the Kirātas, a noble Brāhman, Suvi-graha by name, who possessed all the requisites of a diplomatist, to King Karmasena, as an ambassador to communicate the result of their deliberations, and he carried with him a letter, and was also entrusted with a verbal message. The ambassador went to Ujjayinī, and, being introduced by the warder, entered the king's palace, the interior of which looked very magnificent, as its zones were crowded with splendid horses and with elephants; and he saw that King Karmasena, sitting on his throne, surrounded by his ministers. He did obeisance to that sovereign, who welcomed him; and after he had sat down, and his health had been inquired after, he proceeded to deliver to him his letter. And the king's minister, named Prajnākośa, took it, and broke the seal, and unfolding the letter, proceeded to read it out to the following effect: "All hail! The auspicious Mṛigāṅkadatta, ornament of the circle of the earth, son of the great king of kings who is lord of the city of Ayodhyā, the fortunate Amaradatta, from the slope of the forest at the foot of the castle of Karabhagrīva, where he now is, with kings submissive and obedient to him, sends this plain message to the great King Karmasena in Ujjayinī, who is the moon of the sea of his own race, with all due respect: You have a daughter, and you must without fail give her to another, so give her to me, for she has been declared by the gods a suitable wife for me; in this way we shall become allies, and our former enmity will be at an end. If you do not consent, I will appeal to my own strong arms to give me this object of my desires." When the letter had been thus read by the minister Prajnākośa, King Karmasena, inflamed with rage, said to his ministers: "These people are always hostile to us; and observe, this man, not knowing his place, has on the present occasion worded his communication in an objectionable form. He has put himself first and me last, out of

contempt; and at the end the conceited fellow has bragged of the might of his arm. So, I do not consider that I ought to send any reply. As for giving him my daughter, that is out of the question. Depart, ambassador! let your master do what he can.”¹

When King Karmasena said this, that Brāhman ambassador Suvigraha, being a man of spirit, gave him an answer well suited to the occasion: “Fool, you boast now, because you have not seen that prince. Make ready; when he arrives, you will learn the difference between yourself and your opponent.” When the ambassador said this, the whole court was in a state of excitement; but the king, though in wrath, said: “Away with you! Your person is inviolable, so what can we do?” Then some of those present, biting their lips and wringing their hands together, said one to another: “Why do we not follow him and kill him this moment?” But others, being masters of themselves, said: “Let the young fool of a Brāhman go! Why do you trouble yourselves about the speech of this babbler? We will show what we can do.” Others again, appearing to foreshadow by their frowns the speedy bending of their bows, remained silent, with faces red with rage.

The whole court being thus incensed, the ambassador Suvigraha went out, and repaired to Mṛigāṅkadatta in his camp. He told him and his friends what Karmasena had said; and the prince, when he heard it, ordered the army to march. Then the sea of soldiers, set in motion by the order of the commander, as by a violent gust of wind, in which men, horses and elephants moved like bounding sea-monsters, exciting satisfaction in the mind of the allied monarchs,² assumed an agitation terrifying to the minds of timid men. Then Mṛigāṅkadatta, making the earth miry with the foam of high-mettled horses and the frontal ichor of elephants, and deafening the world with the noise of his drums, moved on slowly to Ujjayinī to victory.

¹ Cf. the way in which King Melias receives the proposals of Osantrix in the fifty-third chapter of the “*Wilkins Saga*” (Hagen’s *Helden-Sagen*, vol. i, p. 182).

² Or “of the mountains that retained their wings”—i.e. by taking refuge from Indra in the sea. The pun is, of course, most intentional.

NOTE ON ARJUNA AND THE NARMADĀ.

This refers to an incident in the "Uttarakāṇḍa," or last book of the *Rāmāyaṇa*. It is really only an appendix and deals with incidents antecedent to those in the poem itself. Rāvana, after defeating numerous kings, attacks Arjuna or Kārttavīrya, King of Māhishmatī, on the banks of the Narmadā, and is defeated, captured and imprisoned by Arjuna. Griffith (*Rāmāyaṇa*, vol. v, p. 322), following the works of Signor Gorresio and Muir, places the incident in sections xxi and xxii, but in the complete prose translation by M. N. Dutt it appears in sections xxxvi-xxxviii, as related by Agastya to Rāma.

Section xxxvi contains a beautiful description of the holy River Narmadā (Dutt calls it Nerbuda; it is the Narbada or Nerbudda of modern atlases, the Namados of Pliny, and Nammadios of the *Periplus*), followed by the bathing of Rāvaṇa and his worship of Śiva. The worship, however, is interrupted by an overwhelming current of the stream, flowing in an opposite direction. Some of Rāvaṇa's retinue go to discover the cause of this strange phenomenon and report as follows:—

"O lord of Rākshasas, an unknown person, huge as a *Śāla* tree, is sporting with females obstructing the course of Nerbuda like unto a dam. And being withheld by the thousand arms of that man, the waters of Nerbuda are continually throwing up high waves."

At this Rāvaṇa advances to fight Arjuna, and several of the latter's ministers are killed. Arjuna thereupon "rose up from the waters like an elephant," and the waters thus released from this human dam flowed on their accustomed way. [This is the actual incident referred to in our text.] A terrible duel ensues. "And taking up their clubs, Arjuna and Rāvaṇa begin to fight with one another, emitting cries like the mutterings of clouds, like unto two huge bulls fighting for a cow, two agitated oceans, two moving mountains, two effulgent Ādityas, two burning flames, two proud elephants, two proud lions, and like the very Rudra and Kāla."

Eventually Rāvaṇa is overcome, bound and carried off by Arjuna.—N.M.P.

CHAPTER CIII

163. *Story of Mrigāṅkadatta*

THEN Mrigāṅkadatta, accompanied by his friends, crossed the Vindhya range, and, with his army ready for battle, reached the frontier of Ujjayinī. When the brave King Karmasena heard that, he also made ready for the fight, and with his army moved out from the city to meet him. And when those two armies came to close quarters, and could see one another, a battle took place between them that gladdened heroes. The battlefield seemed like the dwelling-place of Hiranyakaśipu, as it was full of timid demons dispersed in terror by the roar of the Man-lion¹; the continued dense shower of arrows flying through the air, and cutting one another, descended on brave warriors, like locusts on the tender herb. Dense clouds of pearls gleamed as they sprang from the frontal globes of elephants struck with swords, resembling the necklace of the Fortune of that battle broken in her agitation. That place of combat appeared like the mouth of Death; and the sharp points of spears, that seized on men, horses and elephants, were like his fangs. The heads of strong-armed warriors, cut off with crescent-headed arrows, flew up to heaven, as if leaping up² to kiss the heavenly nymphs; and at every moment trunks of brave heroes danced, as if in delight at the battle of their noble leader being gloriously illuminated; and so for five days that hero-destroying battle went on, with flowing rivers of blood, rich in mountains of heads.

And in the evening of the fifth day the Brāhman Śrutadhi

¹ Kṛishṇa, in the form of a man-lion, destroyed Hiranyakaśipu. The word man-lion also refers to brave soldiers. For *sashpesu* No. 1882 reads *sasyeshu*.

² I read, with India Office MS. No. 1882, *dividattordhvaḥjampāni*; the two other MSS. agree in the reading *jampāni*. For *bhruvaśālinām* I read *bhujāśālinām*, which I find in the three India Office MSS.

came secretly to Mṛigāṅkadatta when he was closeted with his ministers, and said to him : “ While you were engaged in fighting, I went away from the camp, in the disguise of a mendicant, and entered Ujjayinī, the gates of which were almost deserted : and now listen ; I will tell you truly what I observed, being myself all the while, though near at hand, unseen in virtue of my knowledge. As soon as King Karma-sena went out to battle, Śaśāṅkavatī, with the permission of her mother, also left the palace, and repaired to a temple of Gaurī in that city to propitiate the goddess, in order to ensure her father’s success in combat. And while she was there, she said in secret to a devoted confidante : ‘ My friend, it is for my sake that my father has become involved in this war. And if he is conquered he will give me to that prince ; for kings disregard love for offspring altogether when the interests of their kingdoms are at stake. And I do not know whether that prince is a suitable match for me in respect of personal appearance or not. ✓ I would sooner meet my death than marry an ugly husband. I think a good-looking husband, even though poor, is to be preferred to an ugly one, though he be emperor over the whole earth. ✓ So you must go to the army and see what he is like, and then return. For, my fortunate friend, Chaturikā ¹ is your name, and Prudence is your nature.’

“ When the princess had given this order to her confidante, that girl managed to come to our camp, and after seeing you, Prince, went and said to that princess : ‘ My friend, I can say nothing but this : even Vāsuki ² himself has not got a tongue able to describe the beauty of that prince. So far, however, I can give you an idea of it : as there is no woman in the world equal to you in good looks, so there is no man equal to him. But alas ! that is but a feeble description of him ; I believe in these three worlds there is no Siddha, or Gandharva, or god like him.’ By this speech of her confidante’s Śaśāṅkavatī’s heart was fixed on you, and at the same moment it was nailed to you by the God of Love with his arrows. And

¹ I.e. “ Prudence.”

² The king of the snakes. See for his thousand mouths and thousand tongues p. 56 of this volume.

from that time forth she has remained desiring the welfare of you and also of her father, becoming gradually attenuated by penance and grief of separation from you.

“So go secretly this very night and carry off that princess from that sanctuary of Gaurī, which is now unfrequented, and bring her here without being observed. Let her be conveyed to the palace of Māyāvaṭu; and then these kings, after securing your rear against the fury of the foe, shall come there with me. Let this fighting be put an end to. Do not allow any further slaughter of soldiers. And ensure the personal safety of yourself and the king your father-in-law. For war, that involves a great waste of human life, is an inexpedient expedient, and sages affirm it to be the worst of all political measures.”

When Śrutadhi had said this to Mṛigānkadatta, that prince and his ministers mounted their horses and set out secretly at night. And the prince arrived at the city of Ujjayinī, in which only women and children and sleepy men were left, and entered it easily, as the gates were kept by only a few drowsy guards.¹ And then he proceeded to that famous sanctuary of Gaurī, which was easily discovered by the description which Śrutadhi had given of it. It was situated in a great garden called Pushpakaraṇḍa, and was just then illuminated by the rays of the moon, which at that time adorned the face of the East.²

In the meanwhile Śaśāṅkavatī, who remained sleepless, though her companions, worn out by attendance and other fatigues, were sleeping around her, was saying to herself: “Alas! for my sake brave kings and princes and heroes are being slain every day in battle in both these armies. Moreover, that prince, who has appealed to the ordeal of battle for my sake, was long ago designated as my husband by the goddess Durgā in a dream; and the God of Love has with unflinching aim cut out my heart with a continual shower³ of

¹ No. 1882 has *mattairasaṃvṛṇṇiladvārām*.

² There is an intentional pun in this passage, which may be translated “illuminated by the moon with his rays” or “pointed out by the moon with his fingers.”

³ For *parasparām* I read *paramparām*, following Böhtlingk and Roth. This is the reading of MS. No. 1882.

arrows, and taken it and presented it to him. But, ill-starred girl that I am, my father will not give me to that prince, on account of the previous enmity between them, and his own pride : so much I gathered from his letter. So what is the use of a sure revelation by a goddess in a dream, when Fate is adverse ? The fact is, I see no chance of obtaining my beloved in any way. So why should I not abandon my hopeless life, before I hear of some misfortune happening to my father or to my lover in battle ? ”¹ With these words she rose up, and in her grief went in front of Gaurī and made a noose with her outer garment, fastening it to an *aśoka* tree.

In the meanwhile Mrigānkadatta, with his companions, entered that garden and fastened his horse to a tree in front of the temple and sanctuary of Gaurī. Then Mrigānkadatta's minister Vimalabuddhi, seeing the princess near, said of his own accord to the prince : “ Look, Prince, here is some lovely girl trying to hang herself ; now, who can she be ? ” When the prince heard that, he looked at her and said : “ Aha ! who can this girl be ? Is she the goddess Rati ? Or is she happiness incarnate in bodily form ? Or is she the beauty of the moon, having taken shape,² or the command of Kāma living and walking ? Or is she a nymph of heaven ? No, that cannot be. For what can make heavenly nymphs hang themselves ? So let us remain here for a time concealed by trees, until we find out for certain, somehow or other, who she is.” When he had said this, he and his ministers remained there in concealment ; and in the meanwhile the despondent Śaśānkavatī offered this prayer to the goddess : “ O adorable Gaurī, that deliverest the afflicted from their pain, grant that, though, owing to my sins in a former state of existence, Prince Mrigānkadatta has not become my husband in this birth, he may become such in a future life.” When the princess had said this, she bowed before the goddess, and fastened the noose round her neck, with eyes moist with tears.

At that moment her companions woke up, and, distressed at not seeing her, began to look for her, and quickly came

¹ I read *vā raṇe*, the conjecture of Dr Kern.

² *Sakārā* is a misprint for *Śākārā*, which I find in MS. No. 1882.

where she was. And they said : “ Alas, friend, what is this that you have undertaken ? Out on your rashness ! ” With these words they removed the noose from her neck. So, while the girl was standing there ashamed and despondent, a voice came from the inner shrine of Gaurī’s temple : “ Do not despond, my daughter Śaśāṅkavatī ; that word, fair one, that I spake to thee in a dream, cannot prove false. Here is that husband of thine in a former life, Mṛigāṅkadatta, come to thy side : go and enjoy with him the whole earth.”

When Śaśāṅkavatī heard this sudden utterance, she slowly looked aside a little confused, and at that moment Vikramakeśarin, the minister of Mṛigāṅkadatta, came up to her, and pointing out the prince with his finger, said to her : “ Princess, Bhavānī has told you the truth, for here is the prince, your future husband, come to you, drawn by the cords of love.”

*The Meeting
of Mṛigāṅka-
datta and
Śaśāṅkavatī*

When the princess heard that, she cast a sidelong glance, and beheld that noble lover of hers,¹ standing in the midst of his companions, looking like the moon having descended from heaven begirt by the planets, like the standard by which beauty is tested in others, raining nectar into the eyes.

Then she remained motionless as a pillar, and every hair stood erect with joy on all her limbs, so that they appeared to be covered with the feathers at the end of Kāma’s arrows raining upon her. And at that moment Mṛigāṅkadatta came up to her, and, in order to dispel her shame, he addressed to her, with a voice raining the honey of love, the following speech appropriate to the occasion² : “ Fair one, you have made me leave my own country and kingdom and relations, and brought me from a distance, enslaving me and binding me with the chain of your virtues. So now I have gained this fruit of my dwelling in the forest, and of my sleeping on the ground, and of my living on wild fruits, and enduring the fierce heat of the sun, and of my emaciation with asceticism, that I have beheld this form of yours which

¹ Dr Kern prefers *tejasvinam* to *tejasvinām*.—I have adopted this conjecture, which is supported by two of the India Office MSS.

² I read *kālochitām*, the conjecture of Dr Kern ; it is found in the three MSS. lent me by Dr Rost.

rains nectar into my eyes. And if you love me enough to care to please me, bestow also, gazelle-eyed one, that feast of the eyes upon the ladies of our city. Let the war cease; let the welfare of both armies be ensured; let my birth be made a success, and let my father's blessing be gained for me at the same time."

When Mrigānkadatta had said this to Śaśānkavatī, she slowly answered, with eyes fixed on the ground: "I indeed have been purchased with your virtues and made your slave, so do, my husband, what you think will be for our good." When Mrigānkadatta had been refreshed by this nectar-like speech of hers, and saw that his point was gained, he praised the goddess Gaurī and bowed before her, and then he made the princess get up behind him on his horse, and his ten¹ ministers mounted and took her ladies-in-waiting up behind them; and then the prince, with his sword drawn, set out from that city at night, accompanied by them, sword in hand. And though the city-guards saw those eleven heroes, they did not dare to stop them, for they looked as formidable as so many angry Rudras. And leaving Ujjayinī, they went with Śaśānkavatī to the palace of Māyavaṭu, in accordance with the advice of Śrutadhi.

While the guards were exclaiming in their distraction, "Who are these, and whither are they gone?" it gradually became known in Ujjayinī that the princess had been carried off. And the queen-consort hurriedly dispatched the governor of the city to the camp, to tell King Karmasena what had taken place. But in the meanwhile the head of the scouts came to King Karmasena in the camp there at night, and said to him: "King, Mrigānkadatta and his ministers left the army secretly in the early part of this night, and went on horseback to Ujjayinī, to carry off Śaśānkavatī, who is in the temple of Gaurī. So much I have discovered for certain: your Highness knows what step it is now desirable to take."

When King Karmasena heard this, he sent for his general, and communicated to him privately the information he had received, and said to him: "Choose five hundred swift

¹ *Daśabhiḥ* is a misprint for *daśabhiḥ*, the reading of the MSS.

horses, and set picked men on them, and go with them secretly to Ujjayinī, and wherever you find that villain Mṛigāṅkadatta, kill him, or make him prisoner : know that I will follow you quickly, leaving my army behind me."

When the general received this order from the king, he said, "So be it," and set out by night for Ujjayinī with the prescribed force. And on the way he met the governor of the town, from whom he heard that the princess had been carried off by some daring men in another direction. Then he returned with the governor of the town, and told King Karmasena what had taken place. When the king heard it, he thought it impossible, and remained quiet during the night, without making an attack. And in the camp of Mṛigāṅkadatta, Māyāvaṭu and the other kings passed the night under arms, by the advice of Śrutadhi.

And next morning the sagacious King Karmasena found out the real state of the case, and sent off an ambassador to the kings in the camp of Mṛigāṅkadatta ; and he instructed the ambassador to give this message by word of mouth : "Mṛigāṅkadatta has carried off my daughter by a stratagem : never mind that ; for what other man would be as suitable a match for her ? So now let him come to my palace, and do you come too, in order that I may celebrate my daughter's marriage with appropriate ceremonies."¹ And the kings and Śrutadhi approved of this proposal,² and said to the ambassador : "Then let your master retire to his own city, and we will ourselves go and bring the prince there." When the ambassador heard that proposal, he went and reported it to his master ; and Karmasena agreed to it, and left for Ujjayinī with his army. When the kings saw that, they went, with Māyāvaṭu at their head, and accompanied by Śrutadhi, to Mṛigāṅkadatta.

And in the meanwhile Mṛigāṅkadatta, with Saśāṅkavatī, had reached the palace of Māyāvaṭu in the city of Kāñchana-pura. There the queens of Māyāvaṭu welcomed him, and

¹ So King Nidung, in the "Wilkins Saga" (chapter cxxxi), asks King Sigmund to come to his palace if he wishes to marry his daughter (Hagen's *Helden-Sagen*, vol. i, p. 322).

² Dr Kern points out that *Śraddhatus* is a misprint for *Śraddadhus*.

his companions, and his beloved, with becoming hospitality, and he rested there with them, having successfully accomplished his object. And the next day the kings came there with Śrutadhi: the heroic king of the Kirātas, Śaktirakshita, with his army, and the mighty King Māyāvaṭu, leader of the Savaras, and the hero Durgapiśācha, lord of the host of the Matangas; and all of them, when they beheld Mrigānkadatta united to Saśānkavatī, like the white water-lily to the night, rejoiced and congratulated him. And after they had shown him the honour he deserved, they told him the message of Karmasena, and how he had gone to his own palace.

Then Mrigānkadatta, having established there his camp, that was like a moving city, sat down with them all to take counsel. And he said to the kings and to his ministers: *Mrigānkadatta takes counsel of his Ministers and Allies* "Tell me, shall I go to Ujjayinī to be married or not?" And they with one accord gave the following answer: "That king is a villain; so how can a visit to his palace turn out well?"

Moreover, there is no need of it, as his daughter has arrived here." Then Mrigānkadatta said to the Brāhman Śrutadhi: "Why do you remain silent, Brāhman, like one taking no interest in the proceedings? Tell me, do you approve of this step or not?"

Then Śrutadhi said: "If you will listen, I will tell you what I think: my opinion is that you ought to go to the palace of Karmasena. For he sent you this message because he saw no other way out of the difficulty¹; otherwise, how would a powerful prince like that, when his daughter had been carried off, give up fighting, and go home? Moreover, what could he do to you when you arrived at his court, since you would take your army with you? On the contrary, if you go there, he will be well disposed to you, and he will again be one of your chief allies out of love for his daughter. The reason he makes this proposal, which is a

¹ Here No. 1882 reads *griheshu kṛitavairasya gamane*.

² Thus Tawney paraphrases *asādhyaena*. But if we read *asādhyaena*, with the D. text, the sense is much improved: "... it cannot be with an insidious purpose that he sent you this message; otherwise ..." etc. See Speyer, *op. cit.*, p. 141.—N.M.P.

perfectly legitimate one, is that he does not wish his daughter to be married in an irregular manner. So I think it advisable that you should go to Ujjayinī.” When Śrutadhi said this, all who were present approved his speech, and said : “ Bravo ! Bravo ! ”

Then Mrigāṅkadatta said to them : “ I admit the truth of all this ; but I do not like to marry without my father and mother. So let someone be sent off from this place to summon my father and mother ; and when I have learnt their wish, I will do what is proper.” When the hero had said this, he took the advice of his friends, and then and there sent off his minister Bhīmaparākrama to his parents.

And in the meanwhile his father, King Amaradatta, in the city of Ayodhyā, found out in course of time from his subjects that the charge which Vinītamati brought against the prince, and which caused his banishment from his native land, was wholly groundless. Then, in his wrath, he put to death that wicked minister and his family, and fell into a pitiable state, being terribly afflicted on account of the banishment of his son. And he left his capital, and remained in a sanctuary of Śiva, outside the city, called Nandigrāma ; and there he and his wives gave themselves up to severe asceticism.

After he had remained there some time, Bhīmaparākrama, whose approach was announced by scouts, arrived, thanks to the speed of his swift horse, at the city of Ayodhyā. He beheld that city plunged in despair, on account of the absence of the prince, as if it were once more going through the painful agitation caused by the exile of Rāma. Thence he went to Nandigrāma, surrounded by citizens who asked him for news of the prince, and hearing from their mouths what had happened to the king. There he beheld King Amaradatta, with his body emaciated by asceticism, surrounded by his queens, eager for news of his beloved son.

Bhīmaparākrama went up to him and fell at his feet, and the king embraced him, and asked for news of his son ; and thereupon Bhīmaparākrama said to him with tears : “ Your son Mrigāṅkadatta has won by his valour the Princess Śaśāṅkavatī, the daughter of King Karmasena. But, as he

is devoted to his parents, it does not seem at all becoming to him to marry her, unless the king and the queen can be present at the ceremony. So your son, placing his head upon the ground, has sent me to request you to come to him. And he awaits your Highness's arrival, in Kānchanapura, in the palace of King Māyāvaṭu, the monarch of the Śavaras. Now hear the story of our adventures." And thereupon Bhīmaparākrama began with the banishment of his master, and related all his various and wonderful adventures, involving the long story of the misfortunes of their forest sojourn and their separation, with the war, and winding up with the prince's reconciliation with Karmasena.

When King Amaradatta heard that, he made up his mind that it was well with his son, and in his joy he announced that he would set out that moment. He mounted an elephant, and accompanied by his queen, his subject kings and his ministers, and followed by a force of elephants and cavalry, he started full of eagerness to join his son. And, travelling uninterruptedly, the king reached in a few days his son's camp, that was pitched in the territory of the monarch of the Śavaras.

And when Mr̥gāṅkadatta, who had long been yearning for his father, heard of his approach, he went out to meet him with all the kings. And he saw him from a distance, and dismounted from his horse, and fell at the feet of his father, who was seated on an elephant, and at the feet of his mother. And when embraced by his father, he filled with his body his clasping arms, with satisfaction his heart, and his eyes with tears. His mother too folded him in a long embrace, and looking at him again and again was for some time unable to let him go, as if fearing a second separation. And Mr̥gāṅkadatta introduced to his father Amaradatta the kings his friends, and they bowed before him and the queen. And that couple, the king and the queen, received lovingly those friends who had stood by their only son in his difficulties.

Then Amaradatta entered the palace of Māyāvaṭu and saw Śaśāṅkavatī, his future daughter-in-law, who bowed at his feet. And after accepting a present, he departed with

the queen and that daughter-in-law, and took up his quarters in his own camp. And there he took food with his son and all the kings, and spent that day agreeably with song, music and dancing. And he thought that all his objects in life had been gained, thanks to his son Mrigāṅkadatta, the future emperor, who had attained so much glory.

And in the meanwhile the wise King Karmasena, after deliberating, sent off an ambassador to Mrigāṅkadatta with the following message, which was contained in a letter, and also intended to be delivered by word of mouth: "I know that you will not come to Ujjayinī, so I will send to you my own son Susheṇa; he will bestow on you with due ceremonies his sister Śaśāṅkavatī: so you ought not, blameless one, to marry her in an irregular manner, if you value my friendship."

And when the prince had heard this message delivered in the royal hall of audience, his father the king himself gave this answer to the ambassador: "Who but King Karmasena would send such a gracious message? That excellent monarch is truly well disposed to us, so let him send here his son Susheṇa; we will so order matters as that his daughter's marriage shall give him satisfaction." When the king had given this answer, and dismissed the messenger with due honours, he said to his son, and Śrutadhi, and the kings: "We had better go now to Ayodhyā; that is the place where the marriage can be performed with most *éclat*. and there we can entertain Susheṇa with becoming magnificence. And let King Māyāvatu wait here for Susheṇa when that prince arrives he can come on after us to Ayodhyā with him. But we will go on in front to make the necessary preparations for the marriage." And all present approved this speech of the king's.

Then, the next day, the king with the queen and his soldiers, and Mrigāṅkadatta with the kings and his ministers started off with Śaśāṅkavatī, exulting in their success, leaving Māyāvatu to wait there for Susheṇa. Their army moved on like a deep and terrible sea, agitated with hundreds of waves in the form of troops of bounding horses, filling a the horizon with a flood of countless marching footmen rendering all other sounds inaudible with the confused di

that arose from it. And gradually advancing, father and son reached the palace of Saktirakshita, the king of the Kirātas, that lay in their course.

There they and their attendants were courteously and generously welcomed, with heaps of valuable jewels, gold, and splendid garments. And they stayed there one day with their army, taking food and resting, and then they set out and reached in course of time their city of Ayodhyā. It seemed like a lake in windy weather as they entered it; for the ladies of the city who had climbed up to the windows of the palaces, as they moved to and fro, seemed like swaying, full-blown lotuses, sending forth shoots of beauty; and their rolling eyes, eager to behold the prince, who after a long absence had returned, bringing a bride with him, were like dancing blue lilies: it was crowded with assembling kingly swans, and tossing with wavy banners. And father and son looked grand as they sat on thrones being blessed by the Brāhmans, praised by heralds, and hymned by bards.

And when the people there saw the great beauty of Śaśāṅkavatī, they exclaimed, in their astonishment: "If they were to behold this daughter of Karmasena, the Ocean would cease to boast of the beauty of his daughter Lakshmi, and the Himālaya would no longer pride himself on Gaurī." And then, when the festival came on, the quarters, re-echoing the sound of the auspicious drums of rejoicing, as it were, gave notice to the kings. And the whole city was full of exultation, and the vermilion colours that covered it throughout seemed like its red glow of affection overflowing in external form.

The next day the astrologers fixed an auspicious date for the prince's marriage, and his father, King Amaradatta, began to make preparations for it. And the city was filled so full of various jewels, coming from all quarters, that it put to shame the city of Kuvera.

And soon a servant of King Māyāvaṭu came to the sovereign in high spirits, introduced by the warder, and said to him: "King, Prince Sushena and King Māyāvaṭu have arrived, and they are both waiting on the frontier of this realm of Ayodhyā." When King Amaradatta heard

that, he sent his own general with a body of soldiers to meet Sushena. And Mrigānkadatta, out of regard for his friend, also went out with the general from Ayodhyā to meet the prince. And both of those princes dismounted, while yet a great distance apart, and met together, embracing one another and asking after one another's health. And out of love they entered the city in the same chariot, giving a great feast to the eyes of the ladies of the city.

And there Sushena had an interview with the king, and was received by him with much respect, and then he went to the private apartments of his sister Śaśānkavatī. There she rose up weeping and embraced him, and he sat down and said to the princess, who was overwhelmed with shame: "My father directs me to tell you that you have done nothing unbecoming, for he has just come to learn that Prince Mrigānkadatta was appointed your husband by the goddess Gaurī in a dream, and it is the highest duty of women to follow the steps of their husbands." When he had said this to the girl she dismissed her shame, looking at her heart with downcast face, as if to tell it that its desire was gained.

Then Sushena brought and gave to Śaśānkavatī in the presence of the king her own accumulated wealth: two thousand *bhāras*¹ of gold, five camels heavily laden with jewelled ornaments, and another treasure of gold. And he said: "This is her own private property, but, as for what her father has sent, I will give it her in due course at the marriage altar." Then they all ate and drank, and spent the day there in the king's presence in great comfort, with Mrigānkadatta and his suite.

The next day dawned, the day fixed as auspicious, and Mrigānkadatta performed his own daily ceremony, of bathing and so on; in which the king himself displayed the *The Royal* utmost interest, in his joy at the occasion. And *Wedding* then Śaśānkavatī, though her beauty was sufficient bridal ornament, was solemnly adorned by the ladies, only out of regard for the good old custom, not because anything of the kind was needed. Then the bride and

¹ A *bhāra* = 20 *tulās*.—The equations, however, vary. See L. D. Barnett, *Antiquities of India*, pp. 207, 209.—N.M.P.

bridegroom left the room in which the previous ceremony took place, and in which Sushenā presided, and ascended the altar-platform, where a fire was burning. And on it the prince received the hand of the princess, which was resplendent with the hues of a lotus that she held, as Vishṇu the hand of Lakshmī. And when they circumambulated the fire, the face of Śaśāṅkavatī was red and tearful from heat and smoke, though anger was far from her. And the handfuls of parched grain, thrown into the fire, appeared like the laughs of the God of Love, pleased with the success of his scheme. And when the first handful was thrown, Sushenā gave the five thousand horses, and a hundred elephants, and two hundred *bhāras* of gold, and twenty camels laden with loads of splendid raiment, valuable gems and pearl-ornaments. And at each subsequent sprinkling of grain Śaśāṅkavatī's brother gave her a portion of the wealth gained by the conquest of the earth, double that given at the preceding.¹

Then Mṛigāṅkadatta, the auspicious ceremony having been performed, entered his own palace with his newly married bride, Śaśāṅkavatī, while the sound of festal drums rose up in the air. And the king, his father, gratified his ministers and the citizens of his capital with presents of elephants, horses, garments, ornaments, meat and drink, suited to the worth of the recipient, beginning with the circle of dependent monarchs, and ending with the parrots and pet *mainas*. And the king displayed on this occasion such exceedingly lavish generosity that even the trees had garments and gems fastened to them, and presented the appearance of earthly wishing-trees.

Then the king and Mṛigāṅkadatta feasted with the kings and Śaśāṅkavatī and Sushenā, and spent the rest of the day in a wine-party. Then, after the inhabitants of the palace had eaten and drunk well, and enjoyed music and dancing, the sun, having accomplished his journey, and having drunk up the moisture of the earth, entered the cavern of the western mountain. And the glory of the day, seeing that

¹ For a full description of all the intricate rites of a Hindu marriage ceremony, see Mrs Stevenson, *Rites of the Twice-Born*, chapter iv.—N.M.P.

he had departed somewhere or other with the evening that was all ablaze with a warm glow, ran after him in a fit of jealous anger, and the birds flying to and fro seemed like her agitated zone.¹ And then in due course appeared advancing the wanton nymph Night, beautiful with her waving black robe of darkness, and showing a face in which stars rolled for eyeballs, and the God of Love waxed mighty. And the moon, own brother to the curved corner of an angry, long-eyed beauty's eye, arose, and, glowing with fresh rosy colour, made itself the driving-hook of the elephant of the eastern mountain. And the eastern quarter, that was clear and bright with the departure of the darkness, bore a laughing face, to which the moon, like a new shoot of the twining plant of love, formed an extemporised ear-ornament.

And at night Mrigānkadatta, after performing his evening devotions, retired to his luxuriously appointed bed-chamber with his bride Śaśānkavatī. And during it, that fair one's moonlike countenance, dispelling the darkness and lighting up the pictured panels of the room, seemed to render unnecessary the lamps hanging there, that were made of precious stones.² And the next morning Mrigānkadatta was aroused by the soft sweet strains of the following song: "The night has passed; leave your bed, Prince, for the breezes of morning are blowing, fanning the perfumed locks of the gazelle-eyed fair ones. And the dewdrops collected on the points of the blades of *durvā* grass sparkle brilliantly, looking like pearls fallen from the necklace of the night quickly following the moon. And observe, Prince, the bees that long sported in the cups of the white water-lilies, opening when touched by the beams of the moon, and drank the honey, and were joyous at having obtained an entrance, now that the water-lilies are closed and their glory is departing, are seeking some other retreat; for to whom

¹ The words are, by a misprint, wrongly divided in Brockhaus' text.

² Cf. Heliodorus, III, v, πλέον ἀπὸ τῶν ὀφθαλμῶν σέλας ἢ τῶν δαδῶν ἀπὸ γυῶν, quoted by Rohde, *Der Griechische Roman*, p. 152, note.—See Vol. II, p. 169. Mr A. H. Krappe kindly sends me the following additional references: Bartsch, *Herzog Ernst*, p. cl *et seq.*; Schröder, *Sanct Brandon*, p. 104; A. N. Rambaud, *La Russe épique*, pp. 387, 405.—N.M.P.

are black souls faithful in calamity ? And the God of Love, seeing that the lip of the night has been adorned by the finger of the sun, has stripped it of the moon, which served it for a beauty-patch, and has gradually dissipated the darkness, which was a black powder to set it off."

Aroused by these strains at the hour of dawn, Mrigānkadatta cast off sleep, and, leaving Śaśānkavatī, at once started up from his couch. And he rose and performed the ceremonies of the day, his father having made all the arrangements that devolved on him ; and accompanied by his beloved he passed many more days in similar rejoicing.

Then his father Amaradatta first inaugurated the prince's brother-in-law Sushena with the holy waters, and placed a turban of honour on his head, and bestowed on him as a mark of respect a suitable territory, and elephants, horses, quantities of gold and garments, and a hundred beautiful women. And then the king complimented the king of the Savaras and the king of the Kirātas, Māyavatu and Śaktirakshita, with their relations and wives, and that King Durgapiśācha, the leader of the host of the Mātangas, and the ministers of Mrigānkadatta with Śrutadhi, by giving them territories, cows, horses, gold and garments. Then King Amaradatta dismissed the king of the Kirātas and the other monarchs, with Sushena, to their own dominions, and ruled his realm in happiness, at ease because his valour was so well known. Mrigānkadatta, for his part, having conquered his enemies, and attained his ends, remained in happiness with his wife Śaśānkavatī, whom he had gained after a long struggle, and with Bhīmaparākrama and his other ministers.

And in course of time old age, slowly creeping on, approached the root of the ear of that King Amaradatta, appearing as if it had taken form in order to say to him : " You have enjoyed the good things of fortune : your age is fully ripe ; surely it is now time to retire from the world." Then the king's mind became averse to enjoyment, and he said to his ministers : " Listen, I will now tell you the scheme I have in my mind. My life has passed : that grey hue which is the harbinger of death has just now twitched

my locks¹; and when old age once arrives, a vicious clinging to enjoyment on the part of persons like myself, when all the zest is gone, is mere vanity. And though in some people a mad passion of avarice and lust goes on increasing with increasing age, that is without doubt the natural tendency of base souls, and the good do not acquire it. Now I have this son here, Mṛigāṅkadatta, who has gained glory by conquering the sovereign of Avanti and his allied kings,² who abounds in good qualities, is beloved by his subjects, and has excellent friends. So I propose to make over to him my mighty kingdom, and to retire to a holy water for mortification of the flesh: conduct in conformity with the laws laid down for the various periods of life, that their enemies cannot blame, becomes men of great soul."

When the calm and resolute ministers heard this determined speech of the king's, they, and in due course the queen and the citizens, all approved it, saying: "So let it be!" Then the king performed the joyful ceremony of the coronation³ of his son Mṛigāṅkadatta at a moment fixed by the astrologers, on a day selected by the chief Brāhmins assembled together. And on that day the palace of the king was full of people running hither and thither at the order of the warder, and all the officials in it had their hands full, and it reeled with the merriment of famous bards and of lovely women who were dancing there. And while the water of holy places was being poured in copious showers upon the head of Mṛigāṅkadatta and his wife, a second flood seemed to gush from the eyes of his joyful parents. And when that new king, of lionlike might, mounted his lion-seat, it seemed as if his enemies, bowed down by fear of his wrath, crouched on the ground in a fashion other than lionlike.

Then his father, King Amaradatta, prolonged for seven days the great feast, in which the king's highway was decorated,

¹ See M. Bloomfield, "On Recurring Motifs in Hindu Fiction," *Journ. Amer. Orient. Soc.*, vol. xxx, pp. 57, 58.—N.M.P.

² For *Sarājakāvartī* I read *Sarājakāvantī*; Mṛigāṅkadatta might be said by an admiring father to have conquered the King of Ujjayini.

³ It corresponds to the European ceremony of coronation, though performed with water.

and the subject-kings honoured according to their worth. And on the eighth day he went out of the city with his wife, and after turning back Mṛigāṅkadatta and the citizens, who followed him with tearful faces, he went with his ministers to Vārāṇasī. There the king remained with his body steeped in Ganges water, worshipping Śiva three times a day, performing penance, like a hermit, by living on roots and fruits ; and his wife shared all his devotions and privations.

But Mṛigāṅkadatta, for his part, having obtained that kingdom broad and pure as the sky, which the sun takes as his domain, and having overwhelmed the kings with imposition of numerous tributes, as the sun does the mountains with showers of rays, began to blaze forth with increasing heat of valour. And associated with his lieutenants Māyāvaṭu and Karmasena and the others, and with his own ministers headed by Śrutadhi, he conquered this circle of the earth, with all its continents, as far as the four cardinal points, and ruled it under one umbrella.¹ And while he was king, such calamities as famine and the dread of robbers and of foreign invaders were heard of only in tales ; and the world was ever joyous and happy, and enjoyed unparalleled felicity, so that it seemed as if the gentle reign of Rāma the good were renewed. And so the monarch established himself in that city of Ayodhyā with his ministers, and kings came from various quarters to worship the lotus of his foot, and he long enjoyed with his beloved Śaśāṅkavatī pleasures, the joy of which no enemy marred.²

[M] When the hermit Piśaṅgajata had told this story in the wood on the Malaya mountain to Naravāhanadatta, who was separated from his beloved, he went on to say to him : “ So, my son, as Mṛigāṅkadatta in old time gained Śaśāṅkavatī after enduring affliction, you also will regain your Madanamanchukā.” When Naravāhanadatta had

¹ See Vol. II, p. 267.—N.M.P.

² This is the conclusion of the story of Mṛigāṅkadatta, which begins in Vol. VI, p. 10.

heard this nectarous utterance of the mighty hermit Písan-gajāta, he conceived in his heart the hope of regaining Madanamanchukā. And with his mind fixed on her, he took leave of that good hermit, and roamed about on the Malaya mountain, looking for Lalitalochanā, the fair one that originally brought him there.

NOTE ON THE POSITION OF BOOK XII

After the completion of Book XII, the longest in the whole work, we once again return to Naravāhanadatta, whom we had nearly forgotten, and to whom the hermit Piśaṅgajaṭa was telling the tale of Mr̥gāṅkadatta. Let us look back for a moment at the circumstances which led up to the tale.

We read (Vol. VI, p. 1) that Naravāhanadatta remained at Kauśāmbī with his numerous wives, but "ever cherished the head queen, Madanamanchukā, more than his own life. . . ." One night he sees in a dream a heavenly maiden carry him off. But it proves to be no dream, and on waking he finds himself on the plateau of a great hill with a beautiful maiden by his side. The prince pretends to be still asleep to see what will happen. She first assumes the form of Madanamanchukā, but, on seeing there is no need for such a stratagem, marries him in her own shape by the *gāndharva* form of marriage. Naravāhanadatta, anxious to discover the identity of the fair charmer, proceeds to tell her a tale. In reply she tells him one which is really her own history. It transpires that her name is Lalitalochanā and that through love she has brought him to the Malaya mountain on which they now are. They live together happily (his other wives knowing all about it by their magical powers), but one day he loses sight of his loved one as she disappears into a dense thicket. He decides to wait for her on the bank of a lake, after bathing and worshipping the gods. He muses as he sits *longing for reunion with Madanamanchukā*. He seems already to have forgotten Lalitalochanā. So deeply does his grief at separation from his first wife affect him that he faints. At that moment the hermit Piśaṅgajaṭa arrives on the scene and revives him, and leading him to his hermitage tells him the tale of Mr̥gāṅkadatta (Vol. VI, p. 10 *et seq.*) in order to cheer him up. This long tale with its numerous sub-tales finishes on p. 192 of the present volume with the following words:—

"When the hermit Piśaṅgajaṭa had told this story in the wood on the Malaya mountain to Naravāhanadatta, *who was separated from his beloved*. . . ."

The "beloved" we naturally take to be Lalitalochanā, because she has wandered off somewhere picking flowers, and Madanamanchukā has been mentioned only once, quite casually. But, strange to say, our text continues:

"He went on to say to him, 'So, my son, as Mr̥gāṅkadatta in old time gained Saśāṅkavatī after enduring affliction, *you also shall regain your Madanamanchukā*. . . .'"

This seems quite inexplicable. We know nothing about Madanamanchukā being lost. As far as we are able to judge she is staying quietly at Kauśāmbī awaiting her husband's return. There is no possibility of an error in the original text, for it continues:

"When Naravāhanadatta had heard this nectarous utterance of the mighty hermit Piśaṅgajaṭa, *he conceived in his heart the hope of regaining Madanamanchukā*. And with his mind fixed on her, he took leave of that good hermit. . . ."

So Madanamanchukā was lost, but when and where is a mystery. The Kashmirian compilers, whom Somadeva so carefully copied, do not seem to have noticed this, or at any rate they did not let it worry them at all. We are not allowed to forget, however, that Lalitalochanā is lost too, for the text concludes :

"And roamed about on the Malaya mountain, looking for *Lalitalochanā*, whom he had lost, the fair one that originally brought him there."

She was obviously only a momentary love *pour passer le temps*, like so many of our hero's other wives; but with Madanamanchukā it was quite different. She was his first and chief love, and, as we shall see in Book XV, she is the only one to be crowned with him at his coronation. We can well understand that he would be much more concerned if Madanamanchukā were lost than if it were only Lalitalochanā. But apparently both are lost!

In order to find a solution to the problem we must look ahead at the Books immediately following. Book XIII, which is very short, leaves us in no doubt whatever as to whose loss the prince is worrying so much about. It begins (Vol. VIII, p. 1) as follows:

"Then Naravāhanadatta, the son of the King of Vatsa, afflicted with separation, *being without Madanamanchukā* . . . found joy nowhere."

He meets two Brāhmins to whom he relates the story of his great loss. They cheer him up by telling him how they have surmounted seemingly impassable obstacles and gained the object of their desires. At this moment Gomukha and others of the prince's retinue suddenly arrive, and, "*accompanied by Lalitalochanā*," all return to the city.

So ends the Book. Thus we are no nearer a solution, but, if anything, rather more muddled. For not a word is said as to how, when or where Lalitalochanā was found. Naravāhanadatta apparently does not care one way or the other. There she is, so she might as well come along too!

We turn to the next Book (XIV) and find that our hero is quietly living in Kauśāmbī with all his wives, *including Madanamanchukā*! But immediately afterwards the whole mystery is solved, for we read:

"Then it happened one day that he could not find his principal charmer, Madanamanchukā, anywhere in the female apartments, nor could her attendants find her either."

The whole court is thrown into confusion by this sudden loss, and vain efforts are made to find her. Naravāhanadatta is tricked into marrying an amorous Vidyādhari named Vegavati, but obtains information and help from her in recovering his lost love. He sets out on his search and is led into several other amorous adventures which result in as many marriages. After each one, however, the prince continues his search for Madanamanchukā.

Thus we see that Book XII is clearly in its wrong position. It must come *after* the loss of Madanamanchukā. The same, of course, applies to Book XIII. In fact, it seems clear that the adventure with Lalitalochanā is merely one of the many which occur in Book XIV. Yet why has she the honour of a Book to herself, while the others are all crammed together? This and many other questions which arise will be discussed further in the Terminal Essay in Vol. IX, where each Book is dealt with separately. Here it is

sufficient to note that a clear mistake in the order of events has occurred. We have a number of distinct adventures all dependent on the loss of Madanamanchukā, and one of them, that with Lalitalochanā, has got out of place and been used as a kind of frame-story for the story of Mṛigāṅkadatta. The fact may appear somewhat trifling, but on the contrary, it is of the utmost importance in determining the original form of the *Kathā-sarīt-sāgara*, and the changes it has undergone in the hands of its Kashmirian redactors.—N.M.P.

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

THE TWENTY-FIVE TALES OF A VETĀLA

(Continued)

Anangarati and her Four Suitors

(*Vetāla* 9—pp. 1-4)

THIS story is practically a verbatim repetition of the first part of No. 38 (Vol. IV, p. 144 *et seq.*), which bears exactly the same title. It also has several points of resemblance to *Vetāla* 2 (Vol. VI, pp. 179-181 and 261-266). Sufficient references have already been given at the above pages.

In the Hindi version¹ the tale is No. 7. The differences are trifling. We first get a more detailed inventory of the lady's charms: "Her face was like the moon, her hair like clouds, her eyes like those of a deer, her eyebrows like a bent bow, her nose like a parrot's, her neck like that of a pigeon, her teeth like pomegranate-grains, the red colour of her lips like that of a gourd, her waist like the leopard's, her hands and feet like soft lotuses, her complexion like the *Champā*: in short, the splendour of her youth increased daily." She stipulates that her husband must be possessed of good looks, good qualities and good sense. The first suitor can make a certain cloth for which he can obtain five rubies. He disposes of them the same way as the *Sūdra* does in our version. The second understands the language of animals. The third knows all the *Sāstras*, while the fourth is a wonderful archer. They all draw attention to their good looks. No mention is made of what castes they belong to, but in his reply to the *Vetāla* the king shows to what castes each must belong, and that the princess should naturally marry the one of her own caste.

The story does not appear in the Tamil version, another one entirely different being substituted. See B. G. Babington, *Vedāla Cadai*, pp. 55-57.

Madanasenā and her Rash Promise

(*Vetāla* 10—pp. 5-9)

This is the ninth story in the Hindi version.² It is more condensed than in *Somadeva*. The thief is no gallant, as in our

¹ W. B. Barker, *Baitāl Pachisi*, pp. 157-173.

² *Ibid.*, pp. 174-184.

text, and thinks only of securing the jewels which Madana-senā is wearing. The would-be lover, by name Som(a)datt(a), is amazed at the girl keeping her word. "This affair," he says, "is like jewels without a suitable dress, or food without *ghṛ̥*, or singing without melody; they are all alike unnatural. In the same way dirty clothes will mar beauty; bad food will undermine strength; a bad wife will worry one to death; a disreputable son will ruin his family; an enraged demon will kill. A woman, whether she love or hate, will be a source of pain. There are few things a woman will not do, for she never brings to her tongue what is in her heart, never speaks out what is on her tongue, never tells what she is doing: the deity has created woman in this world a strange creature."

On returning home her husband has ceased to feel any affection for her, and says: "The beauty of a cuckoo is its note, of a woman is chastity; an ugly man's beauty is knowledge, and a devotee's beauty is forgiveness." The reply to the Vetāla's question is the same in both versions.

Once again Babington's¹ modesty intervenes, and he entirely omits the tale in the Tamil version as "being unfit for publication"!

As a matter of fact the tale is highly moral, and is a lesson in magnanimity. As such it has migrated towards the West and has found a place in every important literature in the world. In fact, it is one of the most interesting stories with which we have to deal, and a volume could easily be written on its ramifications and the different uses of its chief *motifs*. In these present notes I shall give ample reference for the preparation of such a volume, but will be able to deal briefly with only some of the most important variants.

Although in Somadeva the story appears complete in itself, in most of its other forms it is nearly always a sub-story, being quoted by some clever person in order to find a thief by noting what different answers are given to the question put at the end of the tale. Thus in this case the original form of the story has been preserved, although, of course, it is no longer the Vetāla who asks the question.

Let us examine some Indian parallels first. In Hemaviyaya's *Kathāratnākara*² we read of Cillaṇā, the wife of King Sreṇika, who has a wonderful garden. It contains a

¹ Babington, *op. cit.*, p. 57.

² J. Hertel, *Kathāratnākara. Das Märchenmeer. Eine Sammlung indischer Erzählungen von Hemaviyaya*, vol. i, 1920, p. 233 et seq.

fine mango-tree, from which a thief has been stealing fruit to satisfy the pregnant cravings (see Vol. I, pp. 221-228) of his wife. This he successfully accomplishes by magically making the tree bend towards him. The matter is reported to the king, who seeks advice from his minister Abhaya. This astute man manages to attend a meeting of all the worst characters of the city. They have a concert and get very merry. Abhaya volunteers to tell them a story, which he proceeds to do :

“An old spinster, longing for a husband, steals flowers from a garden, wherewith to worship the God of Love. She is caught in the act by the gardener, who bids her do his will for ransom. She agrees to come to him after her wedding. After she has succeeded in obtaining a husband she starts, arrayed in her best, to fulfil her contract, but is successively held up by robbers, who crave her jewels, and by a hungry Rakshasa, both of whom she tells of her engagement with the gardener. She promises to return after she has been with the gardener. When she comes to each in turn, they are so much struck with her honesty that they allow her to return unharmed to her husband.”

At the completion of the story Abhaya turns to the company and asks which character had displayed the most magnanimity. Various answers are given, but the mango-thief, who is also present, at once votes for the robbers. Hence Abhaya spots the thief.

The story is quoted by Bloomfield¹ in “The Art of Stealing in Hindu Fiction,” to which excellent article I must now refer more fully. As already stated above, the chief theme of the story is magnanimity. To such an extent is this gospel preached that it is made to affect not only people in the ordinary walks of life, but thieves also. So the “Noble Thief” becomes one of those lesser *motifs*, which, however, merits individual consideration. Professor Bloomfield has treated the subject with his accustomed scholarly elucidation. The following extracts, therefore, are to be found in his article mentioned above, pp. 218-220.

The Robin Hood of Indian fiction is Apahāravarman, who, in the second story of the *Daśa-kumāra-charita*, not only plunders the rich to give to the poor, but also aids a loving couple, by first bringing them together, and then steering them into the haven of happiness.

¹ *Amer. Journ. Phil.*, vol. xlv, 1923, pp. 200-201.

Then in the *Satapatta Jātaka*, No. 279, we read of a generous robber who lets off a poor man who has collected a debt of a thousand pieces.

In the *Daridravarṇana*, "description of poverty," in the *Sārngadhara Paddhati*, stanza 9, a poor man says to his wife: "Hand me the rag, or take the boy into your own lap." The wife responds: "There is nothing here on the floor, husband, but behind you there is a heap of straw." A thief, come to steal, hears them, throws a strip of cloth, which he has got elsewhere, over the boy, and goes off in tears.

In *Viracharita*, adhyāya 26 (*Indische Studien*, xiv, 138), five robbers come from Ayodhyā to Mount Sataśringa. There lives an ascetic, Sutapas, who, during a famine, has gone from home, leaving his family behind. The robbers, out of pity, support the family, and thus save its life. After twelve years Sutapas returns, rejoices to find, contrary to expectation, that his family is alive, and rewards the robbers with magic gifts.

In *Pārśvanātha Charitra*, ii, 619 *et seq.*, a young thief, Mahābala, son of a good family, to be sure, decides to steal in the house of a merchant, Datta. As he peeks into the house through a lattice window he hears Datta quarrelling bitterly with his son over some trifling disagreement of accounts. Out of decency he reflects that a man who will abandon sleep in the middle of the night and quarrel with his diligent and proper son over such a trifle, will die of a broken heart if he were to steal his property. So he goes to the house of a courtesan, Kāmasenā. He sees her lavish her professional ministrations upon a leprous slave as though he were a god. He decides that he cannot steal from anyone as greedy for money as all that. Then he goes to the house of a Brāhman, and sees him sleeping with his wife on a couch. A dog urinates into the Brāhman's outstretched hand, who says "Thank you" as he rises with a start. The thief reflects that such is the Brāhman's greed for alms that it persists even while he is asleep. He, therefore, must not steal there. He then decides to eschew mean folk, and breaks into the king's palace.

In *Prabandhacintāmaṇi* (Tawney, p. 17), Vanarāja, destined by his horoscope for kingship, is temporarily a thief. Once he digs a tunnel into a merchant's house, and is stealing his wealth, when his hand slips into a bowl of curds. He says to himself, "I have eaten in this house," and so he leaves all the merchant's possessions there and goes out.

Apart from the "Noble Thief" *motif* our tale contains

another one which is found throughout folklore stories of all lands—namely, the “Promise to Return” *motif*. How often have we read of people caught by ogres, giants, ghouls, etc., who have been released on the understanding that in a certain time and at a certain place they will return! Examples have already occurred in the *Ocean* (see, e.g., Vol. III, p. 33), and abound in the *Nights* and all European collections. Here it is only necessary to note the occurrence in passing. The *motif* has been fully treated by Bloomfield¹ as far as Hindu fiction is concerned.

Now, to return to the story of the damsel’s rash promise, we find that it soon spread to neighbouring countries—Burma,² Persia,³ Palestine,⁴ Arabia,⁵ and so on to Turkey⁶ and across to Europe. Here it was given new impetus by being included by Boccaccio first in his *Filocolo*⁷ and later in the *Decameron*.⁸ It was included in numerous French versions, and used by Chaucer for the *Franklin’s Tale*.

I have, of course, mentioned only the chief milestones on the road of its progress, but they are quite sufficient to show its wide circulation both in the Orient and Occident.

The story has been studied chiefly by students of Chaucer and Boccaccio. Of Chaucer articles I would mention the one by Clouston, *Originals and Analogues of some of Chaucer’s Canterbury Tales*, part iv, No. 16, The Chaucer Society, 2nd series, 20, London, 1886, pp. 291-340. Here will be found translations of most of the above-named versions, all given as variants of the *Franklin’s Tale*. See also W. H. Schofield, “Chaucer’s Franklin’s Tale,” *Modern Language Ass. Amer.*, vol. xvi (N.S.), vol. ix, pp. 405-449.

¹ *Life and Stories of the Jaina Savior Pārśvanātha*, Baltimore, 1919, p. 183 *et seq.* See also his “Art of Stealing . . .,” *op. cit.*, p. 218n²⁸.

² See J. Bindow, *Precedents of Princess Thoodamma Tsari*, 1881, p. 18 *et seq.*

³ *Tūtī-nāmah*, India Office MS. See Clouston, *Originals and Analogues*, Chaucer Soc., 2nd series, 20, p. 310 *et seq.*; J. Malcolm, *Sketches of Persia*, 1828, chap. xx, vol. ii, pp. 164-171; J. Scott, *Bahar-Danush*, vol. ii, p. 295.

⁴ M. I. Levi, *Mélusine*, vol. ii, 1885, cols. 542-546; Gaster, *Exempla of the Rabbis*, pp. 79, 206.

⁵ *Nights*, from the Tunis MS. of Habicht. See Chauvin, *op. cit.*, viii, pp. 123, 124.

⁶ Rosen, *Tuti-nameh*, vol. i, pp. 243-258; *cf.* vol. ii, p. 168 *et seq.* and p. 174; J. Hammer, *Rosenbl.*, vol. ii, p. 277; Gibb, *Forty Veziers*, p. 105.

⁷ Book IV, question 4, vol. ii, p. 48 of the Moutier edition, 1829.

⁸ Day 10, novel 5, “Madonna Dianora and Messer Ansaldo.”

The author supports the view that Chaucer based his story on an old Breton lay, as indeed he says himself in *The Prologe of the Frankeleyns Tale* :

“Thise olde gentil Britons in hir dayes
Of divers aventures maden layes,
Rymeyed in hir firste Briton tonge ;
Which layes with hir instruments they songe,
Or elles reddeden hem for hir plesaunce ;
And oon of hem have I in remembrance. . . .”

A large number of useful references will be found in A. C. Lee's *The Decameron, its Sources and Analogues*, pp. 322-328.

The Russian variant of Radloff, *Proben der Volksliteratur der Türkischen Stämme Süd-Sibiriens*, vol. iii, p. 389, besides being in Clouston, *op. cit. sup.*, p. 320 *et seq.*, is included by Coxwell, *Siberian and Other Folk Tales*, p. 351 *et seq.*

King Dharmadhvaja and his Three Very Sensitive Wives

(*Vetāla* 11—pp. 10-12)

In the Hindi version¹ this story forms No. 10, and No. 11 in the Tamil.² The Hindi merely mentions the three sensitive wives in the last few lines of the story. The rest is taken up with a lengthy exposition of the Jain religion. It is well worth giving in full :

In the country of Gaur there was a city, Bardhamān by name, of which Guṇśekhara was king. His minister was a Jain, named Abhaichand, and he had converted the king to the Jain religion by his arguments. He, in consequence, prohibited the worship of Śiva and of Viṣṇu, and gifts of cows, and of land, and of pinda³ ; put an end to gambling and wine-drinking ; and would not allow anyone to convey bones to the Ganges. And the minister who was charged to see to all those things proclaimed throughout the city, by sound of drum, that if anyone should commit those acts which were forbidden, his property should be confiscated, and he would receive punishment and be sent out of the country.

One day the minister said to the king : “Great King, be pleased to hear the decisions (or judgments) of religion. Whoever takes the life of another, loses his own life in the

¹ Barker, *op. cit.*, pp. 184-191.

² Babington, *op. cit.*, pp. 58-59.

³ Sanskrit, *pinda*. See Vol. I, p. 56n¹.

next world : ' the life and death of one who has been born into this world are not exempt from the penalty of sin ; again and again he is born and dies. Hence it is right for everyone who receives birth into this world to practise religion. Behold ! Brahmā, Viṣṇu and Mahādev, overpowered by love, anger, avarice and fascination, have descended to earth in various forms ; but more excellent than all these, a cow, free from enmity, anger, intoxication, rage, avarice and inordinate affection, is supporting the people and those who are her sons ; and solacing the creatures of the earth in many ways is cherishing them. Hence gods and Munis reverence the cow, and for this reason it is not right to regard the gods. In this world reverence the cow. And it is righteous to protect beasts and birds, from the elephant to the ant. In this world there is no righteousness greater than this. Those men who increase their own flesh by eating the flesh of other creatures, in the final period will surely fall into hell. Hence it is right that a man should protect animals. Those who do not sympathise with the griefs of other creatures, but kill and eat them, their lives will be short in this world ; and in the next life they will be born maimed, lame, one-eyed, blind, dwarfed, humpbacked or deficient in bodily proportions. All such as eat the bodies of beasts and birds will hereafter destroy their own bodies. And from drinking wine and eating flesh great sin arises, and hence both are wrong."

In this manner the minister, having explained his own sentiments, gained over the king to the Jain religion, and henceforward that monarch governed his kingdom according to the precepts of that religion—paying no respect to Brāhmans, Yogīs, Sannyāsīs, or fakīrs of any kind. One day, overcome by death, he gave up the throne to Dharmdhvaj, his son, who, having ordered his father's minister Abhaichand to be seized, caused all his hair to be shaved off but seven locks, had his face blackened, and mounting him upon an ass, with drums beating, sent him on a circuit through the city, and then banished him the country. Henceforward he governed free from anxiety.

The Tamil version resembles that in our present text much more closely. There is a slight difference in the mishap which befell the first of the three queens. She was walking with the king in a flower garden, when a bee came and settled

upon a flower which was interwoven with the braiding of her hair. She immediately fainted away and fell down. Her female attendants raised her up, and recovered her from her swoon.

We have already discussed the "Bed" sybarite,¹ and will now consider analogues to the present story of the three sensitive queens.

For the earliest historical examples we must go back to the people who are responsible for the word "sybarite." The ancient city of Sybaris lay in Magna Græcia, on the Gulf of Tarentum, between two rivers, the Sybaris and the Crathis. It was the oldest Greek colony in the region, being founded about 720 B.C. As time went on the city became great and opulent, with numerous dependencies and a highly important trade both on land and sea. The luxury and magnificence of the Sybarites soon became proverbial, and in the sixth century no Greek city could approach it in wealth and splendour. But such enormous opulence was too great, and had been acquired in too short a time, to be sustained for long. The great industry the Sybarites displayed in the development of their trade, agriculture, irrigation, etc., soon gave way to the luxury and effeminacy with which they are chiefly connected to-day. The story of their fall does not concern us here, and readers are referred to the excellent chapter on "Sybaris" contained in Lenormant's fine work, *La Grande-Grèce*.² In 510 B.C. Sybaris was razed to the ground by the Crotoniats, and the channel of the River Crathis was diverted so as to flow over the ruins. In the days of Herodotus Sybaris was only a memory, but the story of its luxury lived on, and the word *sybarite* found its way into nearly every European language.

As is only natural, stories of the amazing luxury and effeminacy of the Sybarites found their way into the works of ancient classical writers, which were repeated again and again by subsequent authors. Hence we find Athenæus, in his *Deipnosophists*,³ quoting Sybarite tales from Timæus, the Greek historian of about 300 B.C. Of particular interest to

¹ Vol. VI, pp. 288-294.

² F. Lenormant, *La Grande-Grèce. Paysages et Histoire*, 3 vols., Paris, 1881-1884. See vol. i, pp. 246-330, especially pp. 282-289.

³ Book xii, 15-20. See the English translation by C. D. Yonge, in Bohn's Classical Library, vol. iii, pp. 830-835.

us is the fact that one of the tales resembles the unfortunate experience of the third sensitive wife in Somadeva—viz. the witnessing, or merely hearing, work being done, causing physical suffering to the person in question.

A few extracts from Athenæus will give a good idea of the kind of stories current over two hundred years after the sacking of Sybaris :

“And why need we mention the Sybarites, among whom bathing men and pourers of water were first introduced in fetters, in order to prevent their going too fast, and to prevent also their scalding the bathers in their haste ? And the Sybarites were the first people to forbid those who practised noisy arts from dwelling in their city : such as braziers, and smiths, and carpenters, and men of similar trades ; providing that their slumbers should always be undisturbed. And it used to be unlawful to rear a cock in their city.

“And Timæus relates concerning them that a citizen of Sybaris, once going into the country, seeing the husbandmen digging, said that he himself felt as if he had broken his bones by the sight ; and someone who heard him replied : ‘I, when I heard you say this, felt as if I had a pain in my side. . . .’ But they had carried their luxury to such a pitch that they had taught even their horses to dance at their feasts to the music of the flute. Accordingly the people of Crotona, knowing this, and being at war with them, as Aristotle relates in his *History of the Constitution of Sybaris*, played before their horses the air to which they were accustomed to dance ; for the people of Crotona also had flute-players in military uniform. And as soon as the horses heard them playing on the flute, they not only began to dance, but ran over to the army of the Crotonians, carrying their riders with them. . . . And one of the Sybarites, once wishing to sail over to Crotona, hired a vessel to carry him by himself, on condition that no one was to splash him, and that no one else was to be taken on board, and that he might take his horse with him. And when the captain of the ship had agreed to these terms, he put his horse on board, and ordered some straw to be spread under the horse.”

Athenæus then quotes the twenty-fifth book of the *History of Phylarchus*, where, after dealing with the strict rules of etiquette in vogue at Syracuse, he proceeds to

compare the customs of the Sybarites which violate all the traditional social customs of Greece :

“The Sybarites, having given loose to their luxury, made a law that women might be invited to banquets, and that those who intended to invite them to sacred festivities must make preparation a year before, in order that they might have all that time to provide themselves with garments and other ornaments in a suitable manner worthy of the occasion, and so might come to the banquet to which they were invited. And if any confectioner or cook invented any peculiar and excellent dish, no other artist was allowed to make this for a year ; but he alone who invented it was entitled to all the profit to be derived from the manufacture of it for that time, in order that others might be induced to labour at excelling in such pursuits. And in the same way, it was provided that those who sold eels were not to be liable to pay tribute, nor those who caught them either. And in the same way the law exempted from all burdens those who dyed the marine purple and those who imported it.”

For an explanation of the obvious exaggeration of some of the above tales, see Lenormant, *op. cit.*, pp. 286-288.

The question arises as to whether the source of the Indian tales under discussion can be correctly attributed to these *historiettes* of Timæus, which must have greatly amused the Athenians for whom he wrote.

Even if we date the *Vetālapañchavimśati* as early as the very beginning of the Christian era, there would have been three hundred years for the *motif* to migrate ! But as Lenormant has said : “Ce qui est certain, c’est que les Sybarites usaient de leur richesse pour entretenir un luxe inouï, bien plus conforme aux habitudes de l’Asie qu’à celles de la Grèce.” It seems impossible that the luxury and opulence of so many of the ancient Indian courts should not have given rise to the “Sybarite” *motif*, without any necessity for importation. At the same time, if the tales *did* travel from West to East, they would surely have met with an appreciative reception in India.

In a Siamese story ¹ three out of four ladies suffer merely from *seeing* things happen, while the fourth is the same as the second lady in our text. The first gets swollen hands on

¹ A. Bastian, *Geographische und ethnologische Bilder*, Jena, 1873, pp. 267, 268.

seeing someone crushing rice; the second feels as if her breast was being beaten to bits on hearing a drum being played; and the wrist of the third becomes tired on seeing someone fetching water; while the fourth is covered with bruises where the rays of the moon fall on her.

Similar stories are found in several European collections,¹ with but trifling differences. In a seventeenth-century collection by A. le Métel d'Ouville² we find some fresh and rather curious details, including another "bed" sybarite. Here four women, who were neighbours, all claimed to be the most delicately sensitive. Finally they decided to go before a judge and each to state her case.

The first one said that one fresh summer's morning, clad in only her chemise and a pair of bedroom slippers, having stretched out her foot to catch the dew, a rose leaf fell on it, thereby causing her to limp for more than three months.

The second said that one day her maid in making her bed had carelessly left a small crease in the middle of the sheet, which was of the finest Dutch linen. Having lain down on this crease somewhat roughly, she broke three ribs, and was in the doctor's hands for three months.

The third said that she had always been careful in instructing her maid to comb her hair in such a way that exactly the same number of hairs should be on each side of the parting, well knowing how serious it might be if she made a mistake. One day she inadvertently put three or four more hairs on one side than on the other, thus causing her head to remain sideways for over six weeks.

The fourth addressed the other three: "Now then, ladies, there is not one of you who at least once a day hasn't got to perform the acts of nature, for it is a thing so necessary to life that without it you could not exist. However, speaking of that, there happened to me the day before yesterday something that hasn't happened to any of you others. While *faisant mes affaires*, although I do it as gently as possible, to show you the extent of my delicacy, I burst a vein *du derrière*, and no doctor can heal it without damaging all the others.

¹ Bolte and Polívka, *op. cit.*, vol. iii, p. 238.

² *L'Élite des Contes du Sieur d'Ouville*, edited with notes by G. Brunet, Paris, 1883, vol. ii, pp. 149-151. See also *Contes à rire, ou Récréations Françaises*, new edition, Paris, 1769, vol. ii, pp. 169-171; or vol. ii, pp. 109-111 of the Amsterdam edition of 1732.

Consequently I prefer to remain with this blemish rather than make worse the thing that I want to heal.”

The judge is quite at a loss as to what decision he ought to give, and the reader is asked to decide for himself.

It cannot be denied that some of the misfortunes which befell the fair sybarites mentioned above tax our credibility rather heavily. In fact, in many cases we are led to suspect fraud and hypocrisy; and as the sequel shows, our charges would not have been without justification, for in the *Sukasaptati* we find¹ that the supposed sensitiveness of Kāmalilā, the beloved wife of King Vikramāditya, is used as a cloak to her unchastity. Bālapaṇḍitā, the clever daughter of the king's private chaplain, realises why the fish laughed, but hesitates to say. After several digressions, which form subsequent tales, a learned Brāhman, by name Pushpahāsa, who had never been known to laugh himself, is asked to solve the mystery.² On hearing the details he bursts out laughing and strikes the queen in the face with some flowers. She at once falls unconscious, and is tended by the enraged king. On calling for an explanation of his extraordinary conduct, Pushpahāsa answers: “I laugh because during the night the queen was struck by her lover with canes and did not feel any ill effects, yet now, when struck with a few flowers, she has fallen (or pretends to have fallen) unconscious.” The king is not at first convinced of the truth of the story, but at Pushpahāsa's advice he takes off her bodice³ and sees the marks of the canes.

On this story was based another one, included in Cristoforo Armeno's Persian (?) collection.⁴ Here we read that King Behram possesses a wonderful silver statue which laughs if anyone tells a lie in its presence. The king is anxious to marry a girl as modest as she is beautiful, but will not brook of any sort of deception. Accordingly he determines to test each one in the presence of the statue.

Four beautiful maidens are brought forward. The king chats to the first of these ladies, and throws some rose leaves

¹ R. Schmidt, *Die Çukasaptati (Textus Simplicior)*, Kiel, 1894, tale 5, p. 11. I have already (Vol. I, p. 46n²) referred to it in connection with “the fish that laughed.”

² R. Schmidt, *ibid.*, tale 9, p. 22.

³ This is doubtless the *angiyā*, or *kūrtā* of Kashmir. See Vol. II, p. 50n⁵.

⁴ H. Fischer and J. Bolte, *Die Reise der Söhne Giaffers*, p. 119 *et seq.*

on her breast. A tiny twig chances to hit her in the face, whereupon she behaves as if about to die. With trouble Behram revives her and takes her to the window in front of the statue. Immediately the statue bursts out laughing. The lady is in no way perturbed, but covers her face with her hands, as if in the presence of a man other than the king. At this the statue laughs again.

The second lady comes forward. Behram, who has now donned a garment embroidered with fur, proceeds to embrace her, but she at once draws back in pain, for the hairs of the fur have hurt her so much. The statue laughs. The king leads her to a mirror, but she immediately covers her face, as she does not consider it becoming that anyone but he should see her face. At this absurdity the statue laughs again.

The third lady also gives two proofs of her amazing delicacy. Behram leads her into the garden, and on passing a sheet of water she covers her face. On the king demanding an explanation, she says that as the water contains many fishes, some of them are sure to be of the male sex, and he alone should look on her face. He looks back at the statue and sees it laughing. A great wind suddenly arises, and a little boat on the water is sunk with all hands. At this sight the girl sinks unconscious to the ground. Once again the statue laughs.

The fourth lady is genuinely modest, but in no exaggerated way. The statue does *not* laugh, and the king selects her as his bride. It transpires that the other three girls, so far from being delicate or modest, have paramours whose sadistical cravings they willingly satisfy.

King Yaśaḥketu, his Vidyādhari Wife, and his Faithful Minister

(*Vetāla* 12—pp. 13-25)

In the Hindi version ¹ the story is No. 11. It is much more condensed than in Somadeva. The minister has all his adventures entirely alone, and sees the magic tree from the seashore. The rest follows practically as in our text.

The Tamil version ² (No. 12) begins as in Somadeva. The minister makes friends with the merchant, and goes on board with him. Suddenly a storm arises, and the boat is tossed about at the mercy of the waves. Finally they arrive at a

¹ Barker, *op. cit.*, pp. 192-204.

² Babington, *op. cit.*, pp. 59-64.

little island, and disembark. They find a temple, and under a tree, opposite the temple, a raised throne, upon which they perceive a beautiful woman reclining. They think she is a goddess and return immediately. On returning, the king sets out for the island, but in company with the minister. The "giant" swallows the damsel, but the king kills him, tears open his entrails, and rescues the girl alive, whereupon she tells her story as in our text, and all ends happily. The question and answer at the end are the same in all versions.

There is little to be said about the story that has not already been noted elsewhere. The subaqueous palace has been discussed in Vol. VI (pp. 279-281), while the "Wishing-tree" and "Taboo" *motifs* have been referred to in Vol. I (p. 144ⁿ¹) and Vol. II (pp. 252-253) respectively. The woman's tale about the Rākshasa and her father's curse somewhat resembles "The Story of the Twelfth Statuette" in *Vikrama's Adventures*. (See Edgerton's translation, pp. lxxxiv and 117-125.) The versions differ slightly, but the main incidents are the same—the woman had been the wife of a Brāhman, but he did not love her (in some versions she was unfaithful), and cursed her at his death, saying that every night she should be tormented by a Rākshasa. On asking for mercy he granted release from the curse when some hero should kill the Rākshasa.

*The Brahmin Harisvāmin, who first lost his Wife,
and then his Life*

(*Vetāla* 13—pp. 29-34)

This story is No. 12 in the Hindi version,¹ which has several slight differences. For instance the ravisher is a "Gandharb" and carries off Lāvanyavatī in a chariot. When the distracted husband reaches the house of the Brāhman there is no mention of the wife till the end of the tale; the man himself fills Harisvāmin's cup with "rice-milk." The food is poisoned by a black serpent instead of a dead cobra in the clutches of a kite. The ending is the same as in our text.

In the Tamil version² the tale, which is No. 16, is much more condensed. The hero is called Arjuna Svāmi, and his wife is named Vanapadi. The incidents, however, closely resemble those in Somadeva. The details about the food

¹ Barker, *op. cit.*, p. 204 *et seq.*

² Babington, *op. cit.*, p. 68 *et seq.*

differ slightly: "She accordingly brought and gave him some rice and savoury food, which he received in a leaf and wrapped up in a bundle. So one evening, after bathing and finishing his devotions, he sprinkled water on the rice which he had kept in his bundle, and was in the act of eating it when, even as a sickness visiting the flower of youth, and as death coming in the hour of full enjoyment, and as a danger coming upon one who is alone, a kite, which, urged by hunger, had seized upon a cobra *de capella* . . ." Babington adds an interesting note in which he attributes the king's evasive answer to his deference to Garuḍa, the king of the birds, and also to the Nagas, so widely worshipped in Northern India. See also Oesterley, *Baitāl Pachīsī*, p. 202.

The chief *motif* of the story, food being poisoned by animals, is found in several collections of stories. The majority of these have been noted by Benfey, *Pantschatantra*, vol. i, p. 362, and Chauvin, *op. cit.*, viii, p. 60.

A few examples will show the different uses made of the *motif*. I notice a curious one in Bloomfield's *Life and Stories of the Jaina Savior Pārçvanātha*, pp. 34-35. I give it in full:

"In a great forest in the Vindhya mountains, on a banyan-tree, lived a pair of parrots. Theirs was a beloved young parrot. One day it flew off, but being very young, it fell upon the ground. A hermit picked it up, took it to his hermitage, fed it, educated it, and treated it like a son. One day the young parrot overheard the abbot of the hermitage tell his pupils that in the middle of the sea there was an island, Harimela, in the north-east corner of which stood a large mango-tree, bedewed with ambrosia; and that the fruit of this tree restored youth by curing deformities, diseases and old age. The young parrot, remembering his decrepit parents, considered that he might now pay the debt of their love. He flew to the magic tree and fetched one of the mangoes, but, on returning, grew tired and fell into the ocean, keeping the fruit in his bill. A merchant by the name of Sāgara picked him up; the parrot, out of gratitude, presented him with the fruit, after which he flew away to get another. The merchant decided to make the virtue of the fruit universally accessible. When he arrived at Jayapura he presented it to the king then ruling, who had it planted, in order to reproduce the fruit for the benefit of his people. But a serpent, carried in the beak of a bird, happened to drop poison upon

one of the mangoes, so that it ripened and fell to the ground. The keeper of the garden joyously took it to the king, who gave it to his chaplain, and he ate of it and died. The king in rage had the tree cut down. But a host of men, afflicted with incurable diseases, ate of its fruit for euthanasia (*sukhamrityave*), and became thereby like unto the God of Love. The king, discerning the true state of things, regretted his rash act, and lost pleasure in his kingdom."

In the *Śaṭruṃjaya Māhātmyam*, xiv, 207,¹ death does not follow, and the man in question himself relates the circumstances to Jāvaḍa, upon thinking of whom he was saved from the fatal effects of the poison.

The *motif* found its way into the *Book of Sindibād* and the *Seven Vazīrs*. In the former of these works² it forms the first of the prince's tales told after the story of the seventh vazīr. It tells of a most generous host who welcomed everyone who came to his house :

"He received them after the fashion of the generous, for this was ever his custom. A slave-girl went to fetch milk, that he might feast his guests with sugar and milk—two very good things. She covered not the top of the milk-dish. Hearken to these words, and take warning : A stork was passing in the air, having snatched up an old snake from the desert. How can one fly from the decrees of fate ? Saliva dropped from the mouth of that viper, and that milk was mixed with poison ; and whoever took any of that milk fell down, and there died forthwith."

The prince asks who is to blame. Various answers are given, but he replies : "All these opinions are mistaken. No one was to blame ; it was the decree of God."

An abbreviated form of the same story occurs in the conclusion of the *Seven Vazīrs*.³

In the *Bahār-i-Dānish* of 'Ināyatu-'llāh⁴ the *motif* is used in quite a different manner. Here an adulterous wife has been discovered by her husband, but when asleep she

¹ A. Weber, "Ueber das Śaṭruṃjaya Māhātmyam. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte der Jaina," *Abh. f. d. Kunde d. Morg.*, Leipzig, 1858, pp. 43-44.

² Clouston, *Book of Sindibād*, p. 89.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 213. See also pp. 263-266, where our version and one or two others are given.

⁴ J. Scott, *Bahar-Danush*, vol. i, p. 78 *et seq.*

suspends him head downwards from a tree and proceeds to carry on an orgy with her lover in full view of the unfortunate husband. The couple finally become dead drunk and fall senseless on the ground. At this point a snake glides down the tree, passes by the frightened husband, and spits venom into the cup of the lovers. Presently they awake from their drunken stupor; the man drinks of the cup and dies, while the wife is finally persuaded to release her husband, who becomes an ascetic.

To conclude, I would mention the variant in the Tamil *Alakēsa Kathā*. Here a Brāhman pilgrim offers food to an old Brāhman. Unknown to both a serpent carried in a kite's mouth poisons it. The old man eats the food and dies. The youth is accused of murdering him and is put in prison and flogged. He prays to Kālī in his misery, and she destroys the whole village where the young Brāhman has been imprisoned. Kālī then "infuses herself into the person of one of the villagers" and tells them the whole truth, whereupon the youth is released and all is well.

The *motif*, being really only applicable to snake-infested countries, is not one which found ready acceptance in Western collections.

The Merchant's Daughter who fell in love with a Thief

(*Vetāla* 14—pp. 35-39)

There are several differences in each of the two chief vernacular versions.

In the Hindi¹ (No. 13) version no mention is made of the girl's dislike for men. In searching for the thief it is the king who asks the other man who he is. On finding they are both of the same profession they proceed to rob several houses. They take their loot to a well outside the city, which proves to be really an entrance to Pātāla, where the real thief dwells. The king is warned by a female servant and, being shown the way back, effects his escape. Another day the complete army go down the well and surround the thief's house. He manages, however, to escape to a demon who is lord of the city and implores his aid. Accordingly, remembering past benefits, the demon destroys most of the army. The king is in flight, when the thief calls out: "Hola! thou a Rājput, and fleeing from combat?" At this the king stops, fights

¹ Barker, *op. cit.*, p. 211 *et seq.*

the thief, and finally overcomes him. He then has the thief bathed, finely clad, and paraded through the streets on a camel, and so to be led to the stake of impalement. The girl's father offers the king five *lākhs* for the thief's release, but in vain. When she is about to become a *Satī*, the goddess *Devī* appears and grants a boon. The girl immediately craves that life be restored to the thief. There is no mention of the request about her father having a hundred sons. The answer to the *Vetāla*'s question will be discussed later.

In the Tamil version ¹ the story is No. 17 of the collection. It begins as in *Somadeva*: the king, however, does not trouble to have the city watched, but goes to see to matters for himself at once, apparently without any kind of disguise. He meets the thief "who was the chief of all the robbers, with his body blackened,² his head bare, girded with a black cincture, and wearing a weapon to cleave asunder those who opposed him." When asked by the king who he is, the thief replies: "I am the son of *Bhadra Kālī*, the tutelary goddess of this neighbourhood, and I am going my rounds about the town." "Very well," replied the king, "come and be chief guard of my palace."

The thief can do nothing but comply. He makes, however, an attempt to secure assistance, by calling to some of his accomplices in thieves' language. He is overheard, the other thieves are slain, and he himself is led off, smeared in sandalwood, with a garland round his neck, to the place of impalement. Then follows the incident of the daughter's request to her father as in our version. He presents himself before the king and offers a cat's-eye (*chrysoberyl*) as a present, and promises to give "great riches" if his Majesty will release the thief. The king refuses indignantly, saying: "You must be yourself a thief, who come thus to speak in behalf of a robber. Get out of my presence!" When she was about to become a *Satī*, *Śiva* and his consort, "who had viewed all these transactions from the sky, called out to the damsel from the bull-vehicle on which they were seated,

¹ Babington, *op. cit.*, p. 71 *et seq.*

² In a note Babington points out that the blackened bodies of thieves were also anointed [with grease?], so that the police would have difficulty in catching hold of them. In order to obviate this the "tiger's-claw," a sort of knuckle-duster with curved claws, is employed. This *baghnakh* or *wagnuck* was the weapon with which *Śivājī* murdered *Afzal Khān*. See *Duff's History of the Mahrattas*, vol. i, p. 172.

and said: 'Ask whatever gift you desire'; to which she replied: 'I wish you to raise up this robber and present him to me.' They were delighted with her constancy, and having resuscitated the robber, delivered him over to her, and went to Cailāsam." Once again there is no mention of the girl's first request about her father.

Although the above versions differ in several minor incidents from that of our text, no new *motifs* are introduced. Somadeva alone makes the distracted girl think first of her father, although about to die. The tale contains several interesting *motifs*. Almost at the commencement we read of the heroine's hatred of men. This *motif* occupies a very minor place in the story, and, as we have seen above, disappears entirely in the Hindi version. No explanation is given as to why she hated men or to account for her sudden passion for the thief. In the *Nights*, however, the *motif* assumes a more important form, and the hatred of men by the princess is accounted for by a dream in which she sees the cruelty and desertion of the male sex. It is only after a clever trick of the lover that the princess is persuaded that she was mistaken. The two stories in which this occurs are "Tale of Tāj al-Mulūk and the Princess Dunyā" (Burton, vol. iii, p. 31 *et seq.*) and "Ardashir and Hayāt al-Nufūs" (*idem.*, vol. vii, p. 227 *et seq.*).

We pass on to the more important *motifs*. An appropriate name for the thieving *motif* occurring in our story, and also later in Chapter CXII, is hard to express in a single short sentence. I have chosen "tracking the thief," but it really covers only one aspect of the *motif*—namely, the tracking of the thief by the king in disguise—somewhat similar to the nocturnal adventures indulged in by Harūn al-Rashid in the *Nights*. (See the *Ocean*, Vol. VI, p. 37n¹.) Although the famous Caliph might well be regarded as the stock type for such habits, his name cannot be given to the *motif*, as so many of his rambles were made in order to discover what the people *really* thought about him, or merely in the hope of finding some amusing adventure.

With the scope of the *motif* thus qualified, I proceed.

As mentioned in Vol. II, p. 183n¹, the arch-thief of Hindu fiction is Mūladeva, who figures personally in the next Vetāla story. Although the great majority of stories about him deal with his clever tricks and wonderful escapes, there is a tale in Jacobi's *Ausgewählte Erzählungen in Māhārāṣṭrī*

which tells how Mūladevā became King of Beṇṇāyada under the name of Vikramarāja. He was elected to the throne by the rite of *pañcadivvyādhivāsa*. The passage (from Meyer's translation, *Hindu Tales*, p. 212) has already been given in my note on the rite (Vol. V, p. 176). In his new rôle of king Mūladeva soon proves himself an exemplary protector of his land, and, following the dictum laid down in the *Arthaśāstra*,¹ becomes the terror of thieves and rogues. It is at this point of his career that he acts like King Viraketu of our text.

The story well merits reproduction²:

In the city of Beṇṇāyada lived a beggar, named Maṇḍiya, addicted to stealing other people's property. He spread the report that he was suffering from loathsome sores, and kept his knees covered with ointment; and swathed in bandages, he hobbled along with apparent difficulty, supporting his feet with a staff.

By day he begged, by night he dug breaches into houses [see Vol. V, p. 142n²], stole much property, and deposited it in a cave [Meyer reads "an underground dwelling"] in the environs of the town. There also lived his sister, a maiden. In the middle of the cave was a well. And every accomplice whom the thief enticed by means of money and brought there as a carrier of the loot, his sister bade sit down on a seat previously placed near the well, and taking hold of their feet, under the pretext of washing them, she pushed them into the well, where they perished.

Thus Maṇḍiya continued in his robberies, the guards being unable to catch him. The citizens' complaints reached Mūladeva's ears, so he appointed a new chief of the guard; but he also could not catch the thief. Then Mūladeva himself, clad in a dark robe, went out that night and sat down near a certain gambling-hall [Meyer: "shed"]. Maṇḍiya came along and asked: "Who sits here?" Mūladeva answered: "I am a beggar." Maṇḍiya said: "Come, I'll make a man of you!" Mūladeva got up. A breach was dug into the house of a rich man, and the thief took out great

¹ "The king should protect his subjects against the rascalities of thieves, robbers, cheats and other rogues" (Kauṭilya's *Arthaśāstra*, iv, 6).

² I follow Bloomfield's translation (see later) of Jacobi's work already cited, supplemented by Meyer's rendering in *Hindu Tales*, p. 223 et seq.

treasures, which he loaded upon Mūladeva. They proceeded outside the city, Mūladeva in front, the thief with drawn sword behind.

When they had arrived at the cave, Maṇḍiya began to bury the treasure. He said to his sister: "Wash the feet of this guest." She bade him sit down on the seat at the brink of the well, and took hold of his foot, under pretence of washing it. Observing its delicacy, she guessed that he was a person of quality [Meyer: "limbs were weakly"], and pity sprung up in her heart. She made a signal on the flat of his foot, "Flee, lest you die!" So he did, and she cried after him: "He has fled! He has fled!" Maṇḍiya drew his sword, and pursued the king on the highway. When Mūladeva perceived that Maṇḍiya was close upon him, he hid behind a *linga* of Śiva on the square. The thief mistook it for the figure of a man, cleft it, and returned to his underground dwelling [Meyer: "having stayed there overnight"]. In the morning he begged in the market-place. Thence the king had him brought to his presence, treated him courteously, and asked his sister for wife. Maṇḍiya gave her to the king with a dowry. After a time the king told Maṇḍiya that he needed money. Maṇḍiya procured it, and was honoured by the king. The king kept asking for more, until he learned from the sister (his wife) that Maṇḍiya had no more. Thereupon the king returned the goods to their rightful owners, and ordered Maṇḍiya to be impaled upon a stake.

The similarity of the above with our tale is considerable, and it does not lose by the omission of the girl's sudden love for the thief. Cf. Naṭeśa Śāstri's *Folklore in Southern India*, p. 53 *et seq.*

The *motif* also occurs in two other tales in Jacobi's work mentioned above. They concern the means by which Agaladatta (Agaḍadatta) tracks down a thief who is constantly pillaging the city. Some idea of the usual lurking-places of thieves is given when Agaladatta starts on his search:

"In the houses of prostitutes, in taprooms, in gambling places, and in the stalls of the bakers; in sheds of the parks, where one can get water to drink, in the huts of ascetics, in empty temples, in the squares, in bazaars and markets, he fearlessly stalked his prey."

The thief turns out to be a mendicant who behaves as does Maṇḍiya in the story quoted above. The mendicant is killed, and his daughter is taken off by Agaladatta, who receives the king's daughter as a reward. Without giving further examples of the use of the "catching the thief" *motif* I would refer readers to Bloomfield's excellent article "The Art of Stealing in Hindu Fiction," *Amer. Journ. Phil.*, vol. liv, 1923, pp. 194-202. He deals with the "Romance" part of the story on pp. 221-225, to which we now proceed.

In the *Kaṭhākoṣa* (Tawney, p. 215) the Princess Dava-dantī takes pity on a condemned thief and by means of an "act of truth" breaks his bonds and scatters the guards. Cf. also p. 126 of the same work. "Pity's akin to love," as we soon discover in following the development of our *motif*.

In the *Kaṇavera Jātaka* (No. 318, Cambridge edition, vol. iii, p. 42) Sāmā, the chief courtesan of the King of Benares, falls in love¹ with a thief who is being led off to execution. She accordingly bribes the governor to say that the thief is her brother and must therefore be allowed to escape. He consents, but only if a substitute be found.

Now the price of Sāmā's favours was a thousand pieces, and that night a rich young merchant calls at her house with the required sum. Sāmā places the money in her lap and bursts into tears. On the merchant's inquiring the cause, she replies: "My lord, this robber is my brother, though he never comes to me, because people say I follow a vile trade. When I sent a message to the governor, he intimated that for a thousand he would let the prisoner go. And now I cannot find anyone to go." The youth volunteers to take the money. He is mistaken for the substitute and executed. Sāmā then lives with the thief in luxury. The sequel is most dramatic. As time goes on the thief thinks that a woman who was capable of such an amazing act might easily turn on him if she found another love she preferred. He therefore leads her into a thicket and chokes her, leaving her for dead. On regaining consciousness Sāmā harbours no thought of revenge, but still wants her lover. She sends out strolling actors with a message in verse. At last they find the thief, but he is taking no risks, and sends back a verse of refusal. The actors return and make a full report. Where-

¹ For the "Devoted Hetwera" *motif* see Bloomfield, *Proc. Amer. Phil. Soc.*, vol. lii, p. 630 *et seq.*

upon Sāmā plunges once more into^d a life of debauchery and prostitution.

The story occurs again in the *Jātakas*,¹ but the ending is different. The thief tells the girl of his evil intentions, and she begs as a mark of final devotion to be allowed to circum-ambulate him. This request he grants, and when Sulasā is behind him flings him down a mountain precipice with superhuman strength.

For further parallels see Burlingame, *Buddhist Legends* (Harvard Oriental Series, vol. xxix), vol. ii, p. 227.

There still remains the "Laugh and Cry" *motif* to be considered, but as this occurs again in Vetāla 23, and the "Laugh" *motif* alone in Vetāla 20, I shall leave the discussion of both its varieties till we deal with these tales in question (see pp. 253, 260). Suffice it to point out here that the answer given to the Vetāla's question as to why the thief first wept and then laughed differ in Hindi and Tamil versions. In both of these he laughs first, which I consider less dramatic than as in our text. In the Hindi, however, the reply changes the order, for the text says, "He first burst out laughing, and then began to weep bitterly," while the explanation given is: "He reflected that he could not requite her kindness in being willing to give up her whole property to save his life, and this reflection deeply grieved him. Then it struck him as very odd that she should fall in love with a man just about to suffer death: that the proceedings of the Deity were inscrutable; that he bestows prosperity on the inauspicious; knowledge on one destitute of high lineage; a beautiful wife on a fool; and showers upon hills: thus reflecting, he laughed."

In the Tamil version the order remains throughout. "First he laughed," replied the king, "to think that such an extraordinary event should have taken place, although the girl had not been previously acquainted with him; then he wept, being moved to compassion, when he saw the affliction of her father and mother."

¹ *Sulasā Jātaka*, No. 419, Cambridge edition, vol. iii, p. 260 *et seq.*

The Magic Pill

(Vetāla 15—pp. 40-48)

The story of the magic pill is practically the same in the Hindi version (No. 14).¹ The incident of the infuriated elephant is omitted. The daughter's name, not the queen's, is Chandraprabhā. Mūladeva and Śaśin are described as "two learned and deeply read Brāhmans" who come quite by chance on the love-sick youth as he lies swooning from excess of love in their path. When Mūladeva returns to the court to claim his "daughter," and is told she is gone, he demands the princess in marriage for his son. As the king will otherwise be cursed, he grants the request immediately. The Vetāla's question is rather more elaborate, for, on the king deciding that Śaśin was the lawful husband, he replies: "Being pregnant by the Brāhman Manasvī" (so he is called), "how could she be the wife of Śaśi?" The king replies: "No one was aware that she was with child by Manasvī, and Śaśi married her before five or ten people; on this account, then, she remains his wife, and that child also will possess the right of performing the funeral obsequies."

The Tamil version (No. 18)² is reduced to a mere skeleton, lacking all interest and importance, and is quite unworthy of any discussion.

The story occurs in a more complicated form in the Turkish *Tûṭī-nāmah*,³ where a sorceress gives the love-sick youth a magic seal. By putting it in his mouth he is turned into a girl. In this form he marries the king's son. Thus he has easy access to the princess, and finally escapes with her. The princess keeps the seal in her mouth during the day and is thus turned into a man, but at night they both revert to their original shapes. The sorceress demands back her "daughter" from the king, who pays a thousand gold pieces by way of compensation.

In the Persian *Tûṭī-nāmah*⁴ the tale is much more simple. A pill is used as in our text, but there is no mention of any claim for the "daughter."

¹ Barker, *op. cit.*, p. 225 *et seq.*

² Babington, *op. cit.*, p. 76 *et seq.*

³ Rosen, *op. cit.*, vol. ii, p. 178. In Wickerhauser's version, p. 240, compensation is obtained in the shape of a magic purse that always contains a thousand *dinārs*.

⁴ Iken, *Touti Nameh*, Stuttgart, 1822, p. 97.

We turn to the one *motif* the story contains : the change of sex. I cannot find this exact method used in other tales to change sex, but it is employed for rather similar purposes. For instance, in one tale our friend Mūladeva turns himself into a dwarf by means of a magic pill.¹

In the *Kāthākoṣa* (Tawney, p. 110) a girl puts a magic plant in her ear and immediately becomes a man. But in Indian literature perhaps the best-known case of change of sex, or in this case *exchange* of sex, occurs in the *Mahābhārata*, Udyoga Parva, sects. cxc-cxciv² :

King Drupada longs for a son in order to revenge himself on Bhīṣma. Śiva at last says he shall have a child which shall be female and male. In due course a daughter is born, but trusting in Śiva's promise, Drupada and his wife announce the birth of a son, whom they call Śikhaṇḍin, and bring up the girl as if she were a boy. She attains the age of puberty and the question of marriage arises. The daughter of a powerful king is selected, and the ceremony is performed. When the bride discovers that she has been tricked, and her husband is really a girl, her father is furious, and marches against Drupada to drive him from the throne and kill Śikhaṇḍin.

Meanwhile the unhappy Śikhaṇḍin decides on suicide, and goes into the forest to put her plan into action. There she meets a Yaksha who takes pity on her and agrees to exchange sex with her until the danger has passed. All is arranged satisfactorily and the two kings are reconciled. But Kuvera discovers what the Yaksha has done and curses him so that he must always remain a woman. On the request of other Yakshas, however, the curse is allowed to end on the death of Śikhaṇḍin. The prince returns to the Yaksha in accordance with his bargain, but is told of Kuvera's curse and returns in happiness to his wife.

¹ Meyer, *Hindu Tales*, p. 193. See also his translation of *Daśa-kumāra-charita*, p. 83.

² It occurs in vol. iii, pp. 529-538 of the new edition of Roy's translation. It should be remembered that in the story quoted from the *Mahābhārata*, Śikhaṇḍin was a subsequent birth of Ambā, the eldest daughter of the King of Kāśī, who, after being carried off by Bhīṣma, tried in vain to be accepted as wife by King Saubha. Through asceticism she obtained the promise that she would kill Bhīṣma, and became a man in her next birth in order to do so. For full references see Sørensen, *Index to Names in the Mahābhārata*, under "Ambā" and "Çikhandin."

Several versions of this tale exist in different parts of India. One was written in Persian by 'Izzat Ullāh in 1712 under the title of *Gul-i Bakāwālī*,¹ while another, based on a Tamil version, appeared in Dubois' *Pantcha-Tantra*, p. 15. Cf. No. 14 of Dozon's *Contes Albanais*, and No. 58 of Hahn's *Griechische und albanesische Märchen*.

So far the transformations have been made either by a magic pill, seal or plant, or merely by mutual agreement with a superhuman being. We have already seen (Vol. VI, p. 59 *et seq.*) that the most usual, and certainly less compromising, method of enjoying illicit intercourse by magical means was by temporarily changing the man into some animal whose presence would incite no comment. As the *motif* travelled westwards it seems that water became the more usual medium. Sometimes it was an enchanted spring, or else a lake or well, by bathing in which the change was effected.

A story of a sex-changing well is found in all versions of the *Book of Sindibād*,² and so in the *Nights* (Burton, vol. vi, p. 145 *et seq.*).

A certain prince is to marry the daughter of a neighbouring king. Her cousin is jealous and bribes the prince's vazir to do what he can to prevent the marriage. The vazir accompanies the prince to his fiancée's kingdom, and on the way leads him to "a certain spring of running water in the mountains there, called Al-Zahrā, whereof whosoever drank from a man became a woman." The prince stays on the spot bemoaning his sad fate, while his rival rejoices at the news. By chance a cavalier rides up, who proves to be a king's son of the Jānn. He takes pity on the prince and conveys him to the Black Country, where, after obtaining leave from the king, one Zu'l Janāhayn, he drinks of a stream and is turned back again to his original shape. Variants of the tale occur in the Hebrew and Spanish texts. See further Clouston, *op. cit.*, p. 300.

In another tale of the *Nights*³ we read of a magic cauldron

¹ Garcin de Tassy, *Allégories Récits Poétiques*, 2nd edit., 1876, pp. 349, 350 and 372-374; also Clouston, *Eastern Romances*, pp. 279 and 532 *et seq.*

² See Chauvin, *op. cit.*, viii, p. 43; Clouston, *Book of Sindibād*, pp. 80, 156 and 299.

³ "The Tale of Warlock and the Young Cook of Baghdad," Burton, Supp., *Nights*, vol. vi, p. 137. See also the note on pp. 121 and 354. Lane was told a version of the story in Cairo. See his *Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians*, 5th edit., 1860, pp. 468-469.

full of water, into which a vizier plunges at the bidding of a sorcerer. Immediately¹ he finds himself in the sea, and on coming to dry land discovers he has turned into a woman. He marries and becomes a mother of seven. "She" tires of the life, and flinging "herself" into the sea comes up again in the cauldron in his original sex, to find that he has really been absent only a few seconds. (See further, p. 245.)

A curious Arabic story introducing our *motif* occurs in the collection of proverbs of al-Mufaddal ibn Salāma, called the *Fākhīr*. When dealing with "The Magic Seed" in Vol. VI, p. 62, I quoted the third sub-story of it. The following forms the first sub-story, and is told by the stranger in the hopes of saving Khurāfa's life²:

I was in prosperous circumstances, then they ceased and I was ridden with debt. So I went out, fleeing, and a terrible thirst befell me; so I journeyed to a well and alighted that I might drink. Then someone called out to me from the well, "Stand!" so I went away from it and did not drink. But the thirst overcame me and I returned; then he called out to me. Again I returned a third time and drank, and paid no attention to him. Then he said: "O Allah! if it is a man transform him into a woman, and if it is a woman transform her into a man." And lo! I was a woman. I went to a certain city and a man married me and I bore him two children. Thereafter I returned to my own country, and I passed by the well of which I had drunk and I alighted. He called out to me as he had called at first, but I drank and paid no attention to him. So he prayed as at first, and I became a man as I had been. Then I came to my own country and married a wife and begat on her two children. So I have two sons of my loins and two of my womb.

Stories of sex-changing water cannot, however, be regarded as of common occurrence in folk-tales, the most usual use of magical water, streams, wells, etc., being as an *eau de jouvence*, or "water of life."

There is a curious gipsy tale in which a second curse

¹ This instantaneous transportation has occurred more than once in the *Ocean*; see Vol. II, pp. 223, 223n¹, and Vol. VI, pp. 213 and 279.

² D. B. Macdonald, "The Earlier History of the Arabian Nights," *Journ. Roy. As. Soc.*, July 1924, p. 373.

neutralises the effect of the first. It is included in one of von Wlislöcki's works¹:

A youth pleases a beautiful river-nymph, daughter of the moon-king, by his piping, to which she has been dancing. In return she gives him a silver sickle, promising him yet fairer gifts if he will come again. Alas! he is late for the tryst, and finds her dead on the ground, heart-broken at his breach of faith; for these ladies' hearts are very fragile. Her sister appears from the river and curses him, if a man, to become a woman, if a woman, to become a man. She then carries the dead nymph back into the river, and, as it seems, there restores her to life, for immediately afterwards a magnificent black steed stands before the desolate youth (now become a girl) and declares that she is sent by the deceased maiden to bear him where his fortune blossoms. Mounted on the steed, he is borne through the air like lightning to the aid of a king's daughter, given to a dragon who dwells in a fountain and requires a maid once a year for dinner. He slays the dragon with the sickle, and the king in his joy gives him his daughter to wife. He accepted the lady amid the general excitement, without thinking that he was no longer a man, but a woman. This was awkward. The bride complained to her father, who was afraid to attempt his life by direct means. Wherefore he sent him instead to rob the cloud-king of three golden apples, which had the property, one of them of making wealthy, another of making lucky, and the third of making healthy. His steed helps him to accomplish the task. But when the monster, half-man, half-dog, that guards the apples finds that he has been cozened he flings the curse after the robber: "If a man, become woman; if a woman, become man." The curse sets matters right again. "I don't know what has happened, dearest father," says the bride to the king, "but my husband is a man after all."

There is also an Albanian version² in which the dragon-slayer is born a girl. She kills a lamia to whom the king has given his son, and is rewarded with a magical steed. Later on she wins another king's daughter in marriage by a feat of athletics, and, as in the last tale, is guilty of the thoughtlessness of taking the bride. Being prescribed a series of

¹ *Volksdichtungen der siebenbürgischen und südungarischen Zigeuner*, Vienna, 1890, No. 34, p. 260.

² Dozon, *Contes Albanais*, No. 14, p. 109.

tasks by the king, with the same object of getting rid of her, she at last is cursed by some serpents with the requisite change of sex.

Now, both the above tales are also versions of the great Andromeda cycle,¹ and could be quoted in connection with the sacrifice of Jimūtavāhana, which is the next Vetāla tale with which we shall deal. (See p. 233 *et seq.*)

Before discussing our *motif* from an anthropological point of view we should see whether Greek mythology can offer us any similar tales for comparison. Foremost among such legends is that of Tiresias, or Teiresias. He was a famous Theban soothsayer, son of Everes and a nymph Chariclo, and he was blind. One of the causes given for his blindness was that once on Mount Cyllene (some accounts say Mount Cithæron, in Bœotia) he saw two snakes copulating, and that having wounded them (or having killed the female) he was turned from a man into a woman, but that on observing the same snakes (or another pair) copulating on another occasion (many accounts make him kill the male) he regained his original sex. "Hence," continues the account given by Apollodorus,² "when Hera and Zeus disputed whether the pleasures of love are felt more by women or by men, they referred to him for a decision. He said that if the pleasures of love be reckoned at ten, men enjoy one and women nine. Wherefore Hera blinded him, but Zeus bestowed on him the art of soothsaying."

It is interesting to note that the ill-luck attached to anyone who sees snakes coupling is by no means confined to Greek mythology, and we find the superstition fully developed in India. Frazer, *op. cit. sup.*, gives references to works quoting the superstition from North and South India, Burma and the East Indian Islands. I confess I can offer no explanation for the belief, unless it is based on the fact that as the Nāgas are so widely worshipped in India, a devotee so indiscreet as to remain a witness of any personal and intimate relationship between them would naturally incur their wrath. The idea is quite an accepted fact in

¹ S. Hartland, *Legend of Perseus*, vol. iii, pp. 28-29.

² See Frazer's trans., Loeb Classics, vol. i, p. 365 *et seq.* The story is also found in Phlegon, *Mirabilia*, 4; Tzetzes, *Scholiast on Lycophron*, 683; Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, iii, 316 *et seq.*; Hyginus, *Fab.* 75, and in several other works given by Frazer.

mythology, and another account given to explain the blindness of Tiresias himself was that he had chanced to see Athena bathing naked.

Then there was Cæneus,¹ one of the Lapithæ, who was originally a girl called Cænis. She was seized by Poseidon and dragged to his watery abode, where she became his mistress. Having tasted the joys of his new love, Poseidon asked her to choose whatever she most longed for. Cænis replied (Ovid, *Met.*, xii, 200 *et seq.*): "The wrong that you have done me calls for a mighty prayer, the prayer that I may never again be able to suffer so. Grant me that I be not woman! So grant all my prayers." Not only did her sex change, but the new Cæneus was made invulnerable in battle. At his death, according to some of the accounts, he was changed back to a woman again. This change of sex at death will be referred to a little later.

Finally there is the story of Iphis, daughter of Ligdus and Telethusa of Phæstus in Crete.² Ligdus longed for a son, and told his wife that if it was a girl she was to be killed. Just previous to the birth the "daughter of Inachus" (*i.e.* Io, worshipped as the goddess Isis) appeared to her in a dream, telling her to save the child whatever sex it was, finishing with the words: "I am the goddess who brings help and succour to those who call upon me, nor shall you have cause to complain that you have worshipped a thankless deity." A girl was duly born, but Telethusa pretended it was a boy, and Ligdus, being deceived, had it brought up as a boy, and named it Iphis. Now Iphis is a name of common gender, so Telethusa rejoiced. Time passed, and Iphis was betrothed to Ianthe, daughter of Telestes. The distracted mother postponed the marriage as long as possible and prayed fervently to Isis. "The goddess seemed to move, nay, moved her altar, the doors of the temple shook, her moon-shaped horns shot forth gleams of light, and the sistrum rattled noisily." The omen proved auspicious, and lo! Iphis had become a man.

The similarity between the above Greek legend and the tale of Drupada in the *Mahābhārata* and its numerous variants is at once noticeable.

¹ See, for example, Apollodorus, *Library*, Epitome i, 22; Apollonius Rhodius, *Argon*, i, 57-64; Ovid, *Met.*, xii, 459-532; Virgil, *Aen.*, vi, 448 *et seq.*

² Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, ix, 666 *et seq.* I use the edition in the Loeb Classics, by F. J. Miller, vol. ii, pp. 51-61, 1922.

Surveying all the tales noted above, we find that the "Change of Sex" *motif* is employed in several different ways. The question naturally arises as to what originated such ideas. Was it the result of the story-tellers' imagination, or can the *motif* find its basis in real religious and anthropological beliefs?

In Indian folk-lore we find evidence of the actual belief in change of sex, quite apart from pretended change of sex usually employed as a prophylactic. In the Bombay district it is generally believed among the village inhabitants that the performance of certain rites can change sex, as well as the incantations of Yogis, and the blessings or curses of Mahatmas (Enthoven, *Folklore of Bombay*, p. 340).

There are also numerous legends current in different parts of India which involve a change of sex. In some cases the selection of the tribal deity has its origin in such legends. Here are examples of the kind of legends to which I refer.

At Bateswar (Bateshar),¹ a small place on the right bank of the Jumna, forty-three miles south-east from Agra, an immense number of temples line the banks of the river for over a mile. The local legend regarding these temples is that at the time when the first of the line of Bhaduria Rājas reigned it was the rule for each Rāja to send a princess for the seraglio of the Emperor of Delhi. The Bhaduria Rāja had a daughter, but not wishing to send her to the harem of the Delhi king he represented that he had no daughter: the other Rājas, who had sent their daughters, were indignant at this, and informed the Delhi emperor, who thereupon ordered a search to be made. In this extremity the daughter of the Rāja fled alone to Bateswar, and prayed to the Devī at the temple to save her from the pollution of a Mohammedan seraglio. Her sex was accordingly changed, and she emerged from the temple a boy! On this the grateful Rāja diverted the river and built the temples along its banks which now exist.

Another version of the story says that one Rāja Hara, of some place unknown, and Rāja Badan, the Bhaduria Rāja, once made an agreement with each other to marry their children should one have a son and the other a daughter. Both, however, had daughters, but the Bhaduria Rāja concealed the circumstance, and proclaimed that he had a son. Accordingly, in due time, the daughter of Rāja Hara was married to the supposed son of Bhaduria Rāja. The

¹ Cunningham, *Arch. Survey Ind.*, vol. vii, pp. 5, 6.

imposition was, however, soon found out, and Rāja Hara advanced with an army to avenge the injury, when the daughter of the Bhaduria Rāja, to save her father from the imminent danger, determined to die and end the strife. Accordingly she jumped into the Jumna : but to the surprise of all, instead of drowning, she emerged a boy ; and Rāja Hara, finding that the Bhaduria Rāja really had a son to whom his daughter had been married, retired pacified. The grateful Bhaduria Rāja then diverted the Jumna from the spot where his daughter had jumped in, and instituted a great annual fair in honour of the circumstance, and built those temples all along the Jumna which we see now.

In the Baroda volume of the *Gazetteer of the Bombay Presidency* (vol. vii, 1883, p. 612) we find another legend similar to the latter. The Chāvaḍa king of Pattan and the Solānki king of Kābri resolved on forming a royal alliance. But, by evil chance, both kings had daughters ; neither had a son. Thereupon the Kābri Rāja fraudulently passed off his girl as a boy and a marriage was duly celebrated. Difficulties ensued, and the girl-husband found herself constrained to flee from Pattan. In the forest of the Devī she rested a while. Her dog [bitch] plunged into a pool, and to the wonder of the princess changed her sex on the spot ; her mare jumped and came forth a stallion ; the princess herself then tried the magic of the water, and lo ! she, too, changed into a man. From that time the Solānki Rājputs followed the Devī.¹

Among the Dhanwār, a primitive tribe in the wild country of Bilāspur adjoining Chota Nāgpur, it is believed that the sex of a person may change in transmigration, for male children are sometimes named after women relatives and female after men.² Such a belief is not confined to India, as we have already seen in the case of Cæneus. It conforms, says Frazer,³ to an observation of Plato or Aristotle that the sex of a person generally changes at each transmigration of his soul into a new body. A similar belief is found among the Urabunna and Waramunga tribes of Central Australia.⁴

¹ For another version see Enthoven, *Folklore of Bombay*, pp. 339-340, reprinted from *Ind. Ant.*, vol. xlv, 1916, Supp., p. 124. The tale is also told of Lake Mānsarovar ; see Enthoven, *Ind. Ant.*, vol. xli, 1912, p. 42. See also Crooke, *Religion and Folklore of Northern India* (new edition), p. 279.

² Russell, *Tribes and Castes of the Central Provinces*, vol. ii, p. 500.

³ Apollodorus, vol. ii, p. 150n¹.

⁴ Spencer and Gillen, *Northern Tribes of Central Australia*, p. 148.

We now come to the *pretended* change of sex. The necessity for dressing a boy as a girl and *vice versa* at certain critical times of their life is a well-recognised and strictly observed custom not only in India but in the most diverse parts of the world. Westermarck¹ and Frazer² have given abundant examples of such customs, chiefly employed at marriage ceremonies in order to avert the Evil Eye and to deceive any demons who might attempt to harm either of the happy couple at such an auspicious and dangerous time.

References to the authorities already given will at once show that in many countries it is the custom for priests to change their sex to all intents and purposes. In the Pelew Islands, for example, a man who is inspired by a goddess immediately dresses and behaves like a woman for the rest of his life. He is, moreover, henceforth treated and actually regarded as a woman. This pretended change of sex, says Frazer,³ may explain a widespread custom whereby men dress and live like women. He gives numerous references, and suggests that such transformations were often carried out in obedience to intimations received in dreams or in a state of ecstasy. Such inspirations act with both sexes, and many cases of women dressing and behaving as men, after having received their "call," could be given.⁴ But apart from worshippers seeking to assimilate themselves with their deities, there is also the example of the gods themselves to be considered.

From the early days of the Babylonians and Assyrians the sex of deities has been known to undergo change. And this change has been dependent on a human anthropological change—that from a matriarchate to a patriarchate. Thus, whereas the goddess Ishtar of the Babylonians and Assyrians, and the 'Ashtar(t) of the Canaanites, Hebrews and Phoenicians was a divine counterpart of the human matriarch, we find that where the laws of society changed, the sex of the deity also became changed.⁵ Thus among the Semites of

¹ *History of Human Marriage*, vol. ii, p. 518 *et seq.*

² *Golden Bough (Adonis, Attis, Osiris)*, vol. ii, p. 253 *et seq.*

³ *Op. cit.*, pp. 254, 255.

⁴ See my Appendix, "Indian Eunuchs," Vol. III, pp. 322 and 327; also Crawley, "Dress," *Hastings' Ency. Rel. Eth.*, vol. v, p. 71.

⁵ See Robertson Smith, *Religion of the Semites*, pp. 58, 478; Sayce, *Babylonians and Assyrians*, p. 240; Paton, "Ashtart," and "Ishtar," *Ency. Rel. Eth.*, vol. ii, p. 115 *et seq.*, and vol. vii, p. 429; Tremearne, *Ban of the Bori*, pp. 418, 419.

Southern Arabia she has turned into the masculine 'Athtar; so also in Abyssinia, Moab and North Africa.

The change of sex of a deity is usually an etymological change, and in some cases both genders apply to a single deity representing male and female principles. This reminds us of the Ardhanārīśvara form of Śiva and the Greek Hermaphroditus. Such religious beliefs, if not the basis of similar ideas in folk-tales, at least give assurance of their unquestioned reception and use as a fiction *motif*.

In conclusion I would quote a passage from Pliny's *Naturalis Historia*, as showing the beliefs generally held and quoted by so eminent a writer of the first century A.D. The genuineness of his conviction is surely enhanced when we remember that his views of nature and of God were undoubtedly Stoic, and that he considered any use of the magical arts an act of violence against nature (ii, 114; xxx, 3). The passage in question is from Book VII, chapter iii, section 4¹:

"The change of females into males is undoubtedly no fable. We find it stated in the *Annals* that, in the consulship of P. Licinius Crassus and C. Cassius Longinus [Consuls A.U.C. 581], a girl, who was living at Casinum with her parents, was changed into a boy; and that, by the command of the Aruspices, he was conveyed away to a desert island. Licinius Mucianus informs us that he once saw at Argos a person whose name was then Arescon, though he had been formerly called Arescusa: that this person had been married to a man, but that, shortly after, a beard and marks of virility made their appearance, upon which he took to himself a wife. He had also seen a boy at Smyrna to whom the very same thing had happened. I myself saw in Africa one L. Cossicius, a citizen of Thysdri, who had been changed into a man the very day on which he was married to a husband."

In commenting on this passage Bostock says that a similar case is mentioned by Ambrose Paré, the great French surgeon of the sixteenth century. The subject in question was brought up as a girl, but, in consequence of a sudden muscular exertion, the organs of the male were developed, which had previously been concealed internally.² He concluded by remarking that most similar cases of a supposed

¹ I quote from the six-volume edition, trans. Bostock and Riley, Bohn's Classical Library, 1885, 1886.

² Cf. Montaigne, *Essays*, Book I, cap. 20.

change of sex are from the femalé to the male, evidently of the kind mentioned by Paré; that cases of the contrary kind have also occurred; and even of the sex being doubtful, or of both existing together. Modern research, however, rather proves that such recorded changes of sex are from the male to the female, due to an abnormal development of the clitoris.¹ But here we reach the threshold of teratology in its most modern and scientific sense, and this is beyond the scope of our present inquiry.

Sufficient has, I think, been already said to show that the "Change of Sex" *motif*, which figures in the fifteenth tale of the Vetāla, is not to be dismissed as a fantastic invention of the story-teller, but is to be regarded as one which has ample justification for its existence, having its roots firmly embedded in ancient religious beliefs and in the legends and rites of many primitive peoples. Modern surgery has only shown that apparent change of sex can occur, and has occurred. How readily, then, would the unscientific mind be prepared to accept such a miracle!

The Sacrifice of Jīmūtavāhana
(Vetāla 16—pp. 49-63)

This story has already appeared in Vol. II, p. 138 *et seq.*, but here we had two sub-stories included: the first (27A) giving the hero's adventures in a former life, and the second (27B) dealing with the dispute about the colour of the sun's horses.² Apart from this the two tales are almost identical.

Turning to the Hindi version³ (No. 15) we find that, although the story is shorter, there are but few deviations—the son offers to go forth and conquer the relations who would seize the throne after the "kalpa-bṛiksh" has made everyone equally rich, but his father points out the frailty of the body and both go to the Malyāchal hill and live in a cottage. There is no incident of Malayavati attempting suicide. Details about Garuḍa are omitted, and when he

¹ See, for instance, R. F. Burton, "Notes on an Hermaphrodite," *Mem. Anth. Soc. Ldn.*, vol. ii, pp. 262-263. For a complete study of the modern developments of teratology, see E. Schwalbe, *Morphologie der Missbildungen*.

² See M. Winternitz, "The Serpent Sacrifice mentioned in the *Mahā-bhārata*," *Journ. Bombay Branch Roy. As. Soc.*, August 1926, pp. 74-91 (especially p. 80).

³ Barker, *op. cit.*, p. 250 *et seq.*

alights to seize his prey, he has to make a second attempt, as "the first time the prince escaped." It is a bracelet, instead of a crest-jewel, which drops at the feet of Jimūta-vāhana's wife. He does not actually die, as in the text of Somadeva's version, but is apparently left in a mangled state, to get home as best he can. Although Garuḍa restores the snakes to life, there is no appearance of Gaurī to heal Jimūta-vāhana's wounds. The Vetāla's question is the same in both cases, but the answer is different. In Somadeva the king says that the reason why Jimūtavāhana's action was not so great as that of Śankhacūḍa was because he had already acquired virtue in previous births, but the Hindi version merely says it was because he was of the Kshatriya caste, and such an action would be a small matter for him.

The Tamil version¹ is, as usual, very much abbreviated. The story (No. 19) begins straight away with the petition to Garuḍa, whom Babington calls a Brahmany kite. When the hero offers himself in place of the proper victim, Garuḍa at once grants him a boon without doing him any harm. The question of the Vetāla is: "Which, therefore, was the greater of these two?"—i.e. the "kite" or the king. The reply is: "The king was a man and understood all things, in consequence of which he promised to give up his life. The kite was in the habit of feeding on whatever it seized: that a charitable thought should come across it, and that it should promise to abandon its prey, was the greatest action."

A version of the tale occurs in the *Sinhāsanadvātrīṅśika*,² where it forms the story of the Eleventh Statuette.

The following outline, as given by Edgerton, is based on the Southern Recension, which comes nearest to the original text.

While Vikrama was wandering about the earth, he stopped once by night under a tree where dwelt a venerable bird named Long-lived (*Ciramjīvin*). At night his bird-friends gathered together, and he asked them about their doings during the day. One of them was in great grief this night. Being asked to declare the cause, he at first refused, on the ground that it would do no good. But being urged, on the ground that sorrow is relieved by the telling of it, he told a story of a city subject to a Rākshasa, where each household

¹ Babington, *op. cit.*, p. 78 *et seq.*

² See Edgerton, *Vikrama's Adventures*, pt. i, p. lxxxiii.

in turn had to give a man a day's food for the Rākshasa. The turn had now come to a Brāhman, a friend of the speaking bird in a former birth, who must sacrifice himself or his only son. Therefore the bird was grieved, as befits a friend. The king, hearing this, went thither by his magic sandals, and took his seat upon the sacrificial rock, waiting for the Rākshasa. The Rākshasa came, and was astonished to see his cheerful expression, and, learning that he was giving himself for others, offered to grant him any desire. The king obtained from him the promise to abstain from eating men henceforth.

Then there is the tale of the Rākshasa Baka in the *Mahābhārata*,¹ who protected the town and the country, accepting as his fee a cartload of rice, two buffaloes, and the human being who brought them to him. The turn had now come to a poor Brāhman who could not afford to buy a man, and would not willingly part with any of his family. Accordingly he decides to go to the Rākshasa with his whole family. Kuntī says that one of her sons will go instead, and Bhīma willingly agrees to the proposal. He takes the food and begins to eat it himself on the way. After a fearful struggle he overcomes Baka; and his relatives, other Rākshasas, promise never to molest human beings again.

The Rākshasas soon become dragons; and even in one of the Kalmuck tales² we read of two such creatures who, not satisfied with robbing the people of the water needed for irrigation, exacted a yearly toll of a man alternately of high and low degree. The turn of the Khan had come, but his son goes in his stead. On his way he is joined by a friend of his, a poor man's son, who offers to go in *his* place. Finally they agree to go together, but through overhearing the dragons talking about how easily they could be killed, if people only

¹ For full references see Sorensen's *Index*, under "Baka."

² Jülg, *Siddhi-Kür*, No. 2; corresponding to Coxwell, *Siberian and Other Folk-Tales*, No. 4, p. 183 *et seq.*; and to Busk, *Sagas from the Far East*, No. 2, p. 18 *et seq.* In error Tawney thought it was the same as Busk's 5th tale, "How the Serpent-gods were propitiated," but this is also No. 5 of Jülg and No. 7 of Coxwell, where it is called "Sunshine and his Younger Brother." The tale tells of a lake guarded by dragons who had to be propitiated yearly by a youth born in a certain month. The hero and the princess, who has fallen in love with him, are sewn in a skin together and thrown to the dragons. They are touched by the mutual love of the couple and set them free, at the same time allowing the water to irrigate the land.

knew, they manage to overcome them, and the country becomes fruitful once again. The rest of the story is composed of a long series of stock *motifs* introduced one after the other, and does not concern us.

But before going any further into tales dealing with human sacrifices necessary for the propitiation of gods, dragons, etc., we should look rather closer at our tale of Jīmūtavāhana.

It has always been regarded as a Buddhist legend of ancient date which was utilised by Guṇādhya in the *Bṛihat-kathā*, and also found its way into the *Vetālapañchaviṃśati*; hence it appears twice, although rather differently, in Soma-deva. In the first half of the seventh century A.D. it became the subject of Harsha's drama, the *Nāgānanda*.

In order to try to discover the origin of the legend we must bear in mind that the chief characters are Nāgas, Garuḍa and the hero who saves the former from destruction.

Now, in a paper on the Nāgas,¹ C. F. Oldham points out that in most of the temples dedicated to Vāsuki (king of the snakes, often mentioned in the *Ocean*), or Bāsdeo, in the Chenab Valley there is, besides the figure of the Nāga Rāja, a representation of his Vezier, who is called Jīmūtavāhana. Legend says that Bāsdeo was engaged in war with Garuḍa, and that, on one occasion, the Nāga chief was surprised by the enemy and had a narrow escape. In fact, he was saved only by the devotion of his minister, who gave his own life to save that of his master. This probably means that Jīmūtavāhana was killed in covering the retreat of the Rāja. Bāsdeo escaped to the Kailās Kūnd, a mountain lake some 13,000 feet above the sea, between the Chenab and Rāvi valleys. Meantime an army was raised, by which Garuḍa was defeated. The Nāga Rāja, in his gratitude, ordered that in future Jīmūtavāhana should be worshipped in the same temple with himself. It would seem from this that Vāsuki, like other Solar kings, received divine honours during his lifetime.

The legend just referred to seems to relate to some of the struggles between the unregenerate and the Aryanised tribes. It is probably founded on fact. At all events, a great festival is held annually at the Kailās Kūnd, which is attended by all the population of the surrounding country.

¹ "The Nāgas: a Contribution to the History of Serpent Worship" *Journ. Roy. As. Soc.*, July 1901, pp. 461-473, with seven illustrations.

The fact that Harsha (*i.e.* Śilāditya Harshavardhana, Rāja of Thānesar and Kanauj, A.D. 606-647¹) wrote a drama based on the legend must have added greatly to its dissemination, especially when we remember that Hiuen Tsiang spent about eight years (635-643) in his dominions. It is related by I-Tsing, who lived about A.D. 670, that Harsha kept all the best writers, especially poets, at his court, and that he used to join in the literary recitals personally. He would take the part of Jīmūtavāhana in his own play amid the sound of song and instrumental music.² It is also interesting to note that a version of our tale is related by Hiuen Tsiang about a great river (the Karakash, or possibly the Khotan-dāria) flowing 200 *li* or so south-east of K'iu-sa-ta-na (Khotan, Eastern Chinese Turkestan).

The story tells how the people took advantage of the river to irrigate their lands, but after a time the waters ceased to flow. Having inquired the reason from an Arhat, the king learned that the stoppage was caused by a dragon, and that the offering of sacrifices and prayers would cause the water to flow again. The king acted accordingly, when a woman emerged from the stream, saying that her husband had just died, and that without a lord to issue orders the current of the stream would remain arrested. If, however, she obtained one of the king's ministers as a second husband, all would be well. The king returned to the royal apartments and informed the ministers of what had happened. One of the chief ministers volunteered to save the country, and after due rejoicings entered the river clad in white and riding a white horse; but as he advanced into the stream he did not sink, and whipping it with his lash the water opened and he disappeared. Shortly afterwards the white horse came up alone and floated on the water, carrying on his back

¹ See V. A. Smith, *Early History of India*, 1904, pp. 282-302; ditto, *Oxford History of India*, 2nd edit., 1923, pp. 165-171; and R. Mookerji, *Harsha*, Rulers of India Series, Ldn., 1926, p. 152 *et seq.*

² See S. Beal, *Buddhist Records of the Western World* (Hiuen Tsiang), vol. i, p. 210n¹⁸; and A. B. Keith, *Sanskrit Drama*, 1924, pp. 170, 171. The *Nāgānanda* has been translated with a metrical version of Somadeva's tale (from chap. xxii, not chap. xc) by B. Hale Wortham. The latter, with a metrical version of the story of Hariśarman (see *Ocean*, Vol. III, p. 77 *et seq.*), appeared in *Journ. Roy. As. Soc.*, vol. xviii, 1886, p. 1 *et seq.* Numerous native editions, translations and partial translations will be found catalogued in the new Supplement to the *Catalogue of Sanskrit . . . Books*, Brit. Mus., 1926.

a great sandalwood drum, in which was a letter saying that all was well with the minister, and that the drum was sent for the king to suspend at the south-east of the city; if an enemy approached, it would begin to roll. The river started to flow in its accustomed manner, and the country was prosperous once again. "Many years and months have elapsed since then," says Hiuen Tsiang in conclusion, "and the place where the dragon-drum was hung has long since disappeared, but the ruined convent by the side of the drum-lake still remains, but it has no priests and is deserted."¹

Before speaking of the numerous variants of our story in the West, I would draw attention to a very curious and interesting tale from the Japanese, *Ko-ji-ki*. The great importance of this work lies in the fact that "it has preserved for us more faithfully than any other book the mythology, the manners, the language and the traditional history of Ancient Japan." It marks the point of the great change in the history not only of Japanese literature but of Japan as a whole. I refer, of course, to the great influence of Chinese civilisation and literature. The date of the completion of the *Ko-ji-ki* was A.D. 712, and although Buddhism had reached Japan, via China and Korea, by A.D. 538, it appears to owe nothing to its introduction. The sole object of the work as originally proposed by the Emperor Temmu (673-686) was to collect together the annals of the chief families of Japan, before they were covered by the dust of oblivion. The following story, therefore, is of undoubted interest. The translation is that made by B. H. Chamberlain in 1882.² It forms section xviii and is called "The Eight-forked Serpent":

So, having been expelled, [His-Swift-Impetuous-Male-Augustness] descended to a place [called] Tori-Kami at the head-waters of the River Hi in the Land of Idzumo. At this time some chop-sticks came floating down the stream. So His-Swift-Impetuous-Male-Augustness, thinking that there must be people at the head-waters of the river, went up it in quest of them, when he came upon an old man and an old woman—two of them—who had a young girl between them, and were weeping. Then he deigned to ask: "Who are ye?" So the old man replied, saying: "I am called an Earthly Deity, a child of the Deity Great-Mountain-

¹ Beal, *op. cit.*, vol. ii, pp. 320-322.

² *Trans. As. Soc. Japan*, vol. x: Supplement, reprinted February 1920.

Possessor. I am called by the name of Foot-Stroking-Elder, my wife is called by the name of Hand-Stroking Elder, and my daughter is called by the name of Wondrous-Inada-Princess." Again he asked: "What is the cause of your crying?" The old man answered, saying: "I had originally eight young girls as daughters. But the eight-forked serpent of Koshi has come every year and devoured one, and it is now its time to come: wherefore I weep." Then he asked him: "What is its form like?" [The old man] answered, saying: "Its eyes are like *akahagachi* [the winter-cherry], it has one body with eight heads and eight tails. Moreover on its body grows moss, and also *chamæcyparis* [a coniferous tree] and cryptomerias. Its length extends over eight valleys and eight hills, and if one looks at its belly it is all constantly bloody and inflamed." Then His-Swift-Impetuous-Male-Augustness said to the old man: "If this be thy daughter, wilt thou offer her to me?" He replied, saying: "With reverence, but I know not thine august name." Then he replied, saying: "I am elder brother to the Heaven-Shining-Great-August-Deity. So I have now descended from Heaven." Then the Deities Foot-Stroking-Elder and Hand-Stroking-Elder said: "If that be so, with reverence will we offer her to thee." So His-Swift-Impetuous Male-Augustness, at once taking and changing the young girl into a multitudinous and close-toothed comb, which he stuck into his august hair-bunch, said to the Deities Foot-Stroking-Elder and Hand-Stroking-Elder: "Do you distil some eightfold refined liquor. Also make a fence round about. In that fence make eight gates; at each gate tie together eight platforms, on each platform put a liquor-vat, and into each vat pour the eightfold refined liquor, and wait." So as they waited, after having thus prepared everything in accordance with his bidding, the eight-forked serpent came truly as the old man had said, and immediately dipped a head into each vat, and drank the liquor. Thereupon it was intoxicated with drinking, and all the heads lay down and slept. Then His-Swift-Impetuous-Male-Augustness drew the ten-grasp sabre, that was augustly girded on him, and cut the serpent in pieces, so that the River Hi flowed on changed into a river of blood. . . .

We leave the East, and on arriving in Europe find the story of a hero sacrificing himself or endangering his life for

that of some hapless person whose turn it is to be destroyed by a monster. So extensive is the cycle in European folk-tales that many volumes would be required to give them all. E. S. Hartland¹ has already written three volumes on the subject, and he has far from exhausted the variants, still less has he discussed all possible sources of the *motif*. Frazer also has given us a useful list of forty-one different versions, the first five of which are all from ancient Greek mythology.² He has added to this list in the *Golden Bough*,³ and discusses the possible origin of the custom of sacrifices to water-spirits. Following his usual style he brings together a large number of customs from all parts of the world showing various aspects of the worship of water-spirits.

Their conception as serpents or dragons is widespread, and in many cases animal or human sacrifices are needed as an offering. In other cases they are looked upon as kindly disposed to humans and the dispensers of fertility. They bestow offspring on barren women, and, in Greek mythology especially, we meet with similar ideas of the procreative power of water. Marriages of human beings of both sexes to water-deities are continually found—a *motif* which appears to be based partly on the idea that a cruel god must be pacified, and partly on the belief of sympathetic magic—the generative act would be sure to produce fertility in the earth and among both men and animals. It will thus be seen that it would be mere folly to attempt to attribute such a widespread *motif* to any one origin. The customs marshalled for us by Frazer certainly show certain definite lines of belief which have a distinct connection with, or which may be looked upon as variants of, the story under consideration.

At the same time the origin of a Buddhist legend may well rest on true historical fact, far back in the dim ages of the early struggles between the Aryans and the dark-skinned races they encountered in their migration through Northern India.

¹ *The Legend of Perseus*, 3 vols., 1894-1896.

² *Pausanias's Description of Greece*, vol. v, pp. 143-144.

³ Vol. ii (*The Magic Art*), pp. 155-170.

The Beautiful Unmādinī

(Vetāla 17—pp. 66-70)

The Hindi version ¹ (No. 16) differs but little from our text. During the argument between the king and his commander-in-chief, the latter threatens to turn Unmādinī into a prostitute, so that she can no longer be regarded as his wife. Then he will lead her to the palace. The king promises punishment if such a step is taken. Finally, both the husband and his wife throw themselves on a funeral pyre. The question that follows is naturally: "Of these three, whose was the greatest virtue?" The answer is as in Somadeva.

The Tamil version ² (No. 20) is much abbreviated. The king sends for a "soothsayer," who examines the girl's horoscope, apparently without any deception, and reports that if he married her he would lose his kingdom. The tale then ends in a few lines. The king's action is considered the noblest, as in the other versions.

It occurs as No. 26 in the Persian *Tūṭī-nāmah*.³ Here the discussion about the moral aspect of the situation is carried on in the presence of the counsellors only, and the king is the only one who dies. In the Turkish *Tūṭī-nāmah* ⁴ it is not the father, but a procuress, who first offers the girl to the king. The girl also dies on hearing of the king's death.

As compared with the early versions of our story in Buddhist literature, that of Somadeva is decidedly condensed.

In the Pāli *Jātaka* ⁵ the lady's name is Ummadantī, the beautiful daughter of a rich merchant named Tīrītavaccha. On his offering her to the king, he sends Brāhmins to see if she has auspicious marks. The effect of her presence on the Brāhmins is amazing. On catching sight of her, they completely lost their self-control, just as if they were intoxicated with passion, and forgot that they had left their meal unfinished. Some of them took a morsel, and thinking they would eat it put it on their heads. Some let it fall on

¹ Barker, *op. cit.*, p. 271 *et seq.*

² Babington, *op. cit.*, p. 81 *et seq.*

³ Iken, *op. cit.*, p. 109.

⁴ Rosen, *op. cit.*, vol. ii, p. 191, and Wickerhauser, *op. cit.*, p. 258. See also Oesterley, *op. cit.*, pp. 207, 208.

⁵ Cambridge edition, No. 527, vol. v, 1903, p. 108.

their hips. Others threw it against the wall. Everyone was beside himself. When she saw them thus she said, "They tell me these fellows are to test the character of my marks," and she ordered them to be taken by the scruff of their necks and thrust out. And they were sorely annoyed, and returned to the palace in a great rage with Ummadantī, and they said: "Sire, this woman is no mate for you; she is a witch." The king thought, "They tell me she is a witch," and he did not send for her. She is accordingly married to Ahipāraka, a high court official.

At this point the story is interrupted by our being told how the girl had become so beautiful, and her actions in a previous birth are recounted.

The tale continues. Ahipāraka warns his wife not to show herself during the coming Kāttika festival, when the king is sure to be near the house. But this is the very chance the slighted Ummadantī has been waiting for, and she makes her plans accordingly.

At night the town is *en fête*, and the king rides in a magnificent car through the streets. As he approaches the house, Ummadantī throws flowers at the king, and on catching sight of her he is unable to continue the procession. He discovers her name, returns to his palace, and lies like "a mad, haunted man" on his couch, saying:

"A lily maid, with eyes soft as a doe's,
In the full moon's clear light before me rose,
Beholding her in robe of dovelike hue,
Methought two moons at once came into view.

Darting one glance from her bright, lovely eyes,
The temptress took me captive by surprise,
Like woodland elf upon some mountain height,
Her graceful motion won my heart at sight.

So dark and tall and fair the maid, with jewels in her ears,
Clad in a single garment, like a timid doe, appears.

With long-tressed hair and nails all stained red,
O'er her soft arms rich sandal essence shed,
With tapering fingers and a gracious air,
When will she smile on me, my charmer fair?

When will Tirīṭi's slender-waisted maid,
A gold adornment on her breast displayed,
With her soft arms embracing cling to me,
E'en as a creeper to some forest tree ?

When will she stained with dye of lac so bright,
With swelling bosom, maiden lily-white,
Exchange a kiss with me, as oft a glass
Will from one toper to another pass ?

Soon as I saw her standing thus, so fair to outward view,
No longer master of myself, reason away I threw.

When Ummadantī I beheld, with jewelled ear-rings bright,
Like one amerced right heavily, I slept not day nor night.

Should Sakka grant a boon to me, my choice were quickly
ta'en,
I would be Ahipāraka one night or haply twain,
And Ummadantī thus enjoyed, he might o'er Sivi reign."

Ahipāraka is aghast at the condition of the king and does all in his power to make him accept her. A long series of stanzas follows, repeated alternately between the king and Ahipāraka, until finally the right mode of action is borne upon the king, and he overcomes his infatuation.

The story also occurs at length in the *Jātaka-mālā*,¹ and follows the Pāli version fairly closely. The occasion of the girl's revenge is during the Kaumudī festival, which apparently begins in the daytime, for we have a fine description of the town: "Its streets and squares had been sprinkled and cleansed; their white ground was strewed with many-coloured flowers: gay flags and banners were floating aloft; everywhere there was dancing and singing, representations of burlesques, ballets and music; the mingled scents of flowers, incense, odoriferous powders, perfumes, garlands, strong liquors, also of the perfumed water and the ointments used in ablutions, filled the air with fragrance; lovely articles were being exposed for sale; the principal streets were thronged by a merry crowd of townsmen and landmen in their best dress."

¹ J. S. Speyer, *Gātakamālā, Sacred Books of the Buddhists*, vol. 1, 1895, No. 13, p. 114 *et seq.*

The ending is slightly different. The minister is appeased by the unwavering constancy of the king, and pours praises on such a virtuous ruler.

In fact, in all Buddhist versions the endings are merely moralistic, and only in the Hindu versions do we get the dramatic sequel. Cf. also the version in the Burmese collection, *Buddhaghosha's Parables* (Story of the Rahandama Uppalavaṇṇā).

Reference should also be made to an interesting passage in Kalhaṇa's *Rājatarāṅgiṇī*¹ (Book IV, verses 17-37). Here we read of Durlabhaka-Pratāpāditya II who fell violently in love with a rich merchant's wife: "Though he had not touched her, he felt as if she, who was like the nectar of bliss, were fixed [in him] even to the very marrow."

For long he fights against his all-consuming passion, but his illness grows on him until he is near to death. The merchant begs the king to accept his wife, and adds that if he still refuses he will put her in a temple as a dancing-girl, whence she can easily be removed. At last the king gives in and marries the object of his passion, who in time bears him three children.

The Brāhman's Son who failed to acquire the Magic Power
(*Vetāla* 18—pp. 71-77)

In the Hindi version² the tale (No. 17) is considerably abbreviated. We get no details of the gambling at all. The Brāhman's son, here called Guṇākar, is quite willing to eat any food the ascetic has to offer, until he sees it is prepared in a human skull. It is a Yakshinī who produces the illusion of the palace. She stays with him during the night, and in the morning he wants to acquire possession of the Science. He is told that in order to do this he must sit at midnight in the middle of the water for forty days. This Guṇākar accomplishes, and is then told to do the same in fire. He gets leave to visit his family, but on returning completes the ordeal. As in our version, the object is not gained owing to instability of mind and intention.

¹ Stein, vol. i, p. 122.

² Barker, *op. cit.*, p. 285 *et seq.* On p. 290 the first line of the footnote translation is in its wrong place and should be moved to the same position on p. 289.

In the Tamil version¹ (No. 13) the tale is reduced to a mere précis, and the incidents are either omitted or so altered that the whole point of the story is lost. The Brāhman is represented as dying of hunger when a "devotee" rescues him by offering him rice, which he eats till he is satisfied. Then, without his even asking, the ascetic instructs him in magic. The Brāhman goes to bathe and sees a vision of a child standing before him. On finishing his bathe he returns to the ascetic and explains that the vision lasted only while his head was under the water. This completes the story. To the Vetāla's question the king answers that such magical deeds can be accomplished only by those bent on bestowing charity to Brāhmanas.

Apart from the obvious moral contained in our story, the only incident worth noticing² is the illusion produced when immersed in water, both as to place and the passing of time.

When dealing with the "Change of Sex" *motif* in Vetāla 15, I quoted (p. 225) a story from the *Nights* in which a vizier plunges into a cauldron, and, in the few minutes that his head is covered by the water, imagines, by the power of illusion, that he has spent many years as a woman in a fisherman's hut. In a note on p. 224 I mentioned that Lane heard a similar tale in Cairo. The tale in question concerned the means by which a certain Sultan, who scoffed at the story of the Mi'rāj, or Ascension of Muhammed, was finally converted to the Faith. It was obviously an abbreviated account of the widely circulated tale which found its way into the *Forty Vazīrs*, and so appears in the collections of Pétis de la Croix³ and Cazotte and Chavis.⁴ It is of considerable interest as a later variant of our Indian original, particularly because of the use to which the *motif* has been put.

Before speaking of the possible origin of such illusions as to time and place I will give such portions of the tale as concern our inquiry. I borrow from Gibb's translation of the *Forty Vazīrs*, p. 16 *et seq.* The tale forms the First Vazīr's story :

¹ Babington, *op. cit.*, pp. 64, 65.

² I have already (Vol. II, pp. 231n¹, 232n) given a note on gambling to No. 29b, "Devadatta the Gambler," which commences like the Vetāla's 18th tale.

³ *Histoire de la Sultane de Perse, et des Vizirs. Contes Turcs*, Paris, 1707.

⁴ *Cabinet des Fées*, vols. xxxviii-xli, Paris, 1788-1793.

“One day the doctors, of the law were assembled in the council of the King of Egypt and were talking over the details of the Ascension. They said : ‘The Most Noble Apostle made the Ascension, and God Most High showed him the Seven Heavens, the Eight Paradises, and the Seven Hells, and spake with him ninety thousand words ; and when he returned to his place he found his bed still warm, and the water had not wholly run out of an ewer which had been upset beside him, so he straightway raised the ewer from the ground.’ The King of Egypt marvelled thereat and said : ‘These words which ye speak are remote from reason : the depth of each of the Seven Heavens is a five-hundred-years’ journey, and the distance between each is a five-hundred-years’ journey, yet ye say that he traversed the Heavens, and the Eight Paradises, and the Seven Hells, and conversed to the extent of ninety thousand words and came back again and found his bed warm and his ewer not empty—that is remote from reason.’ Although they insisted with him that God Most High was almighty, it was in vain. When the assembly broke up, news of this reached Sheykh Shihāb-ud-Dīn.”

He hastened to the king’s presence, and through the power of illusion, by merely opening and shutting windows, displayed in turn an army, the city in flames, the Nile overflowing its banks, and a garden like unto Paradise. The tale then continues :

“The sheykh let open again the shut windows, and nothing was visible. Then he bade bring a tub and fill it with water ; and the king told them to obey, so they brought it. The sheykh said : ‘O King, hold about thee a towel, and plunge once into this water, then come out and sit down, and I will show thee a wonder.’ Then the king held about him a towel and went into the tub and plunged in it, and when he put out his head he saw himself on the skirt of a trackless mountain by the seashore. Then was the king bewildered, and he cried : ‘Dost thou see ? The sheykh, he has by magic cast me into the desert and seized my throne !’ Thus thinking, he looked about and saw some persons cutting wood on the mountain. He went up to them and saluted them, and they returned the salute, and asked : ‘What man art thou ?’ The king said : ‘I am a merchant. The ship in which I was sank in the sea ; I laid hold of a plank and was

saved, and am come here.' Then [had they compassion on him, and each of them gave him some old garment, and they clothed him. The king said to them : 'Who are ye and whence are ye ?' They replied : 'Behind this mountain is a city ; we belong to it.' Then the king went with them to that city, and while he was wandering through the bazaar he happened on the shop of an aged farrier. The farrier said to him : 'O youth, whence art thou come ?' And the king again declared that he was a merchant whose ship had sunk, and that he had managed to save himself ; and he asked for advice. The old man said : 'As thou art a stranger, go sit at the door of the bath, and ask of every woman that comes out if she have a husband, and according to the custom of the city, whatsoever woman says to thee that she has no husband shall be thy wife.' So the poor king went and sat at the door of the bath and asked the ladies that came out ; but they each answered, 'I have a husband,' and went away. Of a sudden a lady attended by several servants came out, and when he said to her, 'Hast thou a husband ?' she replied, 'No,' and passed on. Afterward one of that lady's servants returned and took the king and brought him to her. She said, 'By the command of God I am become thy wife' ; and the king was thankful for that event. He lived seven years with that lady and had two sons and a daughter. At length all her means were used up and they had nothing left to eat, and the lady said to him : 'O man, go earn something, that we and our children may live.' Then the king was sad, and he went to the farrier and told him how things stood with him, and the farrier asked him if he knew any trade. The king replied that he knew none, so the farrier put a few pence into his hand and said : 'Go buy a rope and sit among the porters, and he whose load thou carriest will give thee two or three pence, and so thou shalt live.' The king did as the farrier told him, and, having no other resource, was for some days a porter and carried loads. When he took up the loads the rope would cut his shoulders, and he would think on the estate he had enjoyed and weep. One day, while strolling along, he came upon the seashore. Now ablution had become necessary for the king, so he went into the water and plunged in it, and when he put his head out he beheld himself in his own palace, and the sheykh was sitting looking at him. . . ."

In a note at this point Gibb states that the trick of making one imagine that he has in a few seconds experienced adventures that seem to have lasted over a long period appears to have been a favourite one with the dervishes. Several instances of it occur in the tales of 'Alī 'Azīz that he has published under the title of *The Story of Jewād* (see, e.g., pp. 29, 30). "It may have been effected," says Gibb, "by means of some intoxicating preparation like hashīsh."

I believe that he has really hit upon the true origin of such tales, and consequently I have looked for descriptions of the effect of hashīsh which exhibit such phenomena as shown in our text.

In the second article, under the title of "Les Poisons de l'Intelligence," *Revue des Deux Mondes*, March 1877, p. 816 et seq., M. Charles Richet deals with "Le Hachich—L'Opium—Le Café." In describing the effect of hashīsh he points out how completely all idea of place and time is lost :

"Le temps paraît d'une longueur démesurée. Entre deux idées nettement conçues, on croît en concevoir une infinité d'autres, mal déterminées et incomplètes, dont on a une conscience vague, mais qui remplissent d'admiration par leur nombre et leur étendue. Il semble donc que ces idées sont innombrables, et, comme le temps n'est mesuré que par le souvenir des idées, le temps paraît prodigieusement long. Par exemple, imaginons, comme c'est le cas pour le hachich, que dans l'espace d'une seconde nous concevions cinquante pensées différentes ; comme en général pour concevoir cinquante pensées différentes il faut plusieurs minutes, il nous semblera que plusieurs minutes se sont passées, et ce n'est qu'en faisant à l'inflexible horloge qui nous marque les heures la constatation régulière du temps écoulé que nous nous apercevrons de notre erreur. Avec le hachich, la notion du temps est complètement bouleversée, les secondes sont des années et les minutes des siècles. . . ."

Everything seen tends to be extraordinarily exaggerated : an ordinary staircase appears as a flight of steps leading to the heavens, a small stream becomes a great sea, a single soldier is a mighty army, the slightest noise is like a crash of thunder. The senses of appreciation are strangely affected. Thus a discordant sound seems like celestial music, the most commonplace garden becomes a heavenly Nandana surpassing mortal description. Finally, as the effect of the drug loses its hold, if an overdose has not been taken, the memory

is not impaired, and all the experiences seen and felt can be described in detail.

With regard to the drug making people insensible to heat, Burton notes (*Nights*, vol. iii, p. 91n¹) its use among stokers. Herklots gives a description of the numerous preparations of the drug.¹

Doubtless an extensive bibliography could be made on hashish and its effects,² but the above is quite sufficient for our purposes, as it shows beyond a doubt that the reports of hashish-takers are quite sufficient to give rise to a story such as we have been considering above.

The Thief's Son

(*Vetāla* 19—pp. 78-85)

The Hindi version³ (No. 18) commences as in our text, but after the thief has been married by the daughter's circumambulation of the stake four times, he asks the mother to deliver her over to a handsome Brāhman and offer him five hundred gold *muhars*. Thus a son will be born. The daughter, by name Mohanī, soon sees a Brāhman who attracts her, and the mother offers him a hundred *ashrafīs* if he will spend the night with Mohanī and give her a son. There is no question of marriage, and the courtesan does not appear. The story then continues:

He agreed to remain. As they were conversing, night came on. She set before him a sumptuous supper. It is a true proverb that enjoyment is of eight kinds: first, perfume; second, woman; third, dress; fourth, singing; fifth, betel; sixth, food; seventh, the couch; and eighth, ornaments; and all these were now at hand.

When three hours were passed, he went into the chamber destined for voluptuous enjoyment, and the whole night passed in pleasure. When morning came, he went home; and she, arising, came to her companions. One of them asked her what pleasure she had had with her lover. She replied: "When I went and sat near him, I felt a palpitation in my frame; but when, smiling and looking lovingly, he

¹ *Qānūn-i-Islām*, new edition, Crooke, 1921, p. 326 *et seq.*

² See Watt, *Dictionary of the Economic Products of India*, vol. ii, p. 103 *et seq.*, and the numerous references given. The latest work on the subject I have seen is Jules Giraud, *Testaments d'un Haschischéen*, Paris [1913].

³ Barker, *op. cit.*, p. 295 *et seq.*

took my hand, he quite overcame me, and I know not what afterwards happened." It has been said that a woman forgets not either in this or any other birth a husband who is illustrious, or brave, or clever, or a chief, or generous, or who protects his wife. The result was that she became pregnant; and when her time was accomplished, a boy was born. On the sixth night after her delivery his mother beheld in a vision a Yogī with matted hair, a shining moon on his forehead, ashes of cow-dung rubbed over his body, having a white Brāhmanical thread; sitting upon an *āsan* of white lotuses, with a necklace of human heads round his neck, and a bandlet of white serpents thrown over his shoulders, holding a shell in one hand, and in the other a trident, assuming a very frightful form, he appeared before her, saying: "Tomorrow, at midnight, put this child, together with a purse of a thousand gold *muhars*, in a large basket, and place it at the gate of the palace." When she awoke in the morning she narrated the dream to her mother, detailing all the circumstances. The mother, next day, did as had been suggested.

The remainder of the tale follows Somadeva, but in a much abbreviated form, details of the pilgrimage to Gayā being entirely absent. The question and answer are the same.

The story is not found in the Tamil version, and another tale altogether has been substituted.¹

In Śivādāsa's recension Dhanavatī does not bump into the thief at all, but speaks to him out of idle curiosity. There are also a few other trifling differences. See further Oesterley, *op. cit.*, p. 209.

The story is not a very interesting one from the point of view of annotation, the only *motif* (already noticed on pp. 81*n*, 82*n*) being a variant of the "exposed child."

*The Brāhman Boy who offered himself up to save the Life
of the King*

(*Vetāla* 20—pp. 87-97)

The Hindi version² (No. 19) is more abbreviated than that in Somadeva, but certain incidents are fuller. Thus the hermit, after reproving the king for indulging in the vice of hunting, quotes the following from the *Dharma-śāstras*

¹ Babington, *op. cit.*, pp. 85-86.

² Barker, *op. cit.*, p. 311 *et seq.*

as particularly applicable to the case in point : " Austere devotion is not equal to a forgiving spirit, nor is pleasure so desirable as content, nor wealth as friendship, nor justice as mercy. He who is zealous in the discharge of his religious duties, and who has attained wealth, good qualities, knowledge, celebrity and influence, who knows no pride, is contented with his own wife, and is truthful, will obtain final emancipation and absorption ; and he who slays devotees with matted hair, and those who are without clothing, and the inoffensive, will at death descend into hell. And the monarch who does not punish the oppressor of his people will also suffer the torments of Naraka. And he who has intercourse with a king's wife, or his friend's wife, or a maiden, or a woman in advanced pregnancy, will surely fall into the nethermost hell." The hermit marries his daughter to the king by the *gāndharva* form of marriage. The adventure with the demon occurs at midnight, and not on the following morning. No reason at all is given as to why the demon is so angry, and he says immediately, " O King, I will devour thy wife ! " and then continues, " If thou wilt cut off with thine own hand the head of a Brāhman's son of seven years of age, and give it me, I will not devour her." Neither the king himself nor his court is in any way implicated. The golden image is taken to the cross-roads, and on the third day a poor Brāhman decides to sacrifice one of his three sons. He discusses the matter with his wife : he will not give up the eldest, she will not sacrifice the youngest. The second son, hearing the argument, offers himself accordingly. There is nothing about the parents holding the boy down while he is killed. The important difference is that the boy first laughed and then cried. But this appears to be a mistake, for the question of the Vetāla is merely : " Why did the boy laugh ? " The king's reply is the same as in Somadeva.

In both the original recensions of Śivadāsa and the Tamil version the boy only laughs, and for exactly the same reason as in our present text.

The Tamil version ¹ (No. 21) has been reduced to a single page, and is devoid of all interest or importance.

The tale contains two distinct *motifs*, the first being that of " Self-Sacrifice " and the second the " Laugh."

¹ Babington, *op. cit.*, pp. 82-83. I fail to understand Bloomfield's note in *Journ. Amer. Orient. Soc.*, vol. xxxvi, p. 83, where he says the story occurs in no version except the Tamil.

With the first of these we are already well acquainted. It has always been a great factor in Buddhist legends, as we have seen from the story of Jīmūtavāhana. And is it not the foundation-stone on which the whole edifice of Christianity has been built? In the story of Vīravara (Vol. VI, p. 191 *et seq.*) we had another striking example of the *motif*, and my notes on pp. 272 and 273 of the same volume supplied many analogues.

Without discussing the subject further, we can at once pass on to the variant of our story found in Dr Behrnauer's translation¹ of the Dresden MS. of the *Forty Vazīrs*. Here we read of a king from whose foot issued a wasting sweat, for the cure of which no remedy could be found. The assembled physicians came to the conclusion that the only way to save him was for the body of an Indian boy to be split open, and the king's foot thrust into the wound. After the boy had been duly procured and was about to be split open, he began to laugh, and on being asked the reason, replied in a similar strain as in our text, but concluded with the following words :

" . . . Now, indeed, my parents sell me to the king, and he is about to kill me for the healing of his pain, so that thereby he may be delivered in this present life ; but what will he say in that other world in his justification before the Majesty of the Most High ? Now have I found no tenderness in my mother, nor any affection in my father, nor yet any justice or equity in the king ; whom then shall I implore ? I fly for refuge to that God who is an almighty Avenger : for all the injustice wrought against me, He will surely take me in charge, and cause to be bestowed on me my full right ! "

At this the king was filled with fear and shame, and, releasing the boy, warm tears fell from his eyes. The physicians thereupon restored the king to health by rubbing his foot with the tears. No mention is made of fashioning a golden image in the likeness of the boy. In the Bengali version of the *Vikrama-charita*,² however, a rich man makes a golden

¹ *Die Vierzig Veziere oder Weisen Meister, ein altmorgenländischer Sittenroman aus dem Türkischen übertragen von Dr. Walter Fr. Adolf Behrnauer, Leipzig, 1851.* See also Gibb's translation, p. 405, and Chauvin, *op. cit.*, viii, p. 179, for several analogues.

² This version, usually known as the Vararuchi Recension, is ignored by Edgerton in his *Vikrama's Adventures*, as being secondary to the Jainistic Recension, and of no importance in the reconstruction of the original text. See Benfey, *Panīschatantra*, vol. i, p. 109.

statue, offering it to anyone who is willing to sacrifice himself. Vikrama agrees, and cuts off his head, but is healed by the goddess.

We now come to the second *motif* in our story, that of the "Laugh." Of all methods of expressing human feeling or emotion, often sudden and unexpected, none is so general as laughter.¹ Certainly people weep for joy as well as for sorrow, but a laugh may be actuated by feelings of almost unlimited scope. The very act of laughing arouses curiosity in others, partly, I suppose, because of the personal nature of a laugh, and partly because it creates a feeling of inferiority that is only removed when the reason for the laugh is known. Some laughs are self-explanatory, but many are not, and it is here that the story-teller has seen a *motif* of the widest application and endless possibilities. He has not contented himself with the obvious use of laughter—making a character laugh for joy when we should expect him to laugh, or to give an ironical laugh when the situation makes its omission practically impossible. No, he is far cleverer than that; he makes his characters laugh, perhaps with joy, at a time when we would least expect it; and we, as we read, are genuinely anxious to know the cause of the laugh. The melodramatic villain's "Ha! Ha!", the nervous laugh of the heroine or of the persecuted, the triumphant laugh of the victor, the malicious laugh of the wrongdoer, and the hysterical laugh of the miserable, need no explanation or comment. They merely attest the manifold emotions which can be registered through the same medium.

In Hindu fiction I would divide laughs into two distinct varieties: (1) those which clearly show their nature, but not the reason which prompted them; (2) curious and mysterious laughs which give no clue either to their real nature or their significance.

¹ See, for instance, Thomas Hobbes, *Humane Nature*, Ldn., 1650, pp. 101-105; ditto, *The Leviathan*, Ldn., 1651, p. 27; H. Spencer, "The Physiology of Laughter," *Macmillan's Magazine*, March 1860, pp. 395-402 (reprinted in his *Essays*, vol. i, pp. 194-209); George Meredith, "On the Idea of Comedy," *New Quarterly Magazine*, April 1877, pp. 1-40; A. Schopenhauer, *The World as Will and Idea*, vol. i, pp. 76-80, sect. 13; vol. ii, pp. 270-284; H. Bergson, *Le Rire*, Paris, 1924 (see Brereton and Rothwell's trans. from the 1900 edition, Ldn., 1911); James Sully, *An Essay on Laughter*, Ldn., 1902; C. Lloyd Morgan, "Laughter," *Hastings' Ency. Rel. Eth.*, vol. vii, pp. 803-805; and J. C. Gregory, *The Nature of Laughter*, Ldn., 1924.

Both varieties are dramatic, the second more than the first. It is, of course, the dramatic laugh that becomes such a force in the hands of the story-teller. It has been observed that, with but very few exceptions, all Biblical laughs are dramatic—usually of scorn or derision. The innocent laugh of joy would nearly always pass unheeded by the chronicler or historian, as it would lack the interest necessary to produce a dramatic situation.

Now, in the first category as suggested above would come the laugh in the story under discussion. It is quite clear that the laugh was a laugh of joy, but the point was *why* did the boy laugh when he was about to be killed? As we shall see later, when discussing the combined "Laugh and Cry" *motif* in Vetāla 23, it is much more usual for the laugh to show its nature, but not its incentive, when in combination with weeping.

We shall therefore confine ourselves here to a short consideration of the second category—the curious, enigmatic, mysterious laugh.

The first laugh we encountered in the *Ocean* was a most curious and uncanny laugh, without the least clue as to its significance—the laugh of the dead fish (Vol. I, p. 46). In my note on pp. 46 and 47 I added numerous variants of the laughing fish, and so need not add anything further here. In another place (Vol. V, p. 30) we had a strange paradoxical laugh caused by grief. This form, as Bloomfield has pointed out,¹ is distinctly rare. The use of the enigmatic laugh to illustrate the unswerving laws of *karma* is well shown in a tale in the Jainistic *Kathākoṣa* (Tawney, p. 185 *et seq.*).

The Princess Madanamanjarī chanced to overhear certain of her father's courtiers flattering him by saying that their luck in enjoying such a fortune of rule was due solely to the king, from whose favour it sprang. At this she laughed a little, and then remained silent. The king asked his daughter the reason of her laughing, saying: "My darling, what is this?" His daughter answered: "My father, these servants of yours said what is not true; for that reason I laughed." The king said: "My dear, what is untrue?" She answered: "Their assertion that their happiness springs from your favour: that is untrue." The king asked his daughter: "Then, my dear, what is true?" She said:

¹ "On Recurring Psychic Motifs in Hindu Fiction, and the Laugh and Cry Motif," *Journ. Amer. Orient. Soc.*, vol. xxxvi, p. 80n⁴⁷.

“Every man fares according to his own actions.” When the king heard this speech of his daughter in the audience hall he flew into a passion, and calling his ministers said this to them: “Come, come! bring some poor leper afflicted with disease, and very wretched, as a fit bridegroom for my daughter, in order that this Madanamanjari may be given to him, so that she may reap the fruit of her own actions.”

After some trouble the necessary leper was found, but Madanamanjari, firmly believing that at the appointed time she would enjoy the fruit of her *karma*, was in no way perturbed. On the contrary, she seemed quite satisfied with her father's choice, and behaved like a loving and dutiful wife, even offering to carry her diseased husband on her back wherever he might want to go. (See the *Ocean*, Vol. V, p. 155n².) She was duly rewarded by her husband, who turned out to be nothing less than a mighty Vidyādhara, and soon installed his faithful wife as his queen in a palace of purest gold. Needless to say, her father was at last convinced of the truth of his daughter's original remark.

Another story concerned with the workings of fate occurs in Stokes' *Indian Fairy Tales*, p. 114, where there is a triple sardonic laugh. A still more enigmatic laugh is that uttered by a corpse in the *Prabandhacintāmaṇi*.

A prince is out hunting at night, and, in aiming at a boar, chances to kneel on the corpse of a thief, that has fallen to the ground after impalement, whereupon the corpse cries out to him; but in no way perturbed, the prince shoots his arrow, kills the boar, and then turns to the corpse. At this it rises up and utters a loud laugh, at the same time granting boons to the intrepid prince. No explanation of the laugh is given, and its significance is left for the reader to decide. The subsequent adventures of the prince point to the laugh being one of admiration mixed with ironic glee at the thought of the subsequent adventures that were to happen to the prince (see Bloomfield, *op. cit.*, p. 84).

In conclusion I would mention the laugh of trickery and deceit. We have an example of this in the story of “Thiṇ-thākarāla, the Bold Gambler,” which occurs in Vol. IX, Chapter CXXI. Disguised as an ascetic he has gradually won the favour and respect of the king. On one occasion he remains for a long time in conversation with him. When the king is preparing to depart, a female jackal utters a yell, whereupon the sham ascetic laughs; and being persistently

asked to explain the reason he tells the king that the jackal has told him that a pitcher of jewels is buried at a certain place. On going to the spot the king discovers this is true, and thus believes in the ascetic more than ever. Needless to say, the gambler had previously buried the pitcher himself.

For further "Trick" *motifs* see Bloomfield, *op. cit.*, pp. 85, 86. On the latter page he mentions a story from Shaikh Chilli's *Folktales of Hindustan*, p. 124, in which a disguised robber takes service with an eloped couple, a prince and princess, the latter being disguised as a man. He treacherously kills the prince, but spares the princess on learning her sex. Shortly afterwards she laughs. The robber surlily asks her to keep quiet, and demands why she laughs. She points to the sky, and says: "Look up, look up, what a beautiful kite!" When he looks up she cuts off his head.

Anangamanjarī, her Husband Maṇivarmaṇ and the Brāhman Kamalākara

(*Vetāla* 21—pp. 98-104)

There is but little difference between our text and that of the Hindi version ¹ (No. 20), as far as the several incidents are concerned. There is nothing about the wife disliking her husband; and she must have been a mere child, as she only arrives at the age of puberty while he is away on a trading expedition. In her frenzy of love for the young Brāhman she turns to the moon, crying out, "O moon! I have heard that in you resides the water of immortality, and that you are pouring out this water by means of your rays, but to-day you are pouring out poison on me," and turning to her companion, she adds: "Take me hence, for I am being consumed by the moon." The ending of the story is important, and in my opinion is a great improvement on Somadeva. The lovers do *not* come to life again, thus the highly dramatic climax is not lost. The question and answer are as in Somadeva.

The Tamil version ² (No. 14) is as usual reduced to a minimum. The only difference is that the girl had the youth as a lover before she was married.

It will be remembered that in the notes on *Vetāla* 19 (p. 249) we saw that there was no corresponding tale in the

¹ Barker, *op. cit.*, p. 325 *et seq.*

² Babington, *op. cit.*, pp. 65, 66.

Tamil version, and that an entirely different one had been substituted instead. This story chances to be a variant of the tale now under consideration, so I will reproduce it in full¹:

"In the city of Shegāpuram, as King Natchetiran was one day patrolling the streets, he met in his way with some robbers [who had plundered a girl of her ornaments, and were detaining her as their prisoner in a starving condition. The king]² attacked and slew them, and after his victory lodged the girl in an old temple which was in the vicinity, whilst he himself entered the city, in order to cook a meal and bring it back to her.

"A procuress met him on his return, and after soliciting him with earnest entreaties to accompany her, under an assurance that she would afterwards carry the food to the girl, she took him along with her and left him with her mistress. The mistress no sooner beheld him than she fell in love with him and detained him; so that he forgot, in her society, the poor girl whom he had left in the temple, and who was grieving, because the king who had gone to fetch food for her had still not returned.

"Whilst she was in this situation, a merchant chanced to perceive her, and taking her away to his own house, placed food before her. They were thus enjoying each other's company, when he perceived a rat running along, which he struck at and killed. Upon this he launched out into many various expressions of boastings and vauntings of his own courage; which when she heard, she made the following reflections: "Talk you thus big because you have killed a rat! The king who quitted me just now, cut to pieces a band of robbers and brought me away; he made not such a mighty swaggering, and yet you must needs talk thus." Maintaining such an opinion as this,³ she was unable to endure remaining with such a contemptible wretch, and quitted life. Perceiving this, the merchant, under the influence of fear, lest the king who had left her in the temple should hear of her death, and should seize on his property and kill him, bestowed all his wealth in gifts and charities,

¹ Babington, *op. cit.*, p. 85 *et seq.*

² The words in square brackets are supplied from the context by Babington, who suspects an omission in the text.

³ Cf. *Ocean*, Vol. V, p. 24.

and destroyed himself. Then the king who had abandoned her, recalling her to mind, went and searched in the place where he had lodged her, but being unable to find her was grievously afflicted, and destroyed himself. The procuress hearing the news, and reflecting that it was through her means that these three persons had lost their lives, likewise destroyed herself."

The Vetāla naturally asks which of the four deaths was the most extraordinary, to which the king replies: "The rest died through excess of passion [*i.e.* contempt, fear and sorrow respectively]; the death of the procuress was the most extraordinary."

The story of the three deaths through love is distinctly dramatic and not without pathos. This is not the first time that such deaths have occurred in the *Ocean* (see Vol. II, pp. 8-10), and many analogues could be cited. I have already given a number in a note in Vol. II, p. 9n³, 10n; the only other triple death I know of being in a tale in the *Nights* (Burton, vol. v, p. 134). As I mentioned in the note referred to, death was the last, or tenth, stage of love in Hindu ethics as listed by Vātsyāyana in the *Kāma Sūtra*.

The Four Brāhman Brothers who resuscitated the Lion

(Vetāla 22—pp. 108-111)

In the Hindi version¹ (No. 21) we find that the four brothers are all the despair of their unhappy father. The eldest was a gambler; the second, a wench; the third, a fornicator; the fourth, an atheist. One day he began to say to his sons: "Whoever is a gambler, Fortune enters not his house." The eldest son was troubled in mind at this. Again the father said: "It is written in the 'Rājñiti' that 'Cutting off a gambler's nose and ears, drive him out of the country, that he may thus prove an example to others. And though a gambler's wife and children are in the house, do not consider them to be so, since it is not known when they will be lost. And those who are fascinated by the allurements of courtesans are storing grief for themselves; and, being in the power of harlots, give up their property, and at last commit theft.' And it has also been said that 'The wise keep aloof from women who can fascinate a man in a

¹ Barker, *op. cit.*, p. 333 *et seq.*

second; and the unwise, forming an affection for her, forfeit their truthfulness, good disposition, good name, their way of life and mode of thought, their vows and their religion. And to such the advice of their spiritual preceptors comes amiss.' And it is also said: 'He who has lost all sense of shame, fears not to disgrace another.' And it is a proverb that: 'A wild cat who devours its own young ones is not likely to let a rat escape.' "

He continued: "Those who have not read science in their boyhood, and in youth, agitated by love, have remained in the pride of youth, in their old age feel regret, and are burned up by the fire of avarice."

The brothers repent of their evil ways, and set out for another city, where they acquire great learning. On their way home they meet a Kanjar, who, having tied in a bundle the skin and bones of a tiger which he had found dead, is about to depart. They think that here is a chance to put their learning to a test, and accordingly do so. The rest follows as in Somadeva.

In the Tamil version¹ (No. 15) the brothers chance to be travelling together on business, and, in return for kindness to an ascetic, are given the power of raising the dead to life. They come across a dead tiger, and experiment as in our text.

We are not surprised to find the lion changed into a tiger, as the former is scarce in India and appears little in Hindu fiction.²

We have in this story merely a variety of the "Resuscitation" *motif* already discussed in the notes on Vetāla 2 (Vol. VI, p. 262 *et seq.*). It is closely allied to the "Joint Efforts" *motif* (Vetāla 5, Vol. VI, p. 278 *et seq.*), but this is not always the case, as the resuscitation may be achieved by a single individual. Thus in the *Bahār-i-Dānish*³ we read, in the "History of the Prince of Futtun and the Princess Mherbanou," of a venerable sage who was met by the prince and his wonder-working companions, as they were journeying in search of the princess. His locks were white, and he was bent in stature like a violet. He was sitting at the foot of a tree putting together the separated skeleton of a cow, on which he poured water. Immediately on sprinkling the

¹ Babington, *op. cit.*, pp. 67, 68.

² See *Ocean*, Vol. I, p. 67n¹. Tawney, by mistake, wrote "Tiger" instead of "Lion" in the heading to the story (Vol. II, p. 348).

³ Scott's translation, vol. ii, pp. 290, 291.

water, the various blood vessels and members reunited, and the flesh and skin reappeared on the decayed frame. . . . By command of the Almighty Lord of Power, one of whose peculiar properties is to raise the dead, life revisited the animal, and instantly standing up, she began to low. The truth of the sacred text ("All things live by water") was exemplified.

The story as given in Benfey's *Pantschatantra* (vol. ii, p. 332) is somewhat different. Here we have four brothers, of whom three possess all knowledge, but only one possesses common sense. The first brother joins together the bones of the lion, the second covers them with skin, flesh and blood, the third is about to give the animal life, when the brother who possesses common sense says: "If you raise him to life he will kill us all." Finding that the third brother will not desist from his intention, he climbs up a tree, and so saves his life, while his three brothers are torn to pieces.

The Hermit who first Wept and then Danced

(*Vetāla* 23—pp. 112-115)

Both the Hindi¹ and the Tamil² (No. 22 in each case) are greatly abbreviated and much poorer versions of our text; they exhibit no alternate reading or fresh incidents. The two *motifs* contained in the story are "Entering Another's Body" and the "Laugh and Cry." Both have been discussed so fully and competently by Professor Bloomfield³ that any remarks I may have to make must be little more than repetition.

With regard to the first *motif* I would refer readers to the notes already given in Vol. I, pp. 37-38, and especially Vol. IV, pp. 46-48.

As previously pointed out (p. 253), the "Laugh and Cry" *motif* is one in which each display of emotion shows its nature but not its incentive. I mean that the laugh is caused by the feeling of joy, and the tears by grief. This is not the case with the laugh alone, which is a mighty weapon in the hands of the story-teller, as we have already seen. The

¹ Barker, *op. cit.*, p. 388 *et seq.*

² Babington, *op. cit.*, p. 84.

³ *Proc. Amer. Phil. Soc.*, vol. lvi, 43 ff., and *Journ. Amer. Orient. Soc.*, vol. xxxvi, pp. 69-79.

laugh and cry coming together excite, by their paradoxical contact, not only pathos and sympathy, but also humour, curiosity and mystery.

In Vetāla 14 the thief weeps because he cannot repay the merchant's kindness, and laughs because he is so astonished to think how unfathomable is the heart of woman that she chooses a condemned thief as her husband after rejecting kings. It is not so much that either the weeping and laughing was curious in itself, or even that they both followed immediately one on the other, but that a man about to be impaled should exhibit emotions so diametrically opposed. It is this that forms such an important and dramatic incident in the story. So also in our present tale, but to a lesser extent. In the numerous and varied examples of the *motif* given by Bloomfield, the explanation of the person's conduct is often due to the powers of reading future events, and the weeping is nearly always sympathetic. The *Ocean* appears to supply more examples of the *motif* than other works of Hindu fiction.

It has found its way into many modern collections, such as those by Fleeson, Day, Swynnerton, Knowles, Temple, Naṭeśa Śāstri, etc. One use of the *motif* in Swynnerton's *Romantic Tales from the Panjāb*, p. 203 *et seq.*, is very curious, being a mixture of drama and comedy.

Rājā Rasālu was on his way to fight the giants of Gandgarh, when he arrived at a deserted city. Amazed at the solitude, he stood in an open space and surveyed the scene. Just then he caught sight of some smoke issuing from a distant corner, and making his way to it he saw there a miserable old woman kneading and baking quantities of bread and preparing abundance of sweetmeats, but all the time she was either weeping or laughing. Surprised at a spectacle so extraordinary, Rasālu halted and said: "Mother, in this solitary place who is to eat all that food, and why are you both weeping and laughing?" "The king of this palace," said the woman, "is Kashudēo, and he has ordered that a human being, a buffalo and four hundred pounds of bread shall be sent daily to a certain place for the giants. Once I had seven sons, of whom six have been devoured, and to-day it is the turn of the seventh, and to-morrow it will be the turn of myself. This is my trouble and it makes me cry. But I am laughing because also to-day my seventh son was to have been married, and because his bride—ha! ha!—will have now to do without him."

*The Father that married the Daughter and the Son that
married the Mother*

(*Vetāla* 24—pp. 116-121)

In Somadeva's version of the *Vetālapañchavimśati* the story of the mixed relations forms No. 24, at the end of which the *Vetāla*, getting no answer from the king, warns him of the evil intentions of the mendicant. This is the last story of the collection, but there is still another one left to form the complete twenty-five. However, Somadeva, or rather the Kashmirian compilers, merely relate Vikrama's adventures with the mendicant, and call it *Vetāla* 25. Now, in the Hindi version¹ the same predicament presented itself, but a different plan was adopted. The "Laugh and Cry" story is repeated, with hardly any difference, as No. 24, while our No. 24 becomes the Hindi No. 25. The conclusion is abbreviated, and follows on at the end of the story. In the Tamil² no attempt is made to get over the difficulty, and our Nos. 24 and 25 form the Tamil No. 24, with which that version ends.

The Hindi version of the story of the mixed relationships follows that of Somadeva, although much abbreviated. The Tamil begins differently :

King *Senāpati*, having determined on travelling round the world, left his wife and his daughter and set out on his tour. Without his knowledge his wife and daughter followed him, and as they were travelling along missed their way ; so, not knowing which way he had gone, they took that which lay straight before them. As they proceeded on their journey it began to rain, and they therefore put up in a choultry. They then pursued their journey on beyond it, when two *Brāhmans*, a father and son, who were travelling along that road, observing their footsteps, said to each other : " These appear like the footsteps of some females or other ; let us therefore follow them. . . . "

The tale then agrees with our version. The advice of the *Vetāla* given to the king is wisely taken, and forms, as stated above, the last story.

¹ Barker, *op. cit.*, p. 357 *et seq.*

² Babington, *op. cit.*, pp. 87-90.

*Conclusion of King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant**(Vetāla 25—pp. 122-125)*

The only *motif* contained here, apart from the employment of black magic, is that generally known as "Pretended Ignorance." We had an example of it in No. 8A, where the cunning witch, Siddhikarī (Vol. I, p. 157), is pursued by a certain Domba, with his drum, with the intention of robbing her. In time the intended thief catches her up, and she explains that she is about to hang herself, and asks the Domba to fasten the noose for her to a tree. This he does; whereupon she pretends to be ignorant of the way of putting the noose round her neck. He stands on his drum to show her how to do it, when she kicks it away, and so he hangs.

The *motif* in these two stories has travelled far and wide, and is found in numerous collections both in the East and the West. Perhaps the best-known tale in which it occurs is "Hansel and Grethel,"¹ where, after the children are about to be devoured by the witch, Grethel is told to climb in the oven to see if it is warm enough to bake the bread. Suspecting her evil designs, Grethel pretends she does not know how to do it. "Silly goose!" says the old woman, "the door is big enough; just look, I can get in myself," and she creeps up and thrusts her head into the oven. Then Grethel gives her a push that drives her far into it, and shuts the iron door and fastens the bolt.

For numerous variants see Saintyves, *Les Contes de Perrault*, pp. 276-281 and 371-374; and Cosquin, *Études Folkloriques*, pp. 351-356.

¹ See Grimm, No. 15, Bolte, *op. cit.*, p. 115 *et seq.*

COMPARATIVE TABLE

SHOWING ORDER OF TALES OF THE *Vetālapañcharvīṣatī* IN ITS THREE
CHIEF TRANSLATIONS

Somadeva, <i>Ocean</i> , Vol. VI, pp. 168-221	Hindi	Tamil
1. How the Prince obtained a Wife	1	1
2. Three Young Brāhmans	2	2
3. King and Two Wise Birds	4	6
4. Adventures of Viravara	3	7
5. Somaprabhā and Three Suitors	5	4
6. Lady and the Changed Heads	6	5
7. King's Dependent and the Nereid	8	8
8. Three Fastidious Men	23	3
<i>Ocean</i> , Vol. VII, pp. 1-125		
9. Anangarati and Four Suitors	7	(9) ¹
10. Madanasenā's Rash Promise	9	10 ²
11. Three very Sensitive Wives	10	11
12. King Yaśaḥketu and his Wife	11	12
13. Harisvāmin and his Bad Luck	12	16
14. Merchant's Daughter and Thief	13	17
15. Magic Pill	14	18
16. Sacrifice of Jimūtavāhana	15	19
17. Beautiful Unmādinī	16	20
18. Brāhman's Son and Magic Power	17	13
19. The Thief's Son	18	(23) ¹
20. Brāhman Boy's Sacrifice	19	21
21. Anangamanjarī and Kamalākara	20	14
22. Four Brothers and the Lion	21	15
23. Hermit who Wept and Danced	22	22
24. Curious Relationships }	25 ³	24 ⁴
25. Conclusion		

The order of the tales in the Marathi version is exactly the same as that in the Hindi version, on which all the other vernacular translations are based.

¹ An entirely different story.

² Not translated by Babington.

³ In order to complete the number of tales, 22 is repeated with very slight differences as 24.

⁴ There is no 25 in the Tamil version.

In conclusion I append a short Bibliography of the *Vetālapañchaviṃśati*, several items of which have been already mentioned in briefer form in the notes to the Appendices of Vols. VI and VII.

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Vidyasagara.

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